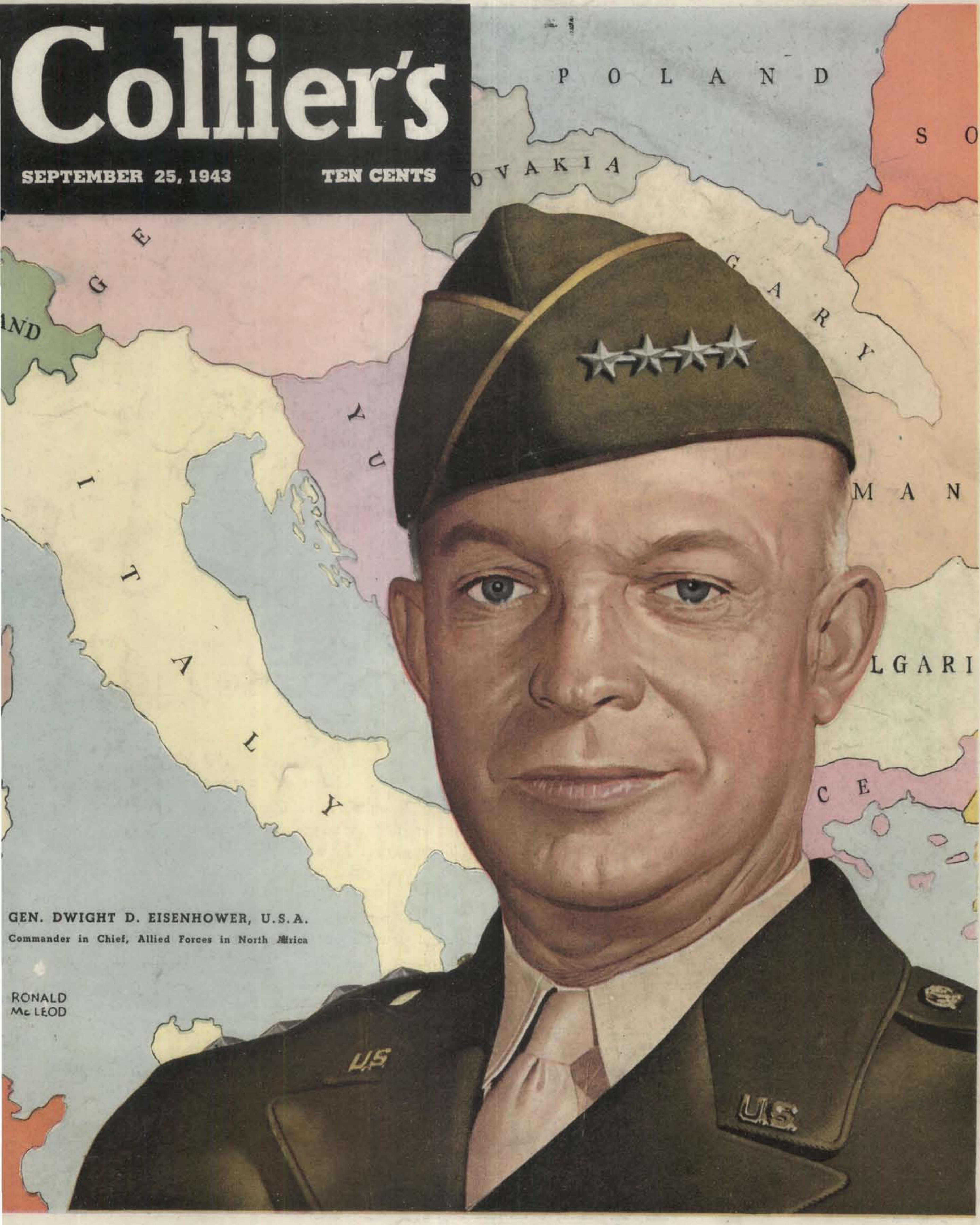
© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 25, 1943 TEN CENTS


POLAND
OVAKIA
GE
AND
GARY
YU
MAN
ITALY
LGARI
CE
SO
RONALD McLEOD

GEN. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, U.S.A.
Commander in Chief, Allied Forces in North Africa

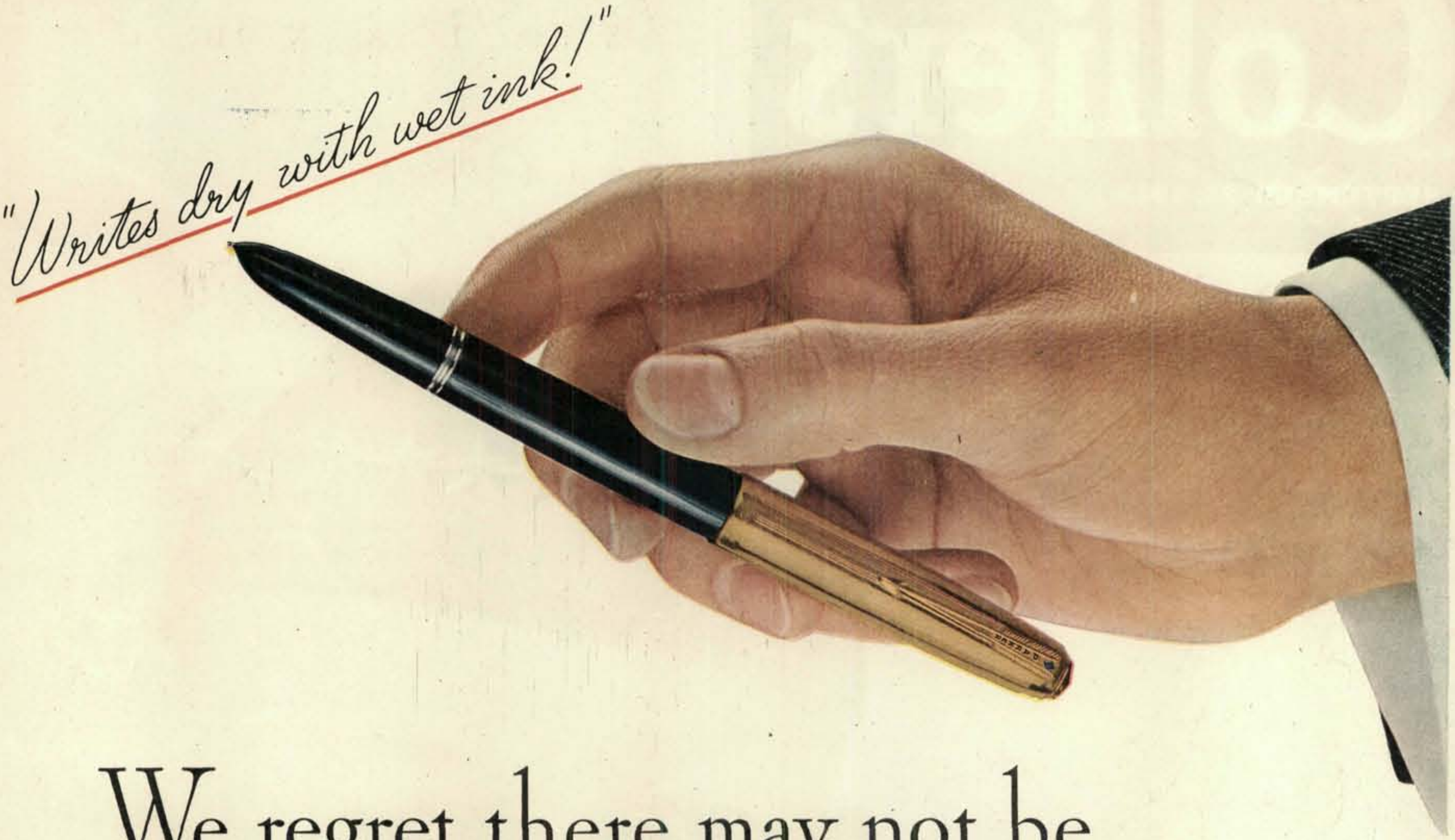
WITH EISENHOWER IN SICILY BY

IE DESTRUCTION OF GERMANY

RADIOED FROM LONDON

T. 25, 1943

JAKE KUEHNI
1021 N JEFFERSON
IOLA KANS
25D43
1/2T
XMAS



We regret there may not be enough of them to go around!

Yes, these brilliant new Parker "51" pens are scarce. And the need for them is great.

You'll understand why the moment you handle this sleek, exquisitely-poised writing tool . . . the moment you touch its trigger-quick "torpedo" point to paper.

Masterpiece of Parker achievement—the "51" embodies three generations of top-flight American craftsmanship.

Today, this same high skill has answered the government's call for special precision war equipment. *Fuzes, detonator caps, primers and mounts for gun sights* are coming from our plants in ever increasing quantities.

If a fine pen is essential to your wartime assignments . . . if you need it to help speed letters of calm courage to some lad in camp or overseas—then ask your dealer to make a reservation for a Parker "51". (It is true, there may be some delay!)

Once you experience the swiftness . . . the glide of the "51" . . . you'll say: "I want *this* pen, even if I have to wait!" Parker "51" is the *only* pen that can use the new "51" ink. *It dries as you write!* Yet the Parker "51" can be used with any ink, if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

Parker "51" pens are most available today in Black, Blue-Cedar and Dove Gray. $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils, $5.00, $7.50. Famous Parker Vacumatic pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

◆ *GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT! Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to:*

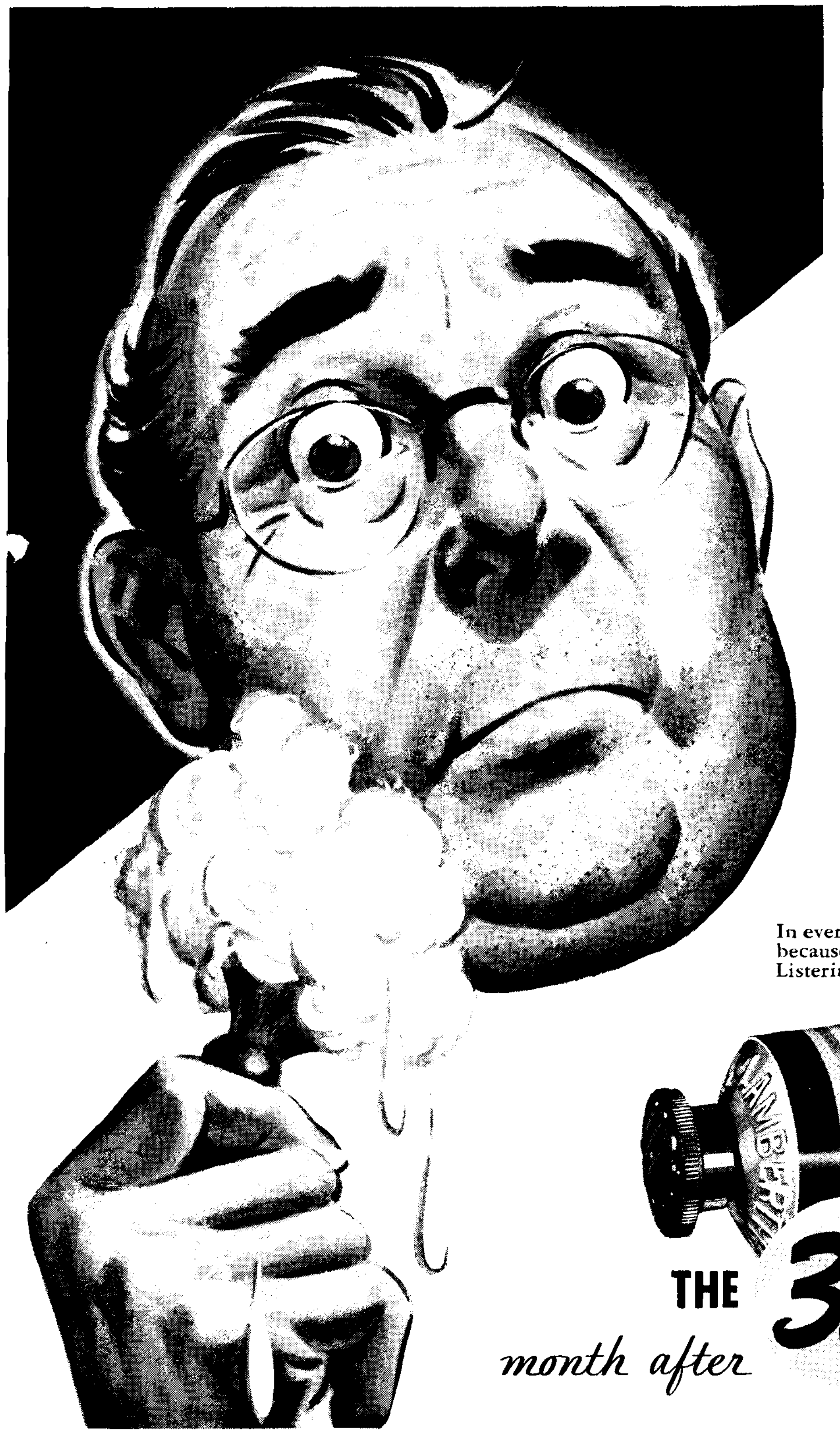
The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

PARKER "51"

COPR. 1943, THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

Are you interested in a SHAVING CREAM

Guaranteed not to make Shaving a Pleasure?



Men, here is a product dedicated to the proposition that shaving is a nuisance and a bore!

Sure, there is solace and comfort for shavers, in the big sea-green and white tube of Listerine Shaving Cream. But *not* pleasure.

Pleasure is too much to ask of any shaving cream . . . because no matter how you slice 'em, whisking off the whiskers is no fun.

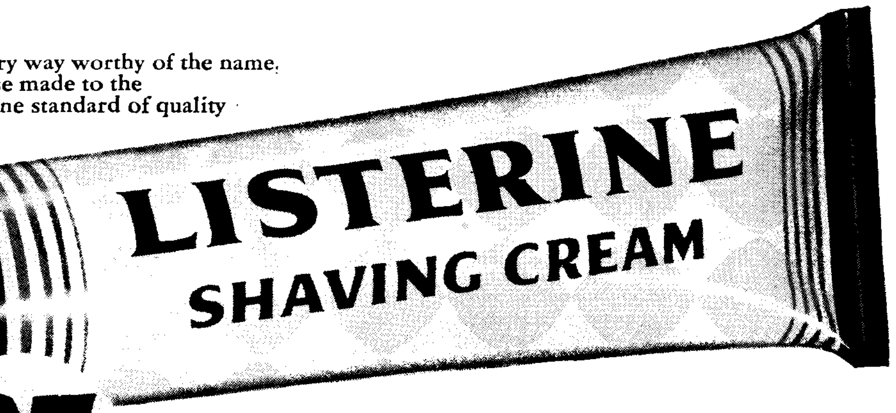
That is why a man is entitled to all the help he can get to relieve the tedium and to speed the razor across the finish line . . . which is exactly where Listerine Shaving Cream comes in.

It is a *sensible* shaving aid. In every fractional inch of its quality cream, there is lots and lots of good, rich lather. And every moist billow which you brush-up is crammed with coolness, packed with what it takes to make shaving as painless as possible.

If all this sounds reasonable to you, we'd like you to meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

P.S. TO THE LADIES: *For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream . . . just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.* LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

In every way worthy of the name,
because made to the
Listerine standard of quality



THE 35¢ TUBE THAT LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

month after month after month

LISTERINE
brushless
SHAVING CREAM
LAMBERT

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Out of this tube come swell shaves for men who prefer no-brush cream

"Electronics?"
"SURE!
WE'VE HAD IT
IN OUR HOME
FOR TWENTY
YEARS"

"YOU'RE not being fooled by what you've read and heard about the wonders of Electronics. We have been enjoying the miracle of Electronics these many eventful years. *Where? How?* Why that radio in our living-room and the one in our car is an electronic device. Next time anyone talks to you about Electronics you just be smart and say, 'Sure, I have an *electronic device right now . . . my radio.*' "

Motorola Radio
ENGINEERS

who built those fine pre-war home and car radios were pioneers in Electronics. They have added much to their wealth of electronic knowledge in the development and production of Radar and Radio Communications Equipment for our Army and Navy for whom they are now at work full time.

Much as we would like to, we cannot tell you what the post-war Motorola Radio will look like. But we *can* tell you that it will look and sound swell. Meanwhile, let's keep that Victory stuff coming off the production lines! *And let's buy all the War Bonds we can!*

For the development and production of Radio Communications Equipment for our armed forces, Motorola was awarded the Army-Navy "E" with added star for continued excellence of performance.

Motorola
AMERICA'S FINEST RADIO FOR HOME & CAR
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION · CHICAGO

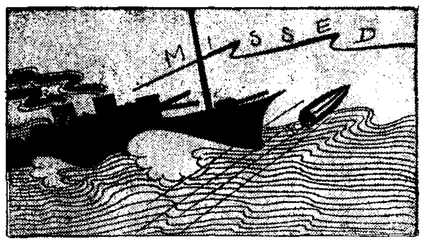
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater	AMY PORTER	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East	GEORGE CREEL	Washington
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles	WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles	AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables	U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
WM O. CHESSMAN	Art	GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
		IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier'

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

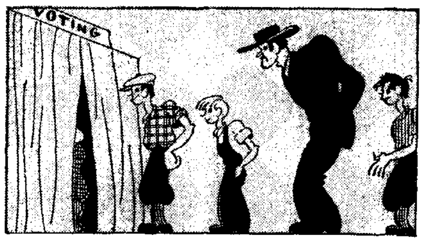
ANY WEEK

ACCORDING to Mr. Fred Neely of Washington, D. C., some of our young naval officers are having entirely too good a time in this war; just refuse to take it seriously. For example, one of our destroyers was approaching an East Coast port (Boston, if you must know). It was flying no recognition signals. It showed no disposition to comply with the regulations of the port control officer. We take out time to say that we just don't know what things are coming to. Anyway, the port control officer signaled the destroyer to stop, heave to. The port officer got no reply. So he fired a shot across the destroyer's bow. Whereupon he got a little recognition from the kid on the destroyer's bridge—just one word: "Missed." And the destroyer kept right on going.



THIS war is too big, too important to be made a bum of like that. In fact there are many wrong things, if our correspondents know what they're talking about—and they generally do. We can't give space to all of our government's errors, but you'll get the idea from a letter from Mrs. Lydia Wine of Denver, Colorado. She has written to Mr. Elmer Davis, director of the OWI and expects action. "We must drop the dreadful word Red when referring to the Russian people and their armies," writes Mrs. Wine to Mr. Davis—and us. "We must stop talking and writing of our heroic English-speaking allies as British, a word arousing prejudice in many American minds. We must forget the term Chinese. Let there be no distinction. I have written to Mr. Davis asking him to issue a directive to the effect that, inasmuch as we are all fighting God's battle together, we shall all be called Christians."

EVER since we published that piece about Governor Ellis Arnall of Georgia, we've been getting letters reproving us for not denouncing his advocacy of lowering the voting age to eighteen. And since the people of Georgia concurred by adopting such a constitutional amendment, making Georgia the first state to make eighteen the legal voting age, it's got worse. Mr. Ben Joe Wallis of Macon says that Mr. Arnall "is nothing but a young squirt himself and has no idea how much harder it is going to be now to pound any sense into other young squirts." Like almost all of our correspondents on this subject, Mr. Wallis is elderly—seventy-three in fact. "This law is a heathen Communist law and will be the end of the Ten Commandments, which say 'Honor thy father and thy mother'," protests Mr. B. G. Sinnie of Atlanta. One lady, from Wheeling, West Virginia, tells us that she has written to the F.B.I. asking them to investigate Mr. Arnall because "I understand that such a bill is to come before Congress, and if this is not the work of Hitler, I miss my guess," she says. "This movement tends to take authority out of the hands of us parents and grandparents and turn it over to babies who have no experience. This will mean the downfall of America and that is what Hitler wants to accomplish." But Mr. T. Evan of Lincoln, Nebraska, is going to "fight fire with fire." He is going to ask Congress to pass a law forbidding public office to anybody under sixty. "This," he thinks, "will clip the wings of our immature children."



OUR editorial about the rejection of venereal-diseased men by the Army is "misleading and not in line with the facts," says Major General Norman T. Kirk, Surgeon General of the U. S. Army. "The induction of individuals with gonorrhea was authorized on October 1, 1942, and of those with syphilis on December 10, 1942," writes the general—who certainly ought to know. "From October 1, 1942, to June 30, 1943, roughly 135,000 selectees infected with venereal diseases prior to induction have been accepted for military service. Moreover, for May, 1943 (the last month for which accurate data are available), the induction quota allotted by the Army for selectees with venereal disease was less than half filled. It can scarcely be implied, therefore, that military authorities are obstructing the induction of eligible registrants with venereal disease." W. D.

THIS WE

SEPTEMBER 25, 1

SHORT STORIES

BEN HECHT
The Pink Hussar. A gallant plot re
band of refugees to fame and fortune.

JACLAND MARMUR
Fisherman's Luck. A good angler know
and how to take his catch—even whe
mess of Nazis.

ELEANORE KELLY SELLARS
Married Ones Are Best. What can you
a girl who prefers single blessedness?

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Revenge, by John O'Hara.

SERIAL STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Corner of Heaven. The eighth of nin

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Wild Bunch. The fifth of six pa

ARTICLES

JOHN GUNTHER
With Eisenhower in Sicily. A famous
spondent accompanies the commander i
as he follows up the invasion forces.

W. B. COURTNEY
The Destruction of Germany. By night
day the German people know no rest
cities face utter devastation from Allied

KYLE CRICHTON
Fire! Our greatest losses at home ha
been caused by the war, but by our ow
lessness.

VERNON POPE
Miss Subways. A new kind of beauty
brightens the life of New York's under
commuters.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Nichevo Means "So What!" A traditio
titude of spirit has kept the Russian natio
giving in.

AMY PORTER
Eve Curie. By grit and hard work the
ter of one of the world's great women h
out her own brilliant career.

CARL SANDBURG
Transatlantic Call.

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

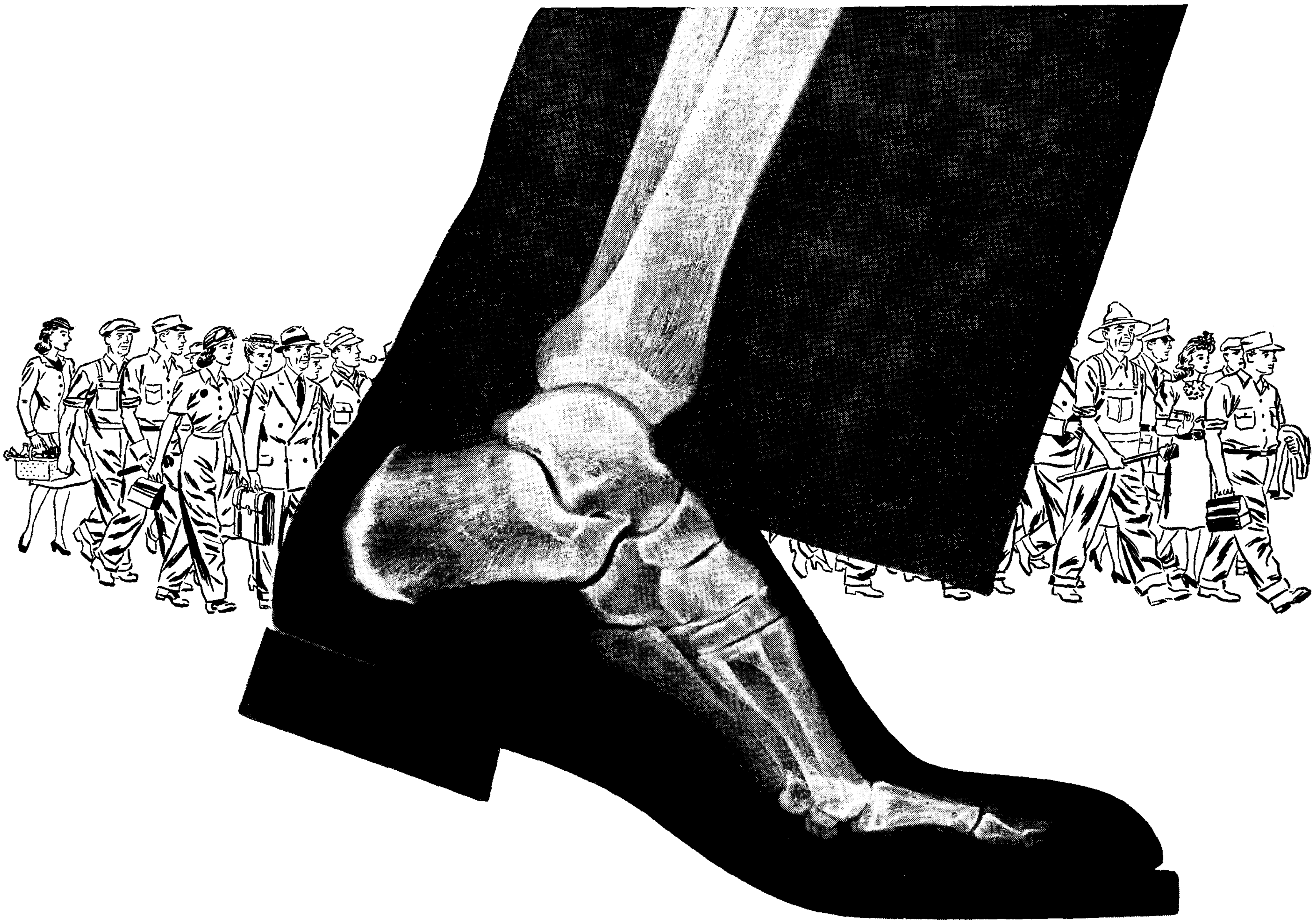
THE GUILTY (Heinrich Himmle
Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 8.

THE WEEK'S WORK.

EDITORIALS
Why Wartime Sweatshops?
Postwar Tax Refunds.
The "Fifth" Freedom.

COVER RONALD Mc

Vol. 112, No. 13. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.



When civilian feet go on a wartime schedule

BECAUSE OF GAS RATIONING, Americans are learning how to walk all over again.

In addition, thousands are working long hours at jobs where they stand or walk, or operate a machine with their feet.

All this makes it advisable to know more about your feet, their health and care.

The foot is a complicated structure containing 26 bones connected by ligaments. Some of these ligaments are among the most powerful in the body. Shocks in walking are absorbed by the leg muscles through tendons attached to the bones of the foot.

Like any complicated machine, the feet can get out of order. Poor habits of walking or standing, or the wearing of improperly fitted shoes, if long continued, can force the feet out of shape.

Habitual toeing out, for example, either in standing or walking, is a common cause of weak or flat feet. Even perfectly healthy feet may rebel against unaccustomed hours of extra duty.

Corns, calluses, bunions, and hammertoes are indications that something is wrong. Perhaps it is the shoes you are wearing. Such danger signs indicate the need of a visit to a podiatrist-chiropodist or an orthopedic doctor.

If your feet protest at the end of the day, perhaps your shoes are improperly fitted, or unsuited to your work. Your posture may be at fault, or your feet may not be getting enough rest. You may have sinking of the arches, so that your feet require more support than is given by ordinary shoes.

New shoes should be comfortable when you first put them on. "Breaking in" shoes really means "breaking in" your feet!

When you buy shoes, try on *both* shoes and test the fit both standing and walking. Select shoes for the job they are to do! High, narrow heels are unsuitable for long hours of standing or walking. They may upset the body balance and cause strain in muscles of the feet, legs, and back.

Good foot health is important not only to foot comfort, but to the health of the entire body. It is difficult to get all the exercise you need, when your feet are not in good condition. If the lack of exercise results in increased weight, the strain on the feet may become still greater. The wisest course is to do everything to prevent foot trouble from developing.

Actually, your foot health can be better than ever under wartime's extra demands, if you observe the rules of foot hygiene and wear properly fitted shoes.

On request, Metropolitan will send you a folder about foot care, "Light On Your Feet."

COPYRIGHT 1943—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

75th ANNIVERSARY—1868-1943

Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 103-C, "Light On Your Feet."

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City__________________State__________

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Designed and Built for Longer Rationed Wear

More shoes for fighters, fewer for civilians —that's the order of the day. Buy less often —buy more carefully . . . choose Florsheims. Their longer rationed wear saves money for you and leather for our fighting men.

Illustrated, left to right: THE DEARBORN, THE ECLIPSE, THE WESTFIELD

Most Styles $10.50 and $11

Florsheim Shoes

The Florsheim Shoe

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A new portable photographic flashlight, using a mercury lamp about the size of a cigarette, goes on and off in one millionth of a second, and it can "freeze" the action of a wheel making 70,000 revolutions a minute. While the life of this lamp is only one second, it will provide a million flashes or the number used in 10 years by 20 busy newspaper photographers.

The turnover among the members of Congress since President Roosevelt first took office ten years ago is 76 per cent. Gone from the rolls are 74 of the 96 senators and 330 of the 435 representatives who held seats on March 4, 1933.—*By Caroline King, Torrance, California.*

British warships now use the Eve Method of artificial respiration, as it is the most successful on persons who have nearly drowned. Wrapped in blankets, the victim is laid face downward on a stretcher, and his wrists and ankles are lashed to its handles. He is then placed on a horizontal bar and rocked, in seesaw fashion, at an angle of 45 degrees each way, 12 times a minute, full expiration and inspiration being maintained by the alternating pressure of the abdominal contents against the diaphragm.

Food production in the United States will not be restricted in any way in 1944, for the first time since the Agricultural Adjustment Act was passed ten years ago.

Although one third the size of France, French Guiana has no passenger railroads and only 93 miles of mediocre highways. Not one of its towns, including the capital, Cayenne, employs street cleaners or garbage collectors or has a sewage system; and five per cent of its entire population is afflicted with leprosy.

A New York State law permits an individual to start an action to recover damages for a personal injury as long as three years after the accident occurred.

During the three-year period before the war, the number of people in this country who were charged with a violation of a state law or a municipal ordinance averaged about 225,000 a week.—*By John J. Jordan, Bronx, New York.*

London's soil has been so changed chemically by bombs and fires that almost 100 species of plants alien to the city have sprung up and are growing in the devastated areas.—*By Margaret Bourke, New York City.*

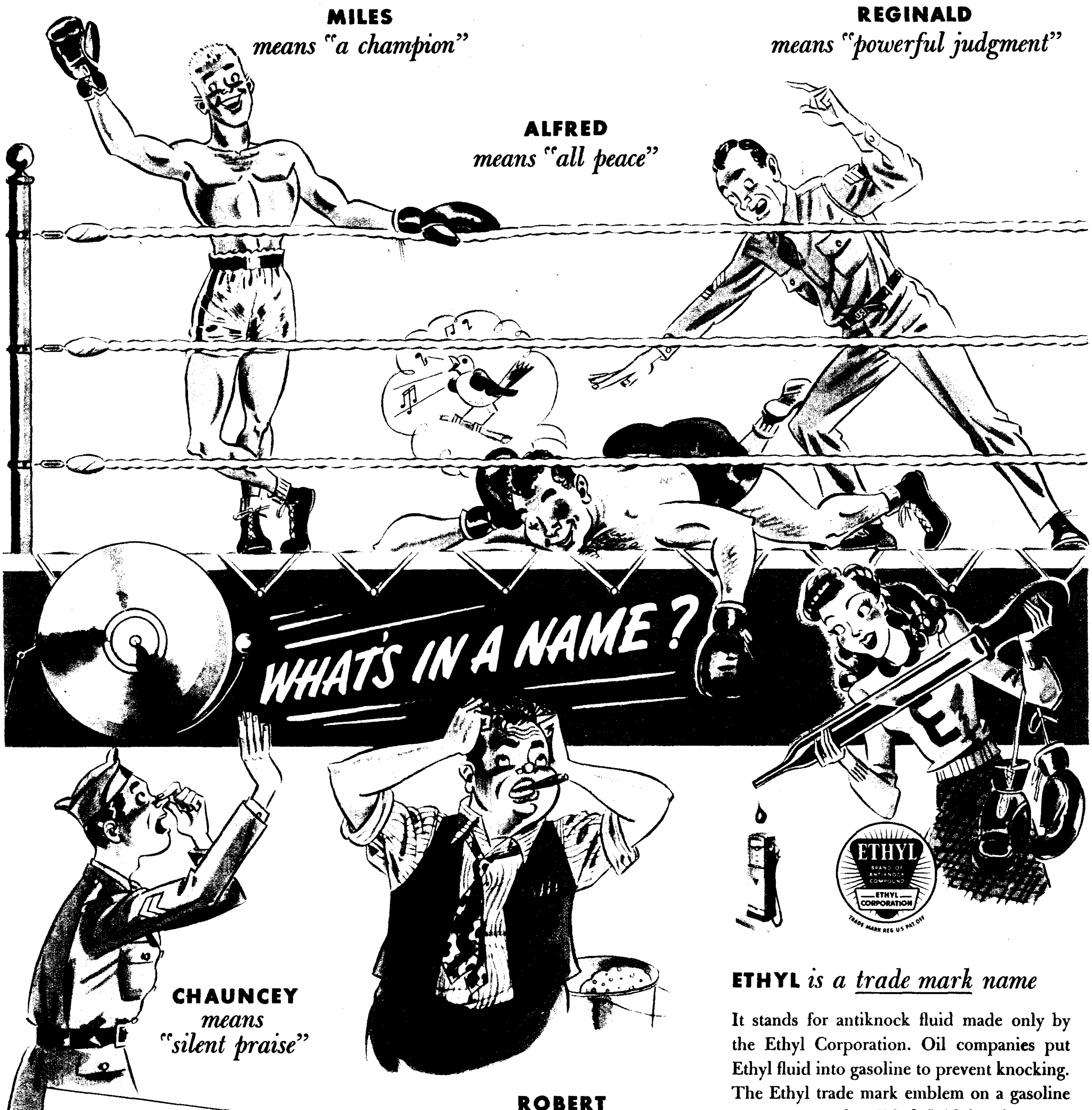
While war prisoners in internment camps in the United States serve one another as barbers, tailors, cooks and cobblers, and also do much to conduct their own affairs, a typical camp housing 3,000 of these men requires three Police Escort guard companies, or a total of 438 officers and enlisted men of the Army, to supervise and guard it.

Of the 32 past Vice-Presidents of the United States, only three were elected to the Presidency without first having succeeded to the office through death. They were John Adams in 1796, Thomas Jefferson in 1800, and Martin Van Buren in 1836.

About 8,000,000 photographs and motion pictures taken by American and British tourists in enemy and enemy-held countries during peace years have been donated to the Armed Forces of the Allied Nations to help them identify landmarks. Many have proved very useful, particularly the snapshot from which R.A.F. bombers were able to recognize and destroy the Axis headquarters in Sicily, a hotel in Taormina, just before the invasion of the island.

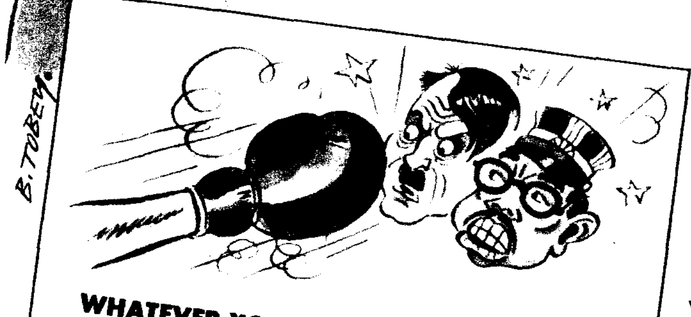
The withholding tax on pay checks now averages about $125,000,000 a week.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher


MILES
means "a champion"
REGINALD
means "powerful judgment"
ALFRED
means "all peace"
WHAT'S IN A NAME?
ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG US PAT OFF
CHAUNCEY
means
"silent praise"
ROBERT
means "bright in counsel"

ETHYL *is a* *trade mark* *name*

It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking. The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."

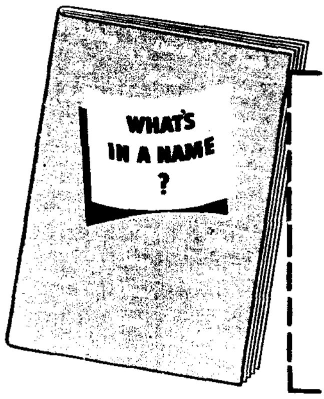


WHATEVER YOUR NAME—DO YOUR PART IN "THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY"

Every War Bond—every War Savings Stamp—you buy will help our fighting men punch their way to Victory. Help knock out Germany and Japan by buying more Bonds, more Stamps this month than ever before.

FREE booklet tells what your name means

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.


WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

ETHYL CORPORATION
Room 3507, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"
*Name*____________________
(PLEASE PRINT)
*Address*____________________
*City*__________ *State*__________

COPYRIGHT 1943, ETHYL CORPORATION

HOME CANNING
CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE

Recipe for Victory Weed and water carefully one well-seeded plot and warm slowly under the summer sun. Watch closely, and when you've gathered the crop, add one heaping heartful of mother's home cooking and canning. Result: one backyard Victory, home-grown by you. As an old family friend, Canada Dry says: Victory begins at home . . . let's throw everything we've got into this fight.

LET'S BACK THE ATTACK *with work and energy . . . and with dollars for bonds in the 3rd War Loan Drive! 15 billion dollars are needed to back up our invasion armies. So buy at least one extra $100 bond, now!*

CANADA DRY "THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"

Wing Talk

ROBERT CAPA

WHEN American paratroopers hopped from their planes in the pitch-black night over Sicily, the first arriving invaders of the Italian island, they were putting into practical use a new phase of training which has become an important part of United States paratroop schooling.

The accent had been on night maneuvers for just such an occasion.

Long before the time came for the Sicily attack, the Army's parachute soldiers were busy flying, jumping and practicing ground action at night, in line with a policy of keeping training methods abreast of future needs. Thus they were ready when the order came to go aboard for the Sicily jump which paved the way materially for the beachhead landings.

At the Parachute School at Fort Benning, Georgia, this night-time training had been stepped up to a minimum of two nights a week, and diving out the door into inky blackness had become a familiar sensation to the flying troops.

It is no secret that in addition to familiarizing themselves with night jumping, the paratroops, part of the Airborne Command, are developing and perfecting further special fighting methods rapidly in order to take part, later on, in other important roles akin to their work in the Sicily surprise.

One lesson learned from overseas experience, vouched for by the War Department, is this: There is no reason to regard parachute troops as expendable, or able to fight on the ground only for short periods of time.

"Today they are fighting in the same capacity and under the same conditions as ground troops," a War Department spokesman explains. "Parachutists can be self-sufficient for at least 48 hours because of the equipment and food carried with them. But isolation is no longer feared, since aerial supply has been perfected to a high degree."

In the development of this new wrinkle in the tactics of war, it has been determined that chute soldiers, in mass jumping, can land within 50 to 75 yards of one another, and that this distance can be reduced to 30 or 40 yards if necessary.

One of the conclusions reached as a result of overseas action is that heavy guns (the Army does not say how heavy) can be dropped with clusters of three chutes, and "this has been developed to the extent that the gun, the ammunition and the crew, using seven chutes, can land in a 150-yard area."

Now regarded as a highly important factor in the delivery of such fighting forces from the air, is the camouflaged parachute. White chutes can be seen from great heights, and consequently the success or failure of an airborne operation is likely to depend on the color of the canopy used.

Night training and new methods have made the U. S. paratrooper a round-the-clock fighting man.

WINGING their way into an airdrome newly captured in enemy territory, come American fighting planes. The airport is a wreck. Ground storage tanks for petrol are shattered and burned, the fuel gone. Far from the ocean-going tankers of the invasion fleet, these fighters and bombers must have refueling facilities to hold the position and fly onward toward the retreating enemy. There is no time or means for bringing and installing bulky steel tanks of the standard type.

But the Army Air Forces has solved this one, too.

With the combat planes comes a transport. Within its cargo space is a bulky, folded gasoline storage tank of "thiokol," a rubber substitute.

There is little delay. An excavation is fashioned to receive the "nonrigid" tank, and it becomes ready to store, underground and camouflaged, thousands of gallons of precious aviation engine fuel.

The capacity of a container of this new type is a military secret. In this connection, the Army merely says the tank, which can be taken anywhere a cargo plane can fly, is as big as a six-room house.

How many have been completed for the Army Air Forces is also an unmentioned figure.

The material of which this giant tank is made is "thiokol," one of the more promising rubber substitutes, deterioration-resisting and needing little more than a hole in the ground for installation.

BOYISH Douglas "Wrong Way" Corrigan, who made the fantastic flight to Ireland a few years back in an old pre-depression flying "crate," is now working for Douglas Aircraft in California as a pilot. Until a few months ago he was with the Ferrying Command, flying bombers from the factory to modification centers where they were groomed for war. While on that job he got into another mix-up, only this time the story is slightly different.

One day he climbed into a big bomber at Albuquerque and took off, pointing its nose toward the east. He flew along easily for hours, spotted his destination and set the big ship down without a bounce. It was a perfect job: the right place and on time.

Then someone spoiled it. "What the hell!" the operations officer barked. "You guys brought the *wrong* airplane!"

So now they've changed his name to "Wrong Plane" Corrigan! BOB SIBLEY

"This is what I call a soft berth, Mom!"

▶ Seaman First Class Red Roberts is home on two weeks' liberty.

He's done some hard work the last few months, Red has. Convoying cargo ships through packs of lurking subs. Standing lookout in some of the dirtiest weather the North Atlantic ever hatched. Catching a little sleep and rest when off watch . . . but always jolted by the brutal pounding of heavy seas on the destroyer's steel plates.

You can't blame Red for steering a course straight for that big easy chair with the innerspring cushions, can you? He figures to catch up on *comfort!*

Of course, chairs, bed springs and mattresses aren't being made today with Premier Wire. The machinery which used to turn out spring wire is making steel for war weapons now.

But when peace is won, you can plan to catch up on *your* comfort, too. Because U·S·S Premier Spring Wire will be back then . . . improved by what we've learned in making wartime steels.

And the U·S·S Premier Spring Wire tag on a mattress or bed spring or piece of upholstered furniture will be better proof than ever before that the softest thing you can sit on or sleep on is steel.

AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY
Cleveland, Chicago and New York
Columbia Steel Co., San Francisco, Pacific Coast Distributors
United States Steel Export Co., New York

★ ★ ★

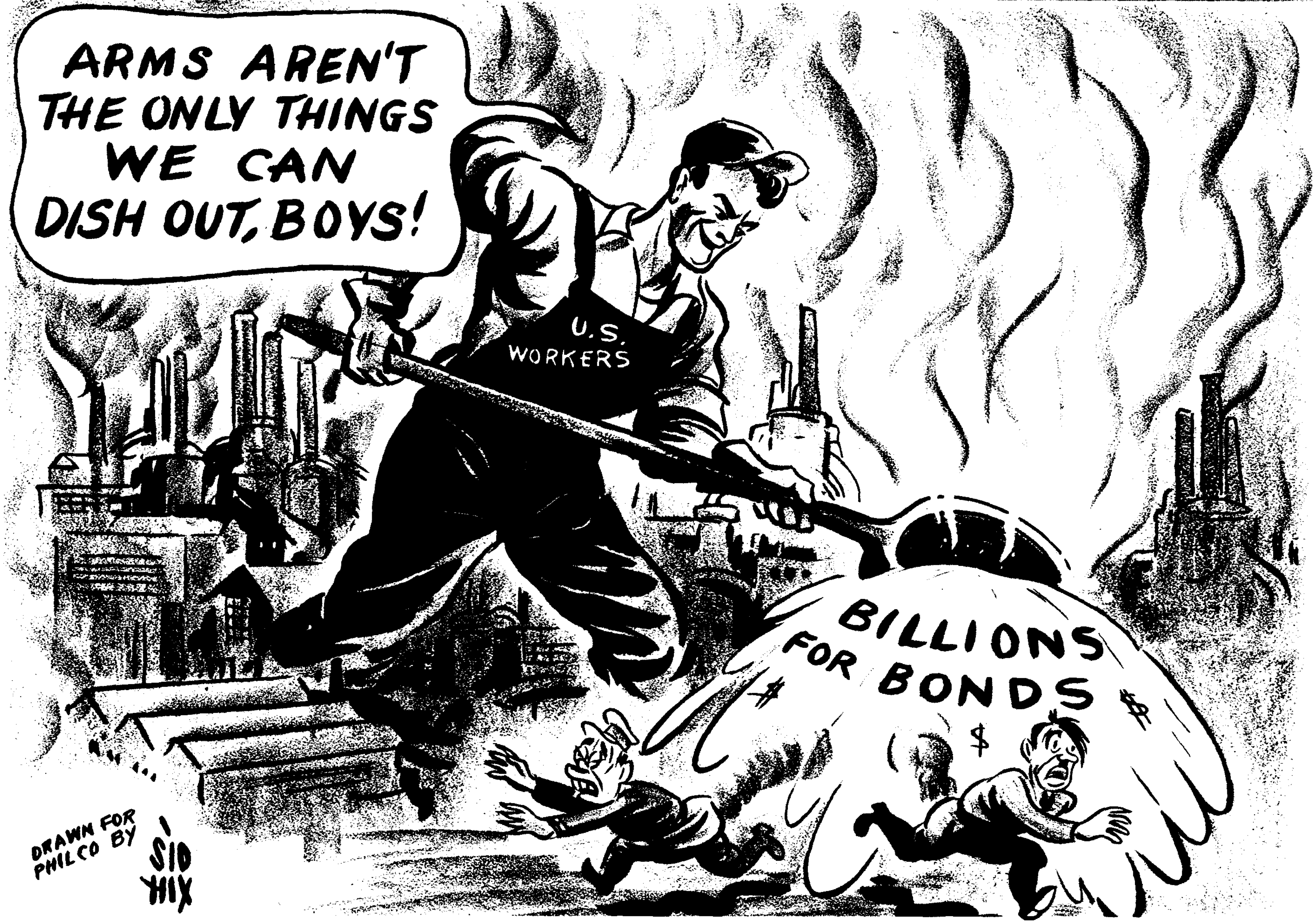
"The softest thing you can sleep on is STEEL"

*BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY

The money you loan builds America's war strength. Yours again to spend in years to come . . . for new comforts, finer furniture, better living.

USS
EMIER
ING WIRE
xclusively
WIRE COMPANY
UNITED STATES STEEL

"Back the Attack—with War Bonds!"


ARMS AREN'T THE ONLY THINGS WE CAN DISH OUT, BOYS!
U.S. WORKERS
BILLIONS FOR BONDS
$
$
$
DRAWN FOR PHILCO BY SID HIX

Copyright 1943—Philco Corporation

In cooperation with the U. S. Treasury Dept., the Philco series by America's leading editorial cartoonists is being devoted during September to the Third War Loan. While available, a reproduction of this Sid Hix original will be sent, free, on request to Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask for Cartoon No. 65C.

BEGINNING September 9th, the battle cry of America's home front is, *"Back the Attack—with War Bonds."* The Third War Loan is on. The goal is fifteen billion dollars. To reach it, Uncle Sam is asking every American, *as an individual,* to join the offensive and buy an *extra* War Bond during September.

America is on the move, thanks to the courage and valor of our men on the battle front, the toil and sacrifice on the home front, the might and ingenuity of the industrial front. This is no time to relax . . . it is the hour to *press the attack!*

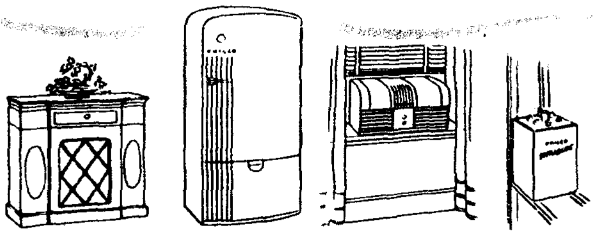
Our soldiers and sailors are doing it, under the magnificent guidance of their heroic leaders. Industrial America is doing it. The men and women of Philco, today, are producing radio, communications and electronic equipment, ordnance and storage batteries at an all-time peak. Now we of the home front . . . each one of us . . . must do our part.

During September buy an *extra* War Bond to back the attack of our boys at the front. Make this personal investment in victory today . . . and the fruits of victory tomorrow.

PHILCO CORPORATION

"BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS"

During the Third War Loan in September Buy an EXTRA War Bond . . . for Victory



Philco distributors and dealers are doing their utmost under wartime conditions to service your Philco Radio, Phonograph, Refrigerator, Air Conditioner, or Industrial Storage Battery.

LISTEN TO

"OUR SECRET WEAPON"

Hear Rex Stout expose Axis lies and propaganda. Every Friday evening, CBS stations.

R'S
WEEKLY
R 25, 1943

WITH EISENHOWER IN SICILY

BY JOHN GUNTHER

SIGNAL CORPS

Commander and Commander in Chief meet in Palermo, Sicily's captured capital—Generals Patton and Eisenhower, with aides, talk things over

A famous correspondent here describes a historic moment and appraises the man who made it possible, as Ike Eisenhower sets foot on the soil of Axis Europe for the first time

IT GAVE me an odd feeling to be the third American to set foot on this part of Sicily. The first was General Eisenhower, the second his naval aide, Commander Harry Butcher, U.S.N. It happened that I was right behind them. I was the only American newspaperman in a party of eleven that made the trip.

The place was a secluded beach near the southeastern tip of Sicily off Cape Passero, the time was 10:24 A. M., Monday, July 12th. I hoped Eisenhower would say something in the Stanley-Livingstone tradition—for instance, "My name is Eisenhower."

What the Commander in Chief did say was good enough. There was no warning whatever that he was arriving. He walked up to the British officer we saw, a colonel with a long, dusty mustache, and said, "Good morning. I'm General Eisenhower." The colonel almost passed out with surprise.

Our trip began the night before. A lovely lopsided moon dappled the shining water. We assembled near a blacked-out pier. A car with quadruple dimmed headlights slithered around a dark corner, and a brisk gray-haired officer in white uniform stepped out, Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, CINC, Mediterranean Fleet. A moment later came Eisenhower's car. Eisenhower and Cunningham talked a moment, then shook hands. We all stepped into the admiral's barge.

Cunningham said, "Good luck, General."

Eisenhower replied, "Thanks, sir."

Eisenhower glanced at the barge. "I'd trade you a lot for this," he grinned.

Cunningham, a salty fellow replied, "Wait till your dinner starts to go up and down."

The destroyer loaned us by the Royal Navy looked sleek and powerful as we drew close. We climbed up a joggling rope ladder, and Eisenhower chuckled, "I never know what to do when they pipe me on." Of eleven in our party two were American generals, one was a British general on Eisenhower's staff, others included a British commodore, representing the Navy, a young American parachute officer, and my colleague, E. J. Gilling, who represented the British press, as I represented the American. We were all working for the common pool.

Our generals, except Eisenhower, were in full regalia—steel helmets, knapsacks on their backs, canteens and torches in their belts. Butcher, Gilling and I had toothbrushes, nothing much else. I inspected with admiration the neatness and efficiency of American equipment. All their harnesses fit so perfectly even though I myself can never make them work. But our generals seemed embarrassed by the plenitude of their kit, especially the helmets. One general apologized, "General Patton won't let anyone ashore without one."

Most of us went to sleep in the wardroom as the destroyer slipped out of the harbor. A young ensign loaned me a bedroll. I stretched out on the floor. This destroyer had picked up four German aviators from the water the night before and brought them in. They had been on a life raft ninety hours. A British lieutenant, naked to the waist and with shaggy black beard, said, "They were pretty pooped. We almost chucked one of them over."

Later the Germans were brought up on the deck of the destroyer and shown

(Continued on page 84)

THE EISENHOWER PORTRAIT

If you'd like to have a copy of Ronald McLeod's fine portrait of General Eisenhower appearing on the cover of this week's issue of Collier's, send your name and address and ten cents in stamps to Collier's Reprint Department, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. The reprint is on heavy stock, suitable for framing, and bears no printing

THE HUSSAR

BY BEN HECHT

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

It was a Great Plot—involving princesses and playwrights—launched on a flood of good fellowship, sparkling wines and cadenzas of laughter—a comic conspiracy pitting old Budapest against Broadway

THERE are many kinds of refugees in our land these days and, as is customary with people who carry too large a load of troubles, they are not among the most popular of folks. We Americans have hearts as open and unsnobbish as a drive-in frankfurter stand, but we are, nevertheless, a cynical lot. We are gifted with a sort of national schizophrenia, or split personality. We will play Galahad but we know the fight is fixed.

After we have whooped with piety and brotherly love it is our habit to sit down and sneer at ourselves. And having gone to war to save Europe from losing its soul, it is natural for us, as schizos, that we should become full of carping attitudes toward this aforesaid soul of Europe.

There is, however, a tribe of refugees who are more or less unknown to our citizenry, which is unfortunate, for they are a truly charming lot and could do much to popularize the continental exiles.

These are the talents from Vienna and Budapest—the little world of song- and playwriters, actors, journalists and bons vivants—that has fled its beloved cafés and brought its intrigues and goulash pots intact to the U.S.A. They differ from all the other refugees because they are not refugees at all—since it is in their power to bring the best of their homeland to our shores—themselves. Their homeland is an ego surrounded by wit and good cooking. It is a Strauss waltz and a handful of epigrams and a touch of gout. They were the hurdy-gurdy of art and letters that played in the last little charming corner of Europe, that favored anecdotes above panaceas and that, to the very end, sat polishing jests instead of sabers. Had there been enough of them, they might have laughed the Nazis out of countenance and conquest. But there were only a few cafés full, and their tunes and witticisms were outnumbered by the Panzer cannon.

It is of these spritely folk I write—a task a little hazardous for, sitting among them, I have heard a thousand and one tales, plots, jests and ironies—and should I put one of these on paper I will be sued for plagiarism instanter. For plagiarism suits are as firm a part of Magyar culture as double-decker pastries. In fact, the joke runs that in the golden days of Hungarian letters, the first thing a Budapest playwright said to his valet on awakening with a hang-over was, "Well, Rudolph, whom do I sue today?"

Luckily the story I have to tell is one that actually happened under my nose and should any of my Hungarian or Viennese admirers detect in it similarities to plays or novels they have themselves composed, I have a whole file of newspaper clippings to testify for me, and I am certain I will escape with only a small fine plus court costs.

The most interesting thing that struck me about these famous exiles, when I first met them two years ago, was that I had never heard of them before. I had friends who sighed at the mention of their names and murmured, "Ah, Budapest, ah, Vienna!" But not having been abroad since 1920 and having attended strictly to my American knitting, the galaxy of the Danube was unknown to me.

My introduction to this most amiable tribe of refugees was as unexpected and whimsical as if it had been written by one of them. I was engaged at the time in a sort of Desperate Desmond enterprise—that of raising money to produce a movie in New York. After several conferences with a bank president, I had been assured that the bank would put up half the finances needed, were I able to lay hands on the other half. This is not such a bonanza as it sounds. It is exactly like being promised the Lackawanna Railroad, providing you can go out and buy the New York Central first. The sum involved, known as the second money, was $200,000 and no cents.

My delight at meeting Mr. Vinsey was thus deep and genuine. For it was Vinsey who, appearing out of the blue in my hotel-room money-raising headquarters—not only offered me $200,000 as casually as if he were proffering a bite out of an apple, but inducted me almost immediately into the ghost cities of Budapest and Vienna.

Mr. Vinsey had read my script, he told me, after he had sat down and put his red-feathered green fedora on his knees, and he considered it a superb and lucrative piece of property. He begged to be allowed to place the $200,000 I needed in my hands.

He sat looking at me over his green fedora as if he were at home among his oldest friends. I have seldom met a man so instantly likable as Vinsey and, sensing he was someone of importance, I felt embarrassed never to have heard of him. Vinsey put me at my ease by reciting in an apologetic voice his list of achievements. They included the production of nine movies—three of which had won some sort of prizes—and thirty-seven plays in Hungary and Austria. I had never heard of the plays, the movies, the prizes, or of Vinsey.

"But my poor accomplishments are of no matter to you," he said. "What you want from me is $200,000. Am I right?"

I nodded.

"It will be very easy," said Vinsey. "We will be partners. I shall provide the money, you, the brains. It is for you an unfair arrangement. But one, alas, which the artist must always make in our mismanaged civilization."

"It's a very fine arrangement," I said.

There was an Alice in Wonderland sound to this interview, but honesty of a kind that cannot be simulated signaled from the Vinsey ego. Yet a man may be as honest as Abraham Lincoln and still not have $200,000 handy for a dubious investment.

Accordingly I asked, "When do you think you can get the money?"

"By Monday afternoon," Mr. Vinsey told me. "Over the week end. You may forget about all financial problems from now on. Consider your work already in production. It is a beautiful thing and is certain to win a prize."

"Then I'll see you Monday," I said.

"Yes." Mr. Vinsey stood. "But let us have dinner tonight at a friend's house and become more acquainted."

I MADE inquiry before dinnertime and learned that everything Vinsey had told me of himself was true. The only new fact I uncovered was that he had produced two plays since his arrival in New York and that they both had been immediate flops.

The dinner that night was in the home of Gita Lengel, the Bernhardt of Budapest and the Duse of Vienna. None of these things I knew about Gita when I met her. My first impression was that she was related in some way to Vinsey—probably his sister. The same witty smile widened her mouth, the same relaxed and good-natured tones issued from it, and the same graceful buzz of personality surrounded her. She was a woman of thirty-eight and I would have called her beautiful if she had had less charm. As it was I called her delightful.

We were joined for dinner by a third refugee, a handsome and boyish man of forty. He, too, struck me as a relative, both of Vinsey and Miss Lengel.

Vinsey introduced the new dinner guest.

"My favorite dramatic critic, Janos Fulka," he said.

"Oh, no," said Gita, "novelist, essayist, and philosopher."

"He is my favorite dramatic critic," Vinsey said, "because he has given up that profession."

Fulka bowed slightly and looked very cynical as he smiled.

"I have given up none of my professions," he said. "I am improving myself secretly in all of them."

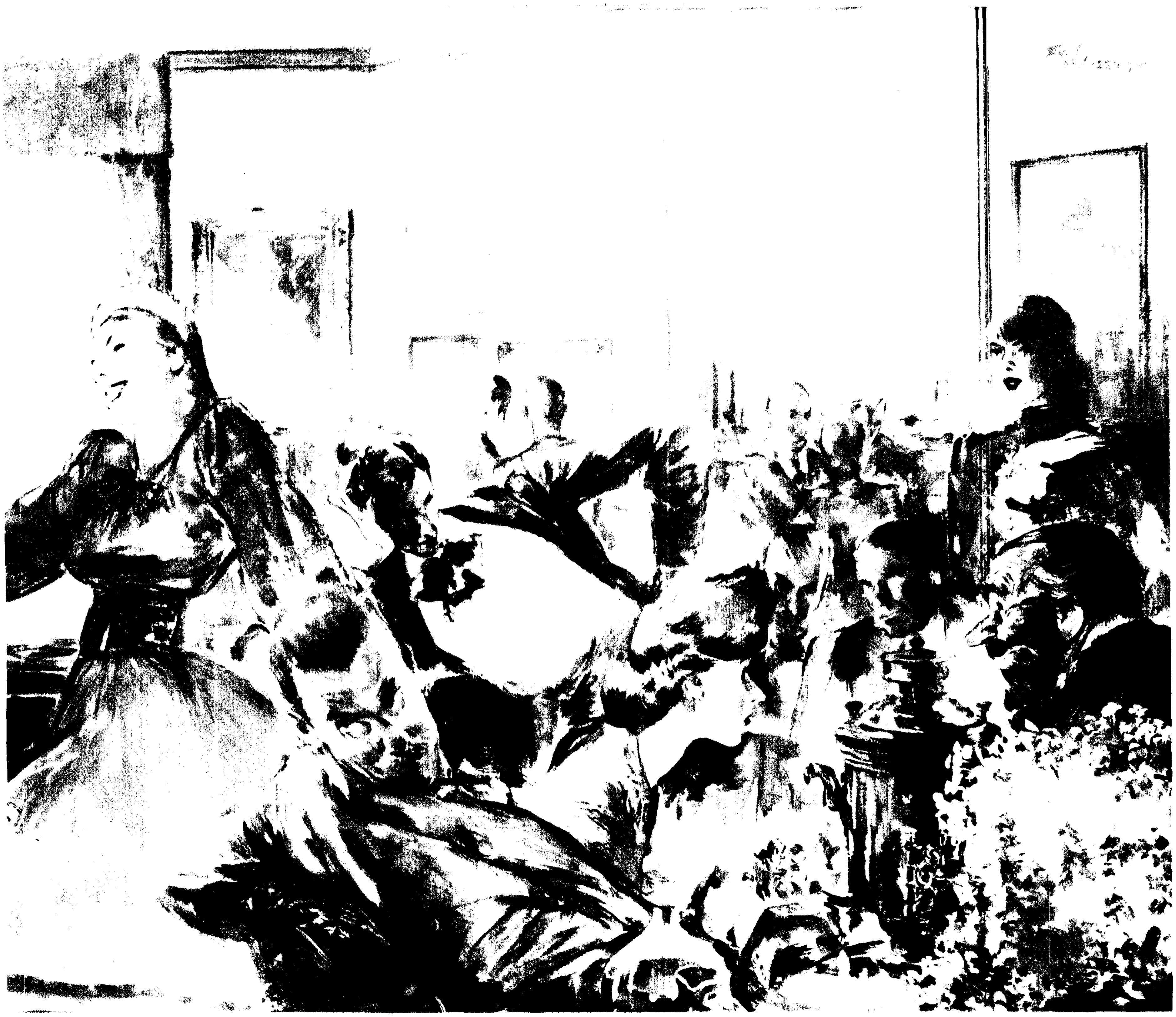
"Janos and Vinsey once fought a duel over an adjective," said Gita, "but it turned out to have been a printer's error. Something like the word compatible being changed to contemptible."

WE ATE chicken paprikash, and Vinsey broke the news of our partnership to his friends. A great surge of excitement swept the table. Kisses were exchanged. A fresh bottle of wine was opened. I was treated for a few minutes to the joyous finale of a Viennese operetta.

When the huzzas had subsided, Vinsey looked tenderly at our hostess and said, "It is too bad we have no part for Europe's greatest actress." Fulka immediately seized one of her hands and kissed it.

"I still live on the memory of your Nora," he sighed.

"And of Julie," Vinsey cried, "and the



Turay stood in the doorway, and it was as though a beloved child had returned. Or he might have been a clown, come to amuse other children

Princess Rividavia. You put over 'The Sofa.' "

I didn't know "The Sofa" was in capital letters and looked a little startled.

"Turay's 'The Sofa,' " Fulka explained.

There was a pause and they all looked at me. "You have heard of Turay?" Vinsey inquired.

"Good Lord, yes!" I said. "One of the best playwrights left in the world."

The three sighed. Their faces glowed and they nodded in unison as at a prayer meeting.

"Gita's second act curtain in 'The Sofa' was one of the greatest laughs in the history of the theater," said Fulka.

"For two seasons," Vinsey cooed. "I watched her every night."

The partnership was for the moment forgotten and both men looked at Gita with such homage as might have been given the queen of an ancient realm.

"There is nothing for me in your script," said Gita—I was to find that this delightful woman had read every unproduced script on Broadway—"but, truly, the pleasure of reading it was as great as acting in it. Believe me—and have some more wine."

"The theater of New York," said Fulka, "may be measured by this fact that Gita Lengel is not on its stage. This is exactly the same as if the United States decided to win the present war by immobilizing its fleet."

"My accent," said Gita, "and my stubbornness."

"Quite right," said Vinsey. "She has turned down excellent parts."

"A maid with a duster," said Gita, "who turns out to be the head of a gang of black marketers. And a mother who begs the governor to pardon her son from the electric chair." Gita looked pathetically at me. "Those are the two parts that have been offered—with salaries. I am not silly. I would have played them. I would play a cabbage or the hind legs of a horse just to be on the stage again. But those plays! My dear—unbearable!"

"One of them is still running," Vinsey sighed.

"So is the war," said Gita. "Duration is no virtue for calamities."

"Tell me"—Fulka glared at me as he patted her arm—"how is it that in a city like New York with seven million adults you have a theater only for children?"

"It is the critics!" Vinsey smiled. "They are in a plot to keep the theater inferior to themselves. They like to look down instead of up—because if they look up, there is too far to look."

"Worse than that," said Fulka, "the critics of New York are so old or so fat that they usually collapse before the final curtain. As a result, they do not report the play but their own symptoms."

"Schopenhauer wrote the perfect line about critics," said Vinsey moodily. "When a jackass looks into a mirror you must not expect an apostle to look out."

"Poor Janos," Gita sighed, "you will never be a critic in New York. You always admired plays that were either too deep for your understanding or too brilliant to make jokes about."

Guests began arriving as we were finishing our dinner—and as the room filled I felt as if a land of charm and curious customs was coming to life around us. I met Dr. Alper-Mayer, a portly dark-haired gentleman with a short, square beard and a useless medical fame in his bow; and Stephan Holz, a thin-faced tight-mouthed painter with an overdeveloped sense of courtesy. Fulka whispered to me that his was the most vitriolic brush in Austria. A jowled and beaming playwright named Herzog appeared, and a tense young lady in a sort of peasant dress who looked as dedicated to something as an Ibsen heroine. There arrived a fragile brunette with white lace at her throat and a delicious voice that seemed to be produced by a zither and who turned out, on a second inspection, to be not twenty years old, but sixty. She was Lili Marisca, a musical comedy star with the names of Friml, Lehar, and Strauss in her diadem. And lastly, a gentleman named Lazlo with a paunch full of laughter. He announced joyfully that he was ready for a second dinner.

"Lazlo begins eating at seven o'clock," Vinsey explained to me, "and continues until after midnight. It is a difficult career in wartime. Luckily, he is highly in demand at dinner parties."

"Play your new waltz, Lazlo darling," said Gita, "and I'll see if there is any chicken left."

Lazlo played and the company listened like a group of doting relatives. I heard a lilting gallant bit of music that seemed to say, "Dance with me, love with me, and forgot how old and far away we are."

This was my first of many evenings in the ghostland of Budapest and Vienna. But during these original hours I learned all I was ever to know about its witty citizens.

I was never to know how they kept alive, what mysterious means made possible the chicken paprikash, the wine bottles, and the pleasant apartments. Nor was I to learn until the day of the Unbelievable Plot whether failure had secretly embittered them or the memory of vanished fame had left them with hidden wounds. For they apparently had only one face for life, the face of talent that remains intact whatever else has crumbled.

VINSEY spent a month trying to raise the $200,000 for our movie and kept assuring me daily that the project was a few hours from completion. I assured

(Continued on page 30)

THE DESTRUCTION OF GERMANY

BY W. B. COURTNEY

BY RADIO FROM LONDON

The Reich is being methodically pulverized. The Eighth U. S. Air Force by day and the R.A.F. by night have only begun their deadly round-the-clock team job. The coming months will see them unleash a fury that surpasses all the world's earthquakes

YOU will shudder many times in the days just ahead, though you may be safe at home thousands of miles away. The inability of your eyes to see or your ears to hear across the Atlantic will not exempt your sensibilities from sickening thunders and visions.

You will behold the sad and horrifying but wholly justifiable and inescapable tragedy of a great, modern nation being literally crumbled upon the face of the planet, and the sins of vicious men being scoured from their land by its rubble. Rome will be repeated a hundredfold and London a thousandfold in the cities of the Reich.

Air bombardment will so pulverize Germany in the next six months that a generation of diligent rebuilding will scarcely restore her. The sum total of all the world's earthquakes of recorded times concentrated upon the Fatherland couldn't raze and burn and convulse it more thoroughly.

This is the definite, measurable, terrible promise now given by Allied airpower as it grows swiftly toward full strength. Merely routine work remains to be done in co-operating the bombers of the R.A.F. and the Eighth United States Air Force, aided by their fighter and tactical commands, backed by the workers and the resources of our aviation industry.

Such a triumph has been quickened by a victory within victories—the vindication of daylight precision bombing which is America's greatest single contribution to the application of air force upon our enemies. This victory has been won by the Eighth United States Air Force, not over Germans, Japs or Italians, but against the home-front critics of our equipment, leadership and methods.

A Home-Front Victory

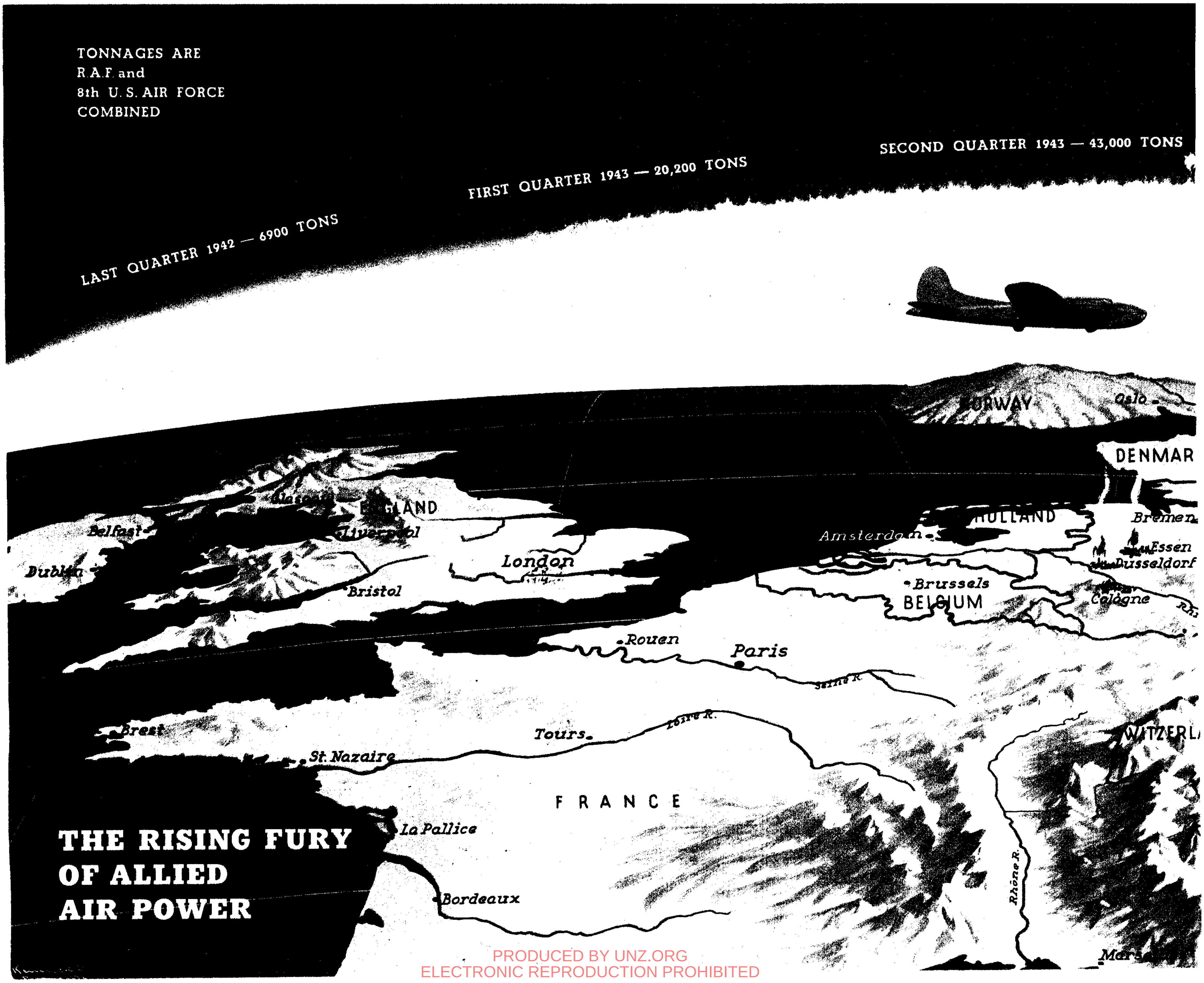
Fighting airmen here believe that when the postwar summing up takes place, the winning of American and British faith to our air corps' long-cherished theory of daylight precision bombing will loom as the initial major achievement of Major General Ira C. Eaker and his "combat kids."

Just a year ago, four-engined Yank-built and Yank-operated "heavies" first opened their bomb hatches over the Nazi-infested continent. They were planes of the Eighth Air Force, which is the aviation section of "ETOUSA"—that's European Theater of Operations United States Army." It was a very small air force then. It has grown impressively—from 12-plane jabs to 300-plane haymakers. In its first year the Eighth spewed almost 16,000 tons of explosives upon more than 100 targets, brushed 1,728 enemy fighters from the skies and damaged about 900 more, carried out 82 attacks in the full light of day. But even as you read this, the Eighth will be sluicing as many bombs over Germany in a single month as it did all last year.

At any rate, the Eighth—having won its two-edged victory—now flies and fights as it was designed, trained and meant to fight: independently, precisely and by day.

The story behind this great war drama you are now watching—the biggest air show of all time—goes back to the last war. The astonishing growth of the flight arm within the space of that one conflict, plus the development of aeronautical sci-

MAP BY KENNETH W. THOMPSON


TONNAGES ARE
R.A.F. and
8th U.S. AIR FORCE
COMBINED
LAST QUARTER 1942 — 6900 TONS
FIRST QUARTER 1943 — 20,200 TONS
SECOND QUARTER 1943 — 43,000 TONS
ORWAY
Oslo
DENMAR
ENGLAND
Belfast
Liverpool
Dublin
London
Bristol
Amsterdam
HOLLAND
Bremen
Essen
Dusseldorf
Brussels
BELGIUM
Cologne
Rouen
Paris
Seine R.
Brest
St. Nazaire
Tours
Loire R.
FRANCE
La Pallice
Bordeaux
Rhône R.
WITZERL
Mar

THE RISING FURY OF ALLIED AIR POWER

ace in the historic postwar decade, envened by Billy Mitchell and climaxed by indbergh, made it apparent to all except ie-hard land-and-sea-bound militarists at airpower would be decisive next time.

Every great world power always has its articular military needs dictated by polics, wealth, temperament and geography s well as by many imponderables. Hence e British navy, the German and Rusan land hordes, the old United States avalry. Formulating their post-1918 rategies on the wonderful new weapon, ach country had to make a choice of the portion of each major type of warlane it would have within its air forces.

Hitler's Third Reich, conceived for agression, put its main faith in the airplane f aggression—and of army co-operation –the dive bomber. Supporting it was the ard-smashing, medium-range generaltility air force of fighters, medium bombrs and transports. It is easy now to see ith hindsight that the traditional German nflexibility was latent in this setup. Once e Luftwaffe departed from co-ordinaon with the Reichswehr and struck off y itself on the air blitz of England, it idn't have the organizational strength, nagination, versatility or the right airlane to win.

England's consideration was defense. er peculiar necessities indicated that this should be short-range; she's but a score of miles at one point from the land mass whence enemy planes could swarm. She put her chief reliance in the single-seat fighter, superb all-around high- and low-altitude performance and speed. Her choice was notably justified in the Battle of Britain, in which Spitfires and Hurricanes prevented a world catastrophe. Even today—this is a fact difficult to accept when you remember the magnitude, ferocity, and wide range of her attacks—her bomber command still is only approximately one tenth of her total air strength.

United States leaders had quite different problems. "Hemisphere defense," becoming our national military-policy catchword, framed a practical job for our Air Corps strategists. First they had to reason how potential enemy forces might come to North or South America. Then they had to decide what types of planes were best to halt them.

Geographic Defense Strategy

It was logical for us to exploit the advantages offered by the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, our natural barriers. Our shores were beyond the reach of foreign bombers of known or expected ranges. Some day, perhaps before this war is over, there will be warplanes capable of nonstop round-trip flight from Europe and Asia to the United States on an important scale with useful bomb loads. But after four years of war, no power yet has such planes in service. Moreover, even if airborne foes seized land bases within our hemisphere—South America, say, and it was part of our air force design to prevent just that—they would still be, in effective military sense, as far or farther away from us than if at home in Europe. Carrier-based bombers did not have much performance. Therefore, it was reasonably expected that we, unlike England, would not be bombed from high altitudes, and we haven't been.

The calculated work of our warplanes loomed clearly. Our fighters would have to intercept, strafe and knock out enemy task forces that might have broken through our outer defenses and be trying to land on our territory. This required fast low- and medium-altitude fighters. These we developed better than any others in the world. The Airacobra at low altitudes can fly the ailerons off the Zeros and the Messerschmitts. Criticism of our fighters came only when they were taken to England, France and Holland, and applied to special needs and problems for which they were not intended.

Pearl Harbor was not a failure of this fighter policy but a failure of vigilance. A couple of alerted fighter squadrons might have matched the R.A.F.'s feats of September, 1940, and knocked the carrier-based Japs smoking into the pineapple fields of Oahu. Used within their intention, our prewar-designed fighters have been eminently successful. With various Curtiss Hawks, General Chennault's fliers dammed the Jap flow toward India and hold a score of twenty to one or better over the Zeros. The troop and tank-strafing Bell Airacobras with their 20- or 37-millimeter cannons have been the backbone of Russian mastery over Germany's attempted eastward blitzes.

Our bombers, on the other hand, under hemisphere defense, had to constitute our outer air bulwark. Certain features were therefore essential. Great range was necessary to fly to any point within the hemisphere or to roam halfway across the Atlantic to forestall enemy sea approaches. And because they must customarily operate beyond the possibility of help from our fighters, they had to have great speed and altitude and defensive powers—they had to be able, in short, to get through, bomb, and then fight off interceptors.

Finally, and most characteristic, they must sally by daylight because darkened ships could not be found at night, and they must be able to bomb with bull's-eye accuracy the very small targets presented by shipping, the only feasible method then or now available to our enemies for attacking our hemisphere.

In terms of hemisphere defense it was more important for our bombers to lay a single heavy bomb precisely upon a hostile ship than to sow ten bombs over a city.

Two Methods of Bombing

Modern heavy bombardment aviation recognizes two chief methods: "spot" or pin-point, and "area" or saturation bombing. Each necessitates the cutting down of certain plane attributes in order that others may be enhanced. Circumstances dictated that we must select the spot method, which requires particularized equipment, methods and training, and, as of now, daylight. England, with the continent's industrial and military localities under its nose, chose the saturation process—lug 'em over and let 'em go, using darkness rather than inbuilt defensive power for major protection. Germany's dive bombing of "set" targets as differentiated from mobile ones—set targets are cities and factories rather than troops—was a compromise between the two methods which England's balloon, flak and fighter defenses quickly emasculated by driving it too high for accuracy.

Our fundamental bombing problem resulted eventually in the Flying Fortress, later joined by the Liberator. But spot bombing required at least two corollary developments: an extraordinary bomb sight (hence the much-publicized "secret" United States bomb sights) plus long, tedious, teamlike drilling of bomber crews (hence the notable "hitting a fish in a barrel from 36,000 feet" demonstrations of our peacetime Air Corps).

There, in fighters and bombers, is the basic pattern of our hemisphere defense air force as of 1940. Then in 1941 our Air Corps was suddenly called to war far outside our hemisphere, to fight offensively rather than defensively, a task completely contrary to the one it had been prepared for.

On the professional military side, pressure to absorb its forces seems to be something the United States must always expect in one form or another from international allies. You will recall Pershing's fight to preserve the integrity of the A.E.F. as a strictly American undertaking. The Eighth Air Force had a comparable fight against a few British and Americans who thought it should abandon its independent daylight existence and join its personnel, equipment and production to the R.A.F.'s.

Luftwaffe Failure by Day

On the lay side, the English public had good reason for lacking faith in the daylight technique of their new allies. Just three years ago the English people watched the daylight bombers of the Luftwaffe hosed from the skies over Kent and Surrey by English fighters until the survivors were glad to scurry back to the continent with their rudders between their wheels.

However, such authoritative English leaders as Air Chief Marshals Portal and Harris saw the different values of the American theory of daylight precision bombing and perceived at once a "war chance" that's little short of providential. That is the manner in which daylight precision or spot bombing and night area or saturation bombing complement, fill out and complete each other.

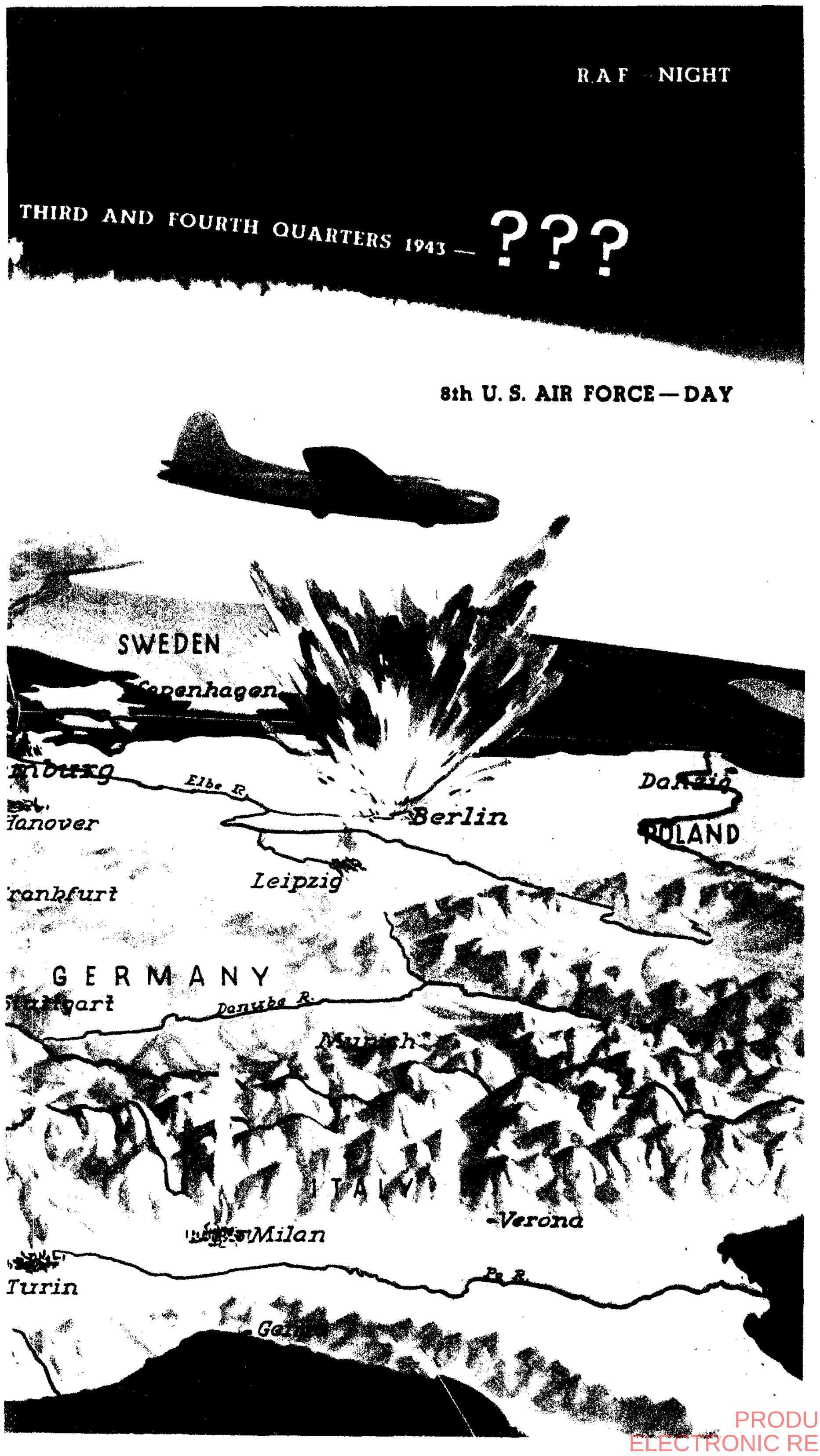
That both types of bombing should be available to our side, making possible a round-the-clock 24-hour-a-day thrashing of our common enemies, is the most felicitous discovery within Allied power in this war. It is literally a miraculous gift of heaven that guarantees victory.

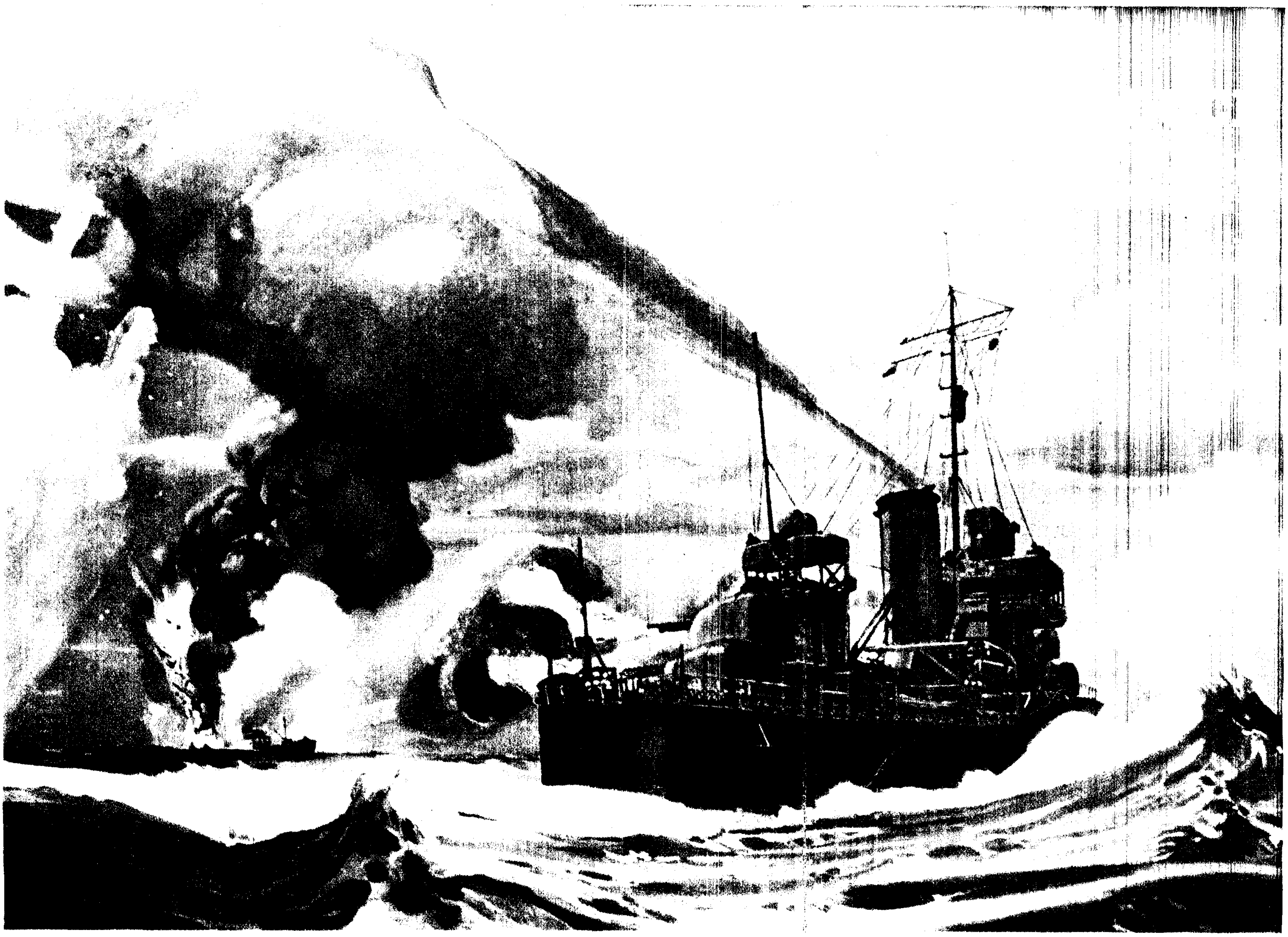
But even so happy a union could not be profited by at once. The Eighth had to walk before it ran. That's one reason our first raids were on Nazi targets in France, requiring only shallow penetration of enemy defenses. Another simple fact is that until now we did not have enough planes for a big showing.

Remember that R.A.F. heavy bomber production is largely for this European front alone, while our heavy bombers have to be allotted to a dozen fronts. Eaker was unshakable in his refusal to disregard arithmetic. He insisted upon maintaining strength at a rate, however slight, of increase. He wouldn't push his operations into the law of diminishing returns. That is, raid faster than he could make up his losses.

The third cause of delay was that the Eighth, after slowly gathering its strength over half a year, was robbed for North Africa. Thenceforth, the Eighth was really acting in support of the North African expedition, a matter hitherto unrevealed. In bombing Brest Peninsula, Saint-Nazaire, La Pallice and other U-boat nests, it was protecting the flank of great convoys to Africa. That those convoys had no losses from U-Boat action was due in large meas-

(Continued on page 54)





The Warrin's guns were blazing now at rapid fire. Over there a great sheet of flame suddenly drowned the raider's afterdeck

Commander Stark, of the U.S.S. Paul Warrin, goes fishing, with shrewd New England foresight as a substitute for bait

JOSHUA STARK was a Massachusetts preacher who had prophetic wisdom. At the turn of the century, he was uneasy with the import of his times. Perhaps that's why he named his first-born after a man who once had walked in a lion's den. As it turned out, the name was apt. After Pearl Harbor, Commander Daniel Stark often did the same.

Joshua's son was lean, with a bony, sea-weathered face the color of well-used teak. Under craggy brows his gray eyes held captive a dry New England humor. He was young for his rank. But you wouldn't notice it until he started gnawing a tactical problem like a bulldog at a bone. At a time like that his eyes went blue. They lost their look of gentle grayness and glittered. Like a hard, hot flame. And the same thing happened when he fished. The commander enjoyed the complete absorption of it. He admired the patience and the skill it taught. And he was fishing now.

He would have preferred a Western trout stream. Or, better still, the deep-sea tarpon water of his own East Coast. But his service now was in the South Pacific with Admiral Barnham's cruiser force. So Commander Daniel Stark had his boat off Cliffy Point, thinking to take sea mullet with light tackle on a barbless hook while his destroyer, the U.S.S. Paul Warrin, lay at harbor anchor inside the fairway buoy. The coxs'n had his eye on the Warrin's signal yard while his skipper fished. He was hoping for the best, knowing they'd have a chicken sandwich soon if all went well. The skipper would tell a nifty yarn, talking, man to man, the way he always did when he wasn't on the quarterdeck. But that wasn't how it went.

"I'm sorry, sir," the coxs'n said. "They've hoisted the recall flag."

The skipper's light bamboo was bent in a lovely arc; his eyes held a smiling glitter. "Stand by the landing net, Bailey. He's got some heft, this—"

"The recall flag," the coxs'n repeated gloomily. "It's flying, sir."

"Eh? What?" The skipper sighed. "Oh." Releasing the tension of his line, he saw an instantaneous flash of silver in the turquoise sea. "Very good, Bailey. Take her in," he said.

So the skipper missed his sport again.

IN REALITY, Commander Stark's innocent amusement was interrupted in a place three thousand miles away.

It was a large room, burrowed deep in the bombproof island earth. Brilliantly lit, its steel walls were lined with vast ocean charts. Information flowed down there in a ceaseless stream to be filtered, appraised, and dealt with properly. The charts had many colored markings, rarely static, for they represented ships of the battle fleets in action halfway round the world. A staff captain had a southwest corner of ocean ringed. It embraced fifteen meridians, and as many parallels of latitude, slicing carelessly through Tonga in the north and skirting New Zealand's North Cape in the south. He had pieced together there the part of a jigsaw puzzle. And now he was telling a white-haired admiral with a stubborn face about it. He spoke softly, pointing his findings out. The white-haired man kept his head tipped a little on one side in an attitude of intense attention, his lean hands clasped behind his back, the forearms heavy with golden braid.

"She is dodging around in this area, sir," he was saying. "She has kept herself amazingly well concealed. But that's where she is—or very recently was. I am quite sure of it."

The admiral merely nodded. He trusted his men and his tools. "Barnham's force," he murmured, "would be available."

"Yes, sir. But there's the Gilbert Islands operation. Admiral Barnham's force is sailing for fleet rendezvous tomorrow. If we detach one of his cruisers it would—"

"We must leave it in his discretion, John, as to what he best can spare. Is the signal prepared?"

"Ready and coded, sir."

"You had better get it off at once. She is dangerous."

So Commander Daniel Stark let loose a fine sea mullet that felt at least four pounds. And in the afternoon watch he boarded the cruiser Fresno wearing Barnham's two-starred flag. In the staffroom the admiral had the flats of his hands on an outspread chart, peering down. He didn't relish what he saw, for the perpetual cigarette in the holder clamped between his teeth had an angle steeper than usual and the crisp gray hair on the top of his head was badly ruffled. Blister Barnham looked up when Commander Stark entered.

"Where the devil have you been?" he boomed.

"Fishing, sir."

"I might have known it! I don't suppose you realize the boys in your Warrin have got a song about you?"

"Yes, sir. They call it, Fisherman Dan, the Tin Can Man."

"What!" The admiral's eyes were suspiciously atwinkle. "Do you mean they've got the gall to sing it to your face?"

"Oh, no." The commander grinned. "I just know. The words aren't bad. But I wish I knew who dreamed up the melody. It's terrible."

Blister Barnham snorted. Captain Laney, the aide at his side, smiled broadly. So did Lieutenant Commander Jones, the navigator. But the admiral wasn't really surprised. He knew some instinct told all skippers what seamen thought and spoke in the messrooms underdecks.

He cleared his throat. "There's a Jap surface raider on the loose," he said. "Auxiliary cruiser. She must be destroyed."

"Yes, sir," said Commander Daniel Stark.

"She is operating in this area." Barnham lifted one large hand for just long enough to indicate the penciled circle on

(Continued on page 79)

Fire losses have soared since the war began. The cause is not sabotage—it's carelessness

AMERICA has not been bombed in this war but it has suffered losses almost as deadly as if planes had been overhead. It matters little whether a bomb destroys a war plant or whether it is burned to the ground by our own neglect. In the first three months of this year, the United States had more fires than in all of 1942, which in turn was the worst year in twenty-five years!

The most important of these fires have been in industrial plants. Consider the fire that destroyed a grain elevator in Minnesota. The money loss was $1,350,000 but that was only a minor part of the disaster. That one elevator contained sufficient bread rations to feed an army of 700,000 men for an entire year.

Even before we were in the war, we were taking a beating from fires. On October 11, 1941, fire broke out in a group of ancient textile-mill buildings at Fall River, Massachusetts, which were being used as storage space for the United States government rubber reserve. The fire raged for twelve days and caused a loss of $15,000,000. But what was even more serious, it destroyed 15,850 tons of rubber, *ten per cent of the entire U. S. rubber reserve.*

Last year saw two spectacular fires—the Cocoanut Grove night-club fire in Boston that caused the death of four hundred ninety-one persons, and the Normandie fire in New York that resulted not only in a monetary loss of $53,000,000 but robbed us of the use of a war transport which is badly needed in these days of invasion. The Cocoanut Grove tragedy so occupied people's minds that they have forgotten that two weeks later a hostel for servicemen in Saint John's, Newfoundland, was burned to the ground and caused the death of 99 people and injury to 109 others. A month and a day after the Cocoanut Grove fire, an old hotel in Syracuse was destroyed with the loss of nine lives and a property damage of over a million dollars.

In case you think these fires unusual, take a look at what happened in the first week of June this year, the latest statistics available: Three war plants were destroyed in Seattle with a loss of $350,000; a rayon plant was burned to the ground at Cumberland, Maryland, with a loss of $500,000; a railroad freight depot was destroyed at Great Bend, Kansas, costing $153,000; a group fire at Wallington, New Jersey, meant a loss of more than $250,000; a refrigerator plant at Middle Amana, Iowa, was destroyed, costing $250,000. In the latter plant, equipment already crated for shipment overseas was destroyed.

This record can be duplicated for every week in the past year. The money loss is serious but the war loss is even more grave. We have averaged almost one serious fire a day in war industries. They ruined materials badly needed by the Army and Navy. They delayed production. They hindered the war effort.

Can't Blame It on Sabotage

In two days' time in April, 1942, the losses were: a business block in Richmond, Indiana, loss $300,000; a lumber mill in Portland, Oregon, loss $500,000; the business district of Kewanee, Illinois, loss $1,650,000; a department store in Janesville, Wisconsin, loss $300,000.

It might help our self-pride to feel that some of this was the work of saboteurs but we haven't even that excuse to fall back on. The most strenuous investigation in all of these cases, both by the National Fire Protection Association and the F.B.I., has failed to make out a single case of sabotage.

The fire-protection people maintain that "take a chance" philosophy is responsible for the trend. We are building in a hurry and we are building big. We throw up the largest structures we can build, many of them not provided with fire-protection appliances, and if there is a fire at all, it burns up everything.

Last year we had over 700,000 fires in the United States, approximately 30,000 of them in war plants. Nothing very technical or mysterious caused them. Approximately 125,000 can be attributed to careless smokers; another 100,000 were due to failure to maintain heating equipment and chimneys in good condition; another 60,000 were caused by poorly maintained electrical equipment; 25,000 of them were due to careless handling of gasoline and kerosene; and another 25,000 were started by a stray spark igniting a pile of rubbish that shouldn't be there.

The loss in foodstuffs has been particularly high: In two food-plant fires, the losses represented the annual productive capacity of approximately 2,000 farmers and more than 150,000 acres of wheat

(Continued on page 89)

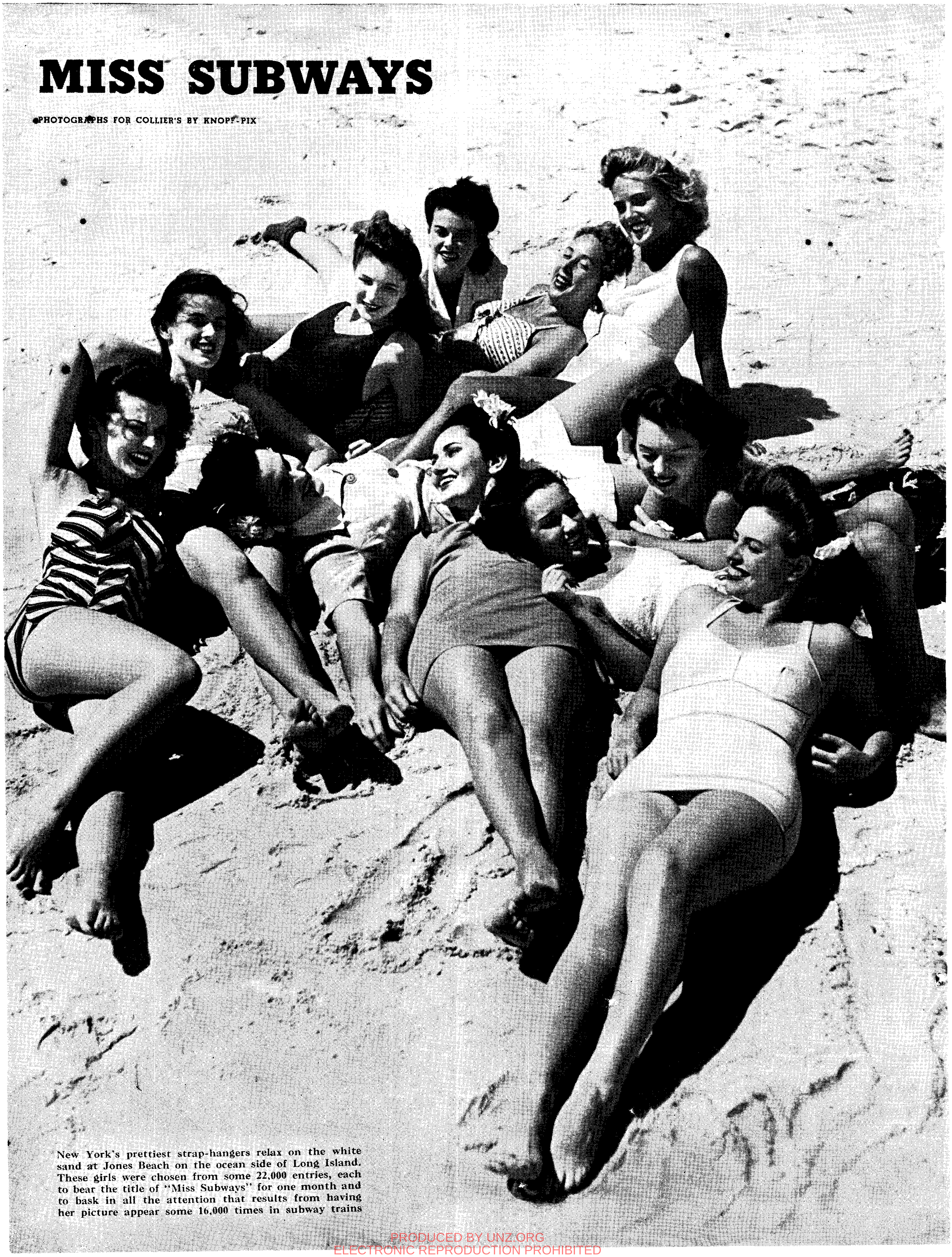
BY KYLE CRICHTON

Tons of precious rubber and latex went up in smoke when part of the Firestone Rubber Company's plant in Fall River, Massachusetts, burned to the ground

INTERNATIONAL

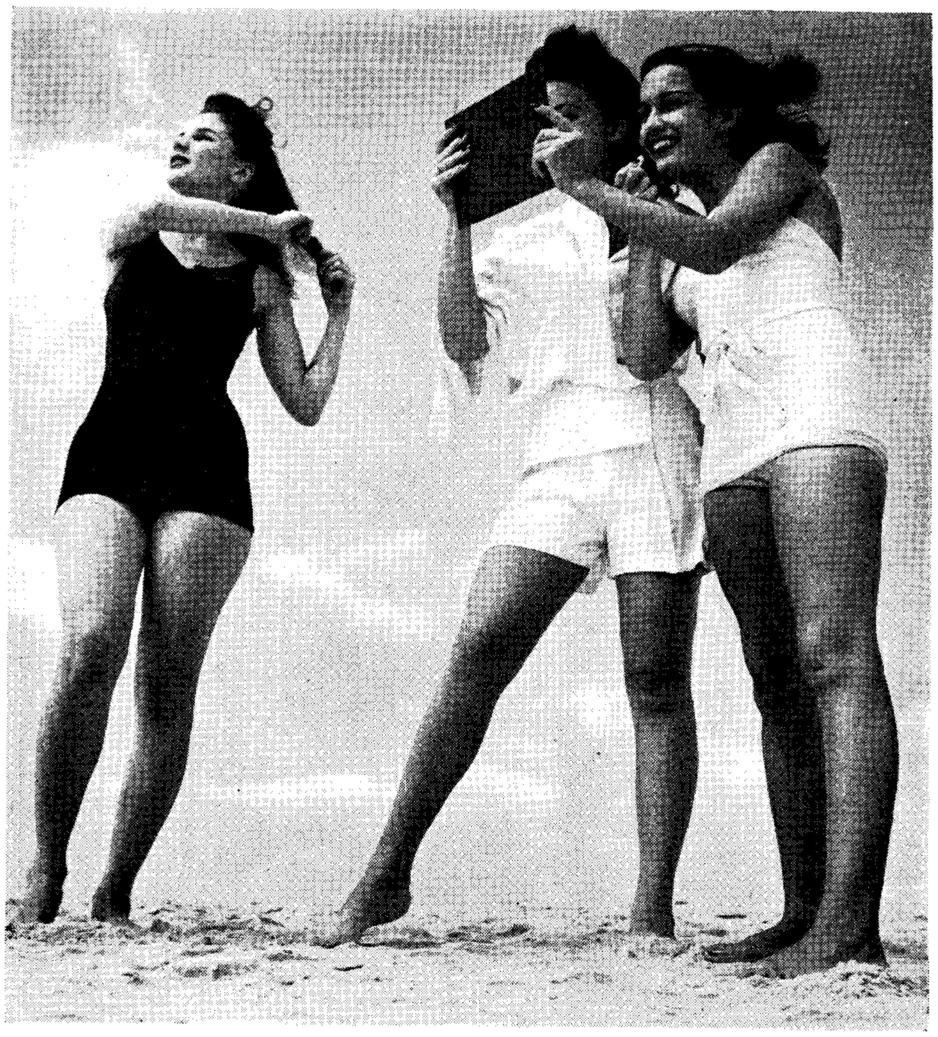
MISS SUBWAYS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX



New York's prettiest strap-hangers relax on the white sand at Jones Beach on the ocean side of Long Island. These girls were chosen from some 22,000 entries, each to bear the title of "Miss Subways" for one month and to bask in all the attention that results from having her picture appear some 16,000 times in subway trains

Fan mail of Attorney Helen Borgia, who is shown at the right, led to new clients. Rosemary Gregory, left, and Dorothea Mate, center, now do modeling occasionally



Dorothea Mate, center, one of two Miss Subways who are married. Her husband's business (dealer in automobile parts), boomed after she won the Miss Subways contest

TO MILLIONS of New Yorkers, the subway is just one way of getting around, but to more and more of the city's prettiest strap-hangers, it has become the road to fame and fortune—anyway, fame. Each month, John Robert Powers selects one girl (or, in a tie, two) to hold the title of Miss Subways and have her picture displayed on 16,000 cards in all the city's subway trains.

After that, anything can happen to the lucky girl—and usually does: Hollywood and Broadway offers, fan mail, flowers, gifts, and so many bids for dates that the girls lose track of the calls. Ruth Ericsson, manicurist at the Waldorf, is still getting an orchid a week from an unknown admirer who sent her one every day for six months after her picture appeared. She is still single, despite 258 marriage offers, but she carries the picture of one young man she met through the contest. He is now piloting the bomber Miss Subways in North Africa.

There have been 31 Miss Subways since the stunt was started two and a half years ago. Some 2,000 pictures of candidates are sent to Powers each month, usually by boy friends, sometimes by the girls themselves. From these, the field is narrowed to 30-odd. Powers interviews the finalists, has the five or six prettiest photographed, and then picks the winner. For a month she sees her face in every subway car, suddenly finds herself a celebrity, gets job offers and mash notes—and loves it all.

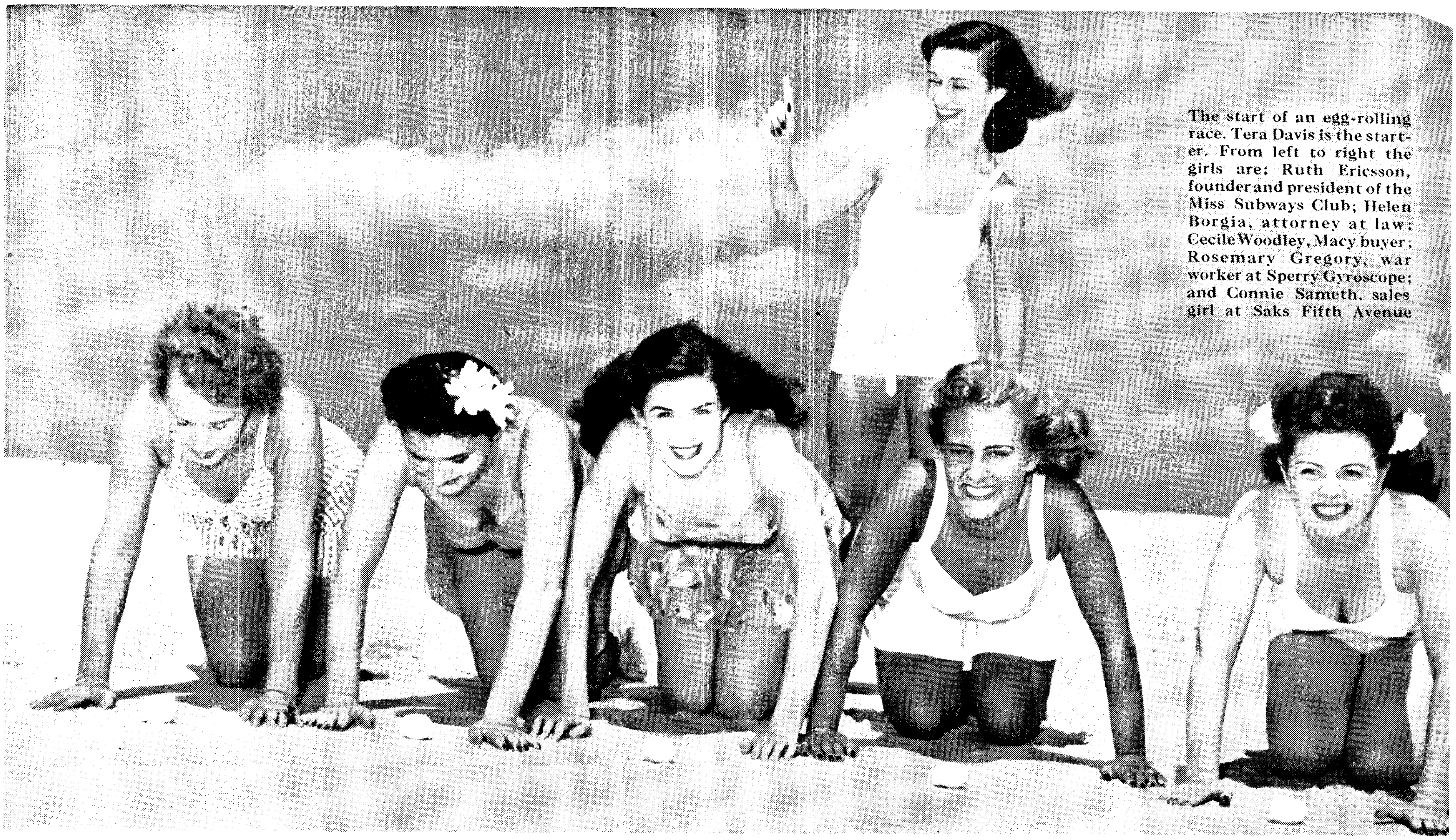
From the diary of Jamie Sue Helms, one of the first Miss Subways: "Today about six people recognized me on the subway. . . . Everyone in the office is excited about the celebrity they're housing. . . . The phone won't stop ringing. . . . A young state senator phoned today. He's an artist. We're having lunch Saturday." Jamie was then a stenographer. Now she's teaching posing at a charm school.

Her story is typical. No professional model may enter the contest, but five of the winners have subsequently landed modeling jobs. Two have had screen-test offers.

To have fun and compare experiences, the girls formed a Miss Subways club. Most of their meetings are held in Manhattan, but for the last outing of the summer, the girls took themselves to Jones Beach for a day of sun and swimming and sandwiches. Collier's went along. ★★★

Tera Davis, at the top in the group below, and Ruth Ericsson try some acrobatics, while Cecile Woodley, buyer for Macy's department store in New York City, looks on

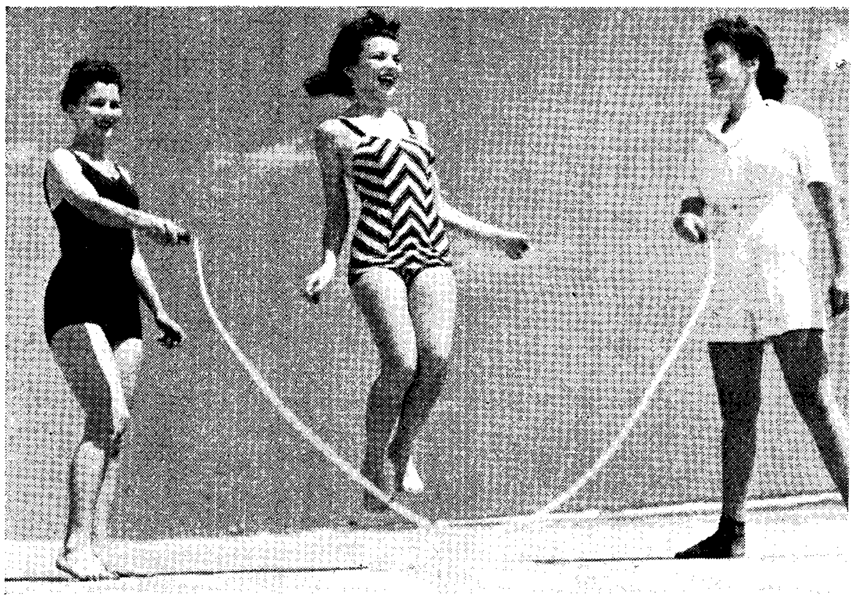
Connie Sameth, below, got this collection of military insignia from servicemen who saw her picture in the subways. With her, admiring the collection, is Jamie Sue Helms



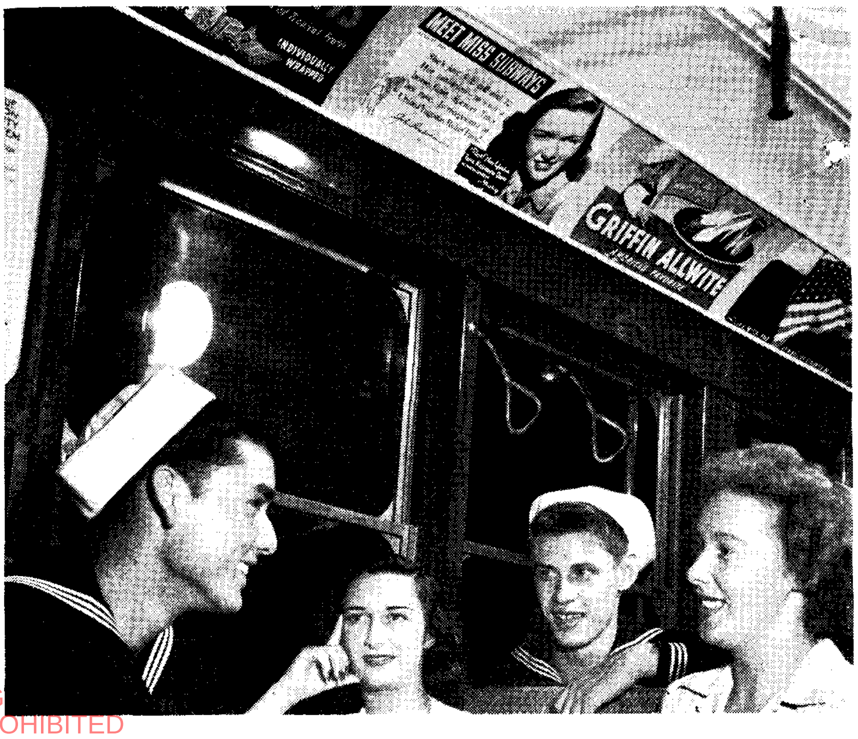
The start of an egg-rolling race. Tera Davis is the starter. From left to right the girls are: Ruth Ericsson, founder and president of the Miss Subways Club; Helen Borgia, attorney at law; Cecile Woodley, Macy buyer; Rosemary Gregory, war worker at Sperry Gyroscope; and Connie Sameth, sales girl at Saks Fifth Avenue

Tera Davis appeared as Miss Subways in August. Now she is being groomed to sing with Leo Reisman's band and is working as a receptionist at the United Yugoslav Relief

Rose-Ellen Cameron, left, was a struggling artist, is now a successful model. Center is Evelyn Friedman, secretary; right, Dorothea Mate



On the subway going home with Ruth Ericsson, Tera Davis sits under her picture and is recognized as Miss Subways by two admiring sailors

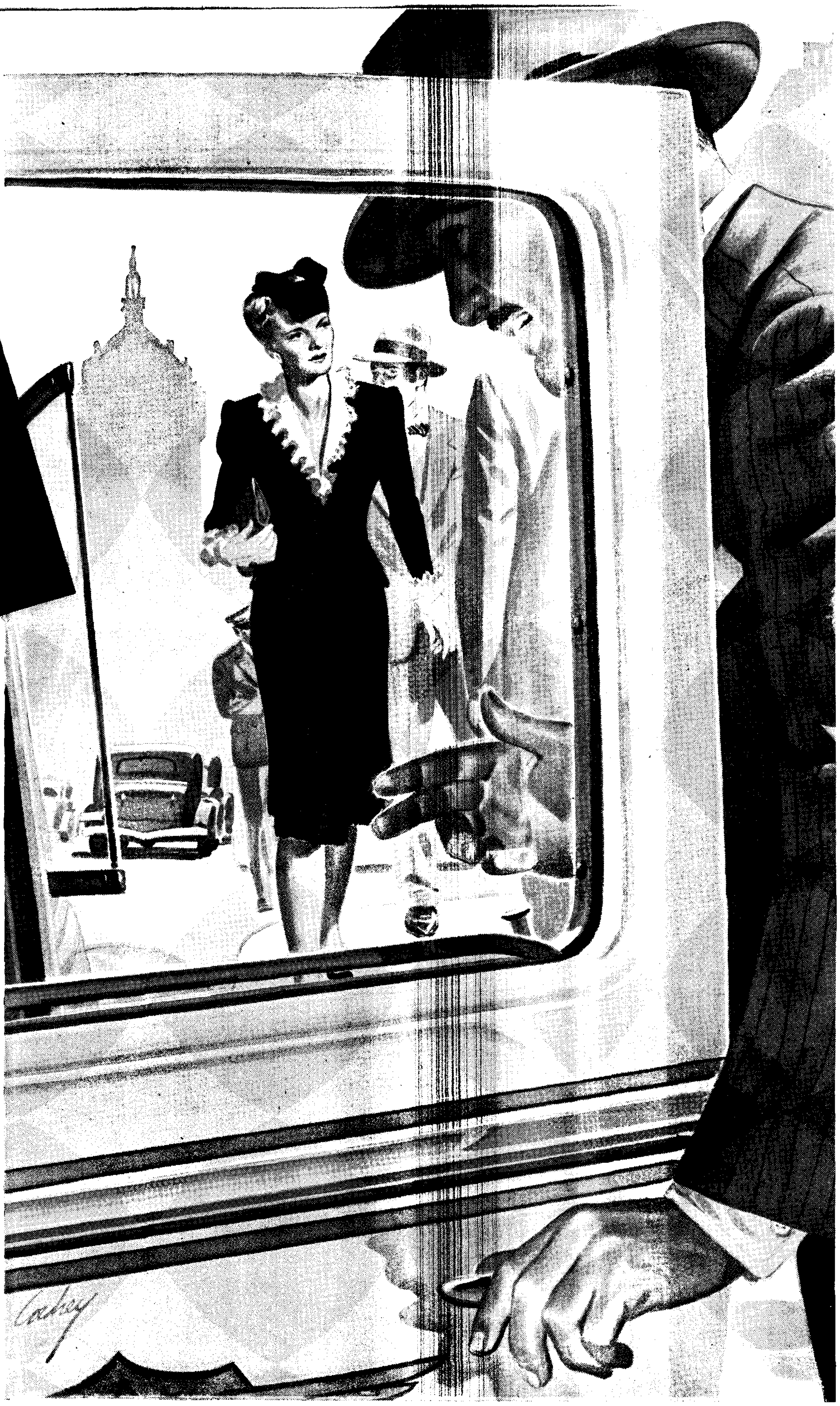


REVENGE

BY JOHN O'HARA

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page



FROST recognized her by her walk, a good half a block away, she coming north on Park Avenue, he going south. It was ten, closer to eleven years since he had laid eyes on her, but there had been thirty other years in which to observe her walk, and indeed her every movement and her stillnesses, too. Like walking, horribly self-conscious, across the floor at dancing school. Like walking, pretty confidently, back to pick up the tennis balls before serving. Like walking across the living room (seeing her through the full-length windows) to welcome him the first nights of school vacations. The stillnesses: a night with the top down on the Jordan and the spooky dirigible Shenandoah sailed overhead on its way to disaster; times when she was dummy at auction, her hands in her lap. He recognized her by her walk, all right; but of course he would have recognized her hand if it had been sent to him in the mail, or one ear, or a breast, or a foot. They wouldn't have to go to her dentist to establish her identity by her teeth. He could cup his hand over the back of her head and be able to tell that it was *her* skull.

It was time for people to be going to lunch, and in the half block between them a lot of people were doing just that; but she was tall and he was tall. Because they were both tall he saw her; because she was tall and all her life, even now, apparently, self-conscious about it, she walked with her eyes down. Like many very tall girls she had a tendency to be knock-kneed. She would talk about it as she did her other faults, and he would deny them all and believe his own denials. "No, I like it. No, I love them. Oh, you are not. No, she isn't." Or: "Oh, you know you're the best. Stop fishing." Or: "Oh, what the hell! I only said she was *attractive*. I didn't say *you weren't*."

The proper study of mankind is man. I haven't studied mankind, darling. I've studied you. No, it wasn't a chore. No, it wasn't even a study. I did it—I do it—unconsciously. I am with you, I watch you, I remember. I don't consciously study you, darling. And if I wanted to study mankind, or man, I'd go ahead and do it. No, I don't think studying you is a waste of time. I don't want to study anything else. In fact, I don't want to study anything, period. When I said I haven't studied mankind, but you, I didn't think before I said it. I was sort of—well, the thought ran through my head how well I knew you, just from watching you and loving you, and somehow or other that saying occurred to me. The proper study of mankind is man. And it occurred to me how some men study, archaeologists or anthropologists or ethnologists; they dig for years and learn languages and all that sort of thing, studying mankind. Or man. They find out a lot about the Piltdown man, or King Tut. Then they come back and publish their findings and get honorary degrees, or else maybe they die some tragic death because they opened the wrong tomb. But anyway, they devote their lives to studying mankind, or man. Now me, in my case, I am the greatest living authority on you, and will you kiss me?

She was wearing a suit of a black material and her gloves were white. She was getting closer and it was quite time he thought up something to say. After eleven years, and thirty before that, you ought to have something better than just, "Hello, Priscilla." Or her nickname: "Hello, Prill." And then he remembered, with her nickname, the letter wanting him to be the first to know. He remembered how badly he had taken it: the months of drinking; the two lost jobs; the fight with her cousin. He remembered how very long it had taken him to realize that you don't really get revenge on a woman who merely marries another guy.

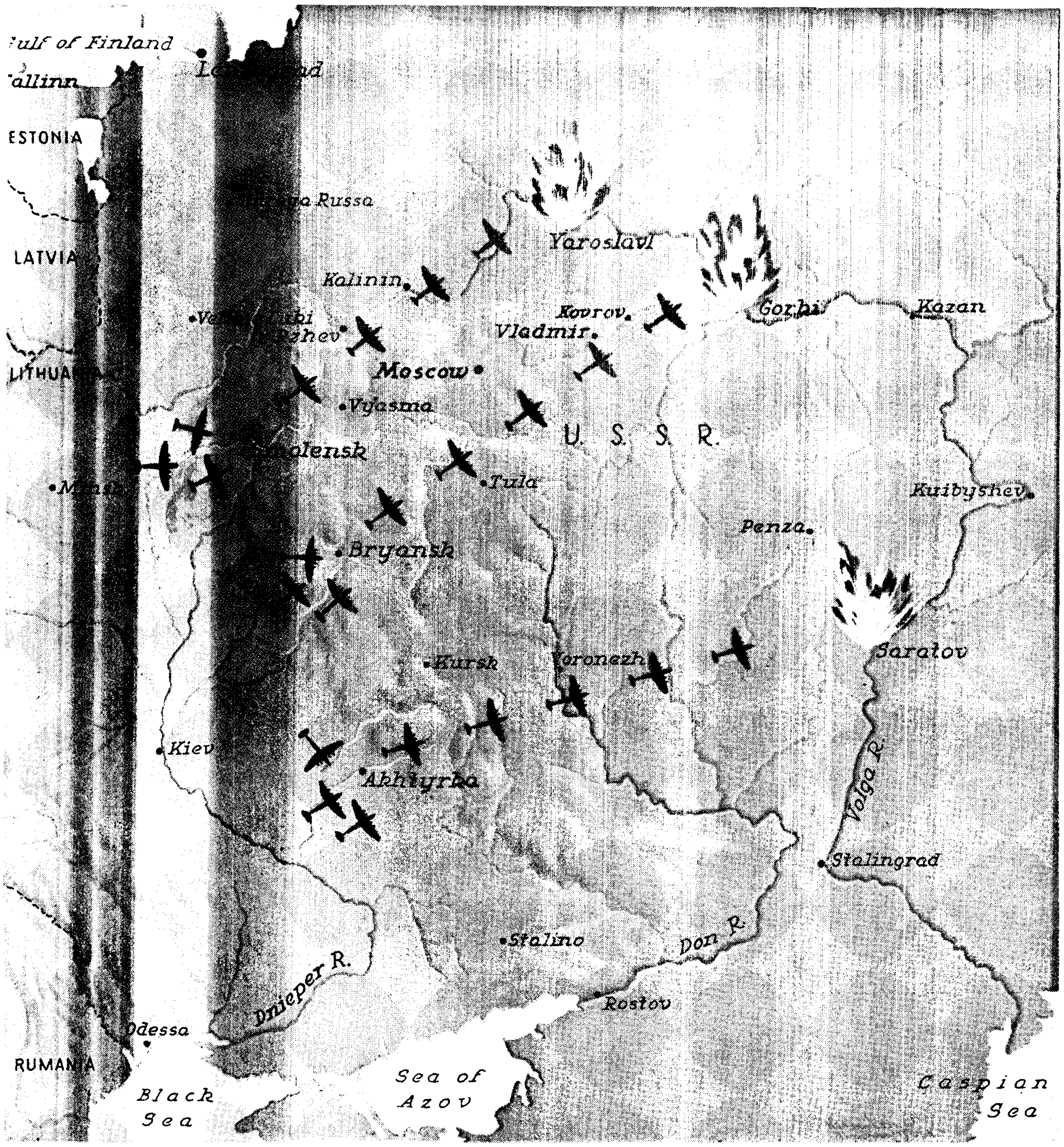
No? No revenge.

He reached out and opened a taxi door. He got in. "Go south," he said. The cab started, and it was timed just right. She hadn't seen him

He reached out and opened a taxi door. He got in. The driver said: "Where to?"

"Go south," he said. The cab started, and it was timed just right. She hadn't seen him, and now he could almost reach out and touch her. But there was something he could do that was better than to reach out and touch her. In a voice that he knew she could hear, he spoke. "Hello, Prill," he said, and sank back in the cab.

Let her look around in the lunchtime crowd and try to figure out who had spoken. Ah, but better, let her wonder—now, this afternoon, tonight, next week—whether anyone had spoken at all.



It is revealed now that the Germans have flown many hundreds of miles nightly from behind their own lines to bomb war-production centers at Yaroslavl, Gorki and Saratov, deep in the Soviet homeland

MEANS "SO WHAT!"

(Pronounced NICHEVO)

By Quentin Reynolds

It's more than a word. It's the philosophy of all Russia. In 1860, it frightened Bismarck. It lives now to make a house painter despair

MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

THE Czar was very proud of his spirited horses, and Bismarck loved to ride. One morning in 1860, the Russian ruler and the man who was then German ambassador to Russia mounted two prancing Russian horses and set off across the country outside St. Petersburg. It took all the riding skill of Bismarck to keep his horse in check. Finally on a country lane just outside the city, the horse shied violently to one side. An unfortunate peasant happened to be walking along the lane. The horse knocked him down, one of its iron-shod hoofs opened a cut on his head, and he collapsed to the ground.

The horrified Bismarck leaped from his horse and tried to revive the victim. Finally the man recovered consciousness, although it was obvious that he was badly hurt. He waved aside the remorseful Bismarck's offer of payment, murmured "Nichevo!" and hobbled away.

"What does that word mean?" Bismarck asked the Czar.

The Czar was puzzled. He could think of no German equivalent for this most common of all Russian words. In fact there was no equivalent.

"Roughly," he explained to Bismarck, "it means *es macht nichts*—it doesn't matter. But it means more than that. It means that he accepts what has happened without anger. It means that accidents like that don't bother him. They are mere incidents which do not affect the destiny of Russia."

"I see," Bismarck said thoughtfully. Before he left St. Petersburg, the Czar presented him with a golden medallion made to hang about his neck, and on it was engraved the one word "Nichevo!" Years later when one faction in Germany wished to war against Russia, Bismarck made an impassioned plea before the Reichstag for peace. He pulled open his shirt and showed the golden locket to the parliament. He said, "You can never beat people whose philosophy of life can be summed up in that one word—Nichevo."

That is a story printed in the very old history books in Moscow. Children in schools are told the story, and how much of it is true and how much of it legend does not matter. It is true in spirit. It is something which Hitler, because of his ignorance of any language but German, does not know, or, if he does know, ignores.

I know that one third of European Russia (the most fertile productive portion of the country) is in German hands, and that sixty million Russians in that occupied territory are either dead, captured, or enslaved. I know that, to date, twenty thousand Russian tanks have been destroyed or captured. I know that centers of war production like Gorki, Saratov, and Yaroslavl are being systematically bombed and that many of their factories have been rendered useless.

Yet I balance against all of these setbacks the one word which Russians use in answering them—"Nichevo!" In America, we would say, "So what!"

Training in Sacrifice

If the Russians had any other philosophy of life, they would have crumbled under the strain long ago. They had a rigid training for the sacrifices they have had to make since war began. Years ago Stalin realized that the only real way he could guarantee peace for Russia was to build an army whose very presence would discourage any invader.

He called upon the people to co-operate in two five-year plans. At the end of the first five years, industry was humming. Tanks, planes and guns were coming out of factories in Kharkov, Stalingrad, Rostov and Odessa. An army was being trained, not in antiquated war methods but in methods which would have to be used in a war of movement as contrasted with the war of position which characterized that other war. The people had to sacrifice a great deal in labor, in comfort, in food and in taxes to pay for this enormous development.

The army grew in power and in mechanized equipment. It became strong, and now people were able to relax a bit. Commodity goods began to appear on the counters of the department stores in Moscow. In 1929, people were beginning to live as they had dreamed of living. Even Stalin, too much of a realist ever to be overoptimistic, cried out in a speech '*Zhit Stalo Lutche, Tovarische! Zhit Stalo veselei!*' The cry rang around Russia: "Life is better, comrades! Life is gayer!" His words were incorporated in a popular song. All of Russia felt that the fruits of ten years of sacrifice were about to be gathered. And then came June 22, 1941.

It was war. And horrible, bloody war, far more terrible than the world had ever seen. The Germans marched in and began to mow down this Russian army which had taken ten years to build. Within a few months Vilna, Riga, Tallinn, Vitebsk, Lwów and Minsk had fallen.

The battle of Lutsk cost the Red army ten thousand tanks alone. The Germans claim that they destroyed 1,900 Red aircraft on the ground that very first day of war. The Russians admit to losing 1,400 during that twenty-four hours, and 4,000 since then. Whole divisions disappeared without a trace. That magnificent army

(Continued on page 41)

CORNER OF HEAVEN

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

COPYRIGHT, 1943, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Story Thus Far:

GRISELLE MOUNTJOY, an orphan, is living with her grandfather not far from Washington, D. C., when the old man suddenly dies. A few months later, acting on the advice of General Cruickshank, her grandfather's best friend, she goes to the coast and enters the University of California, at Berkeley, where the general is living. She makes her home with Dr. Sam Cruickshank, the general's nephew, and his kindly wife, Mollie.

Shortly after she reaches Berkeley, a man with whom she had fallen in love in the East—Alan McIntyre, a captain in the U. S. Army Medical Corps—shows up. And almost immediately she learns the stunning truth: He is in love with Mitzi Armitage, the general's niece (who has a husband in the Navy), and Mitzi loves him.

A thoroughly decent sort, Alan tries hard to get rid of Mitzi, to forget her. Once he actually asks Griselle to marry him. Unfortunately, however, he weakens—jilts Griselle and goes back to Mitzi. Then he goes away, reports for duty overseas.

Heartbroken, Griselle finds one person, and one only, who can comfort her. That person is Alan's brother, Steve, a cripple with a remarkable personality. Griselle admires him, likes him; she does not love him. Despite what has happened, she still loves Alan!

Mitzi lives with the general. She feels sure that, when he dies, she will inherit the bulk of his estate. She is, therefore, much perturbed (as she shows Griselle clearly) when she learns that he is on the verge of changing his will, so as to admit other beneficiaries—Sam and Mollie Cruickshank, Griselle, the servants. . . .

Alan comes back to Berkeley. He meets Griselle, takes her in his arms, tells her he loves her, asks her to marry him. Griselle, adoring him, promises to become his wife. Then—before any alterations in the will have been made—the general dies. He dies in his sleep, after taking some sleeping tablets given to him by Mitzi. And the evidence (as Griselle sees it, at least) is strongly against Mitzi.

The will (made twenty years before) is read. In it the general bequeaths ten thousand dollars to Griselle's mother, and the remainder of the estate to a person named Catherine Johansen.

Mitzi is among those present at the reading. She listens to the end. Then: "This," she exclaims, "is a ridiculous will, twenty years old and leaving everything to someone we never even heard of!"

VIII

"YOUR uncle never told you in so many words that you were his chief beneficiary?" Walter McMurray asked Mitzi.

"No; but he—but he—but I always—" Mitzi floundered. "Didn't *you* always think that he was going to leave everything to me?" she challenged Griselle.

"Yes, I did," Griselle admitted readily. "He was always talking about his will," she said to the lawyer. "He might have written a good many wills, mightn't he?"

"He might indeed," agreed McMurray; "but as a matter of general procedure he probably didn't. When an old man talks like that, we often find that it is only talk. We have repeated cases of it. This is the envelope that came from his lawyers a few days ago. This is what he referred to as his will. He had sent for it to Philadelphia. I understood it to be of a much more recent date than it is, but he said nothing to give me that impression, now that I come to think of it. Last week he telephoned and asked me to come over here, which I did, and as you know a new will was drafted, which he was to sign today."

"Can't we go by that will?" Griselle asked anxiously, cut to the heart by the expression on Mollie Cruickshank's face.

"Oh, no; that is not legal without his signature," McMurray answered positively.

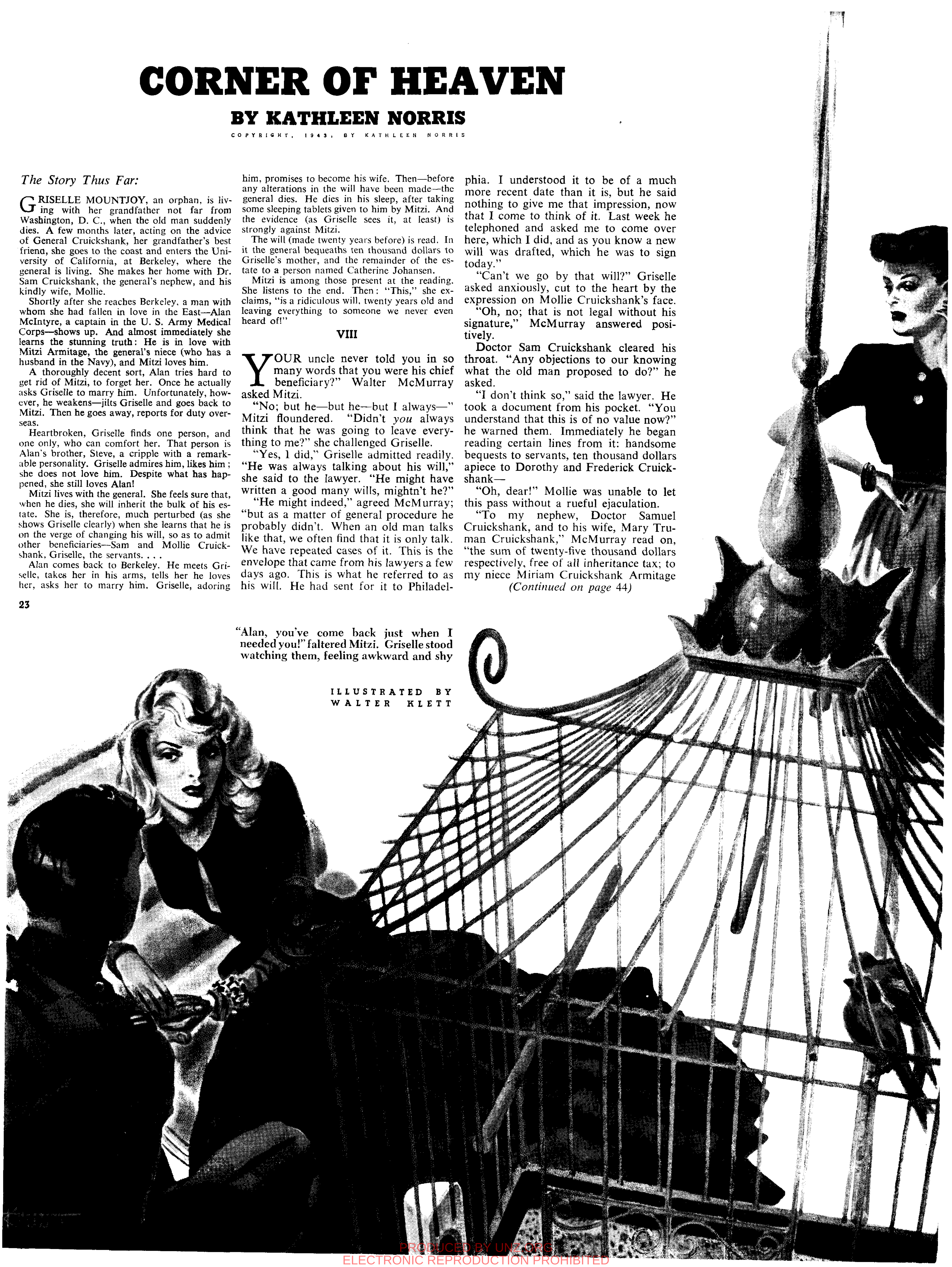
Doctor Sam Cruickshank cleared his throat. "Any objections to our knowing what the old man proposed to do?" he asked.

"I don't think so," said the lawyer. He took a document from his pocket. "You understand that this is of no value now?" he warned them. Immediately he began reading certain lines from it: handsome bequests to servants, ten thousand dollars apiece to Dorothy and Frederick Cruickshank—

"Oh, dear!" Mollie was unable to let this pass without a rueful ejaculation.

"To my nephew, Doctor Samuel Cruickshank, and to his wife, Mary Truman Cruickshank," McMurray read on, "the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars respectively, free of all inheritance tax; to my niece Miriam Cruickshank Armitage

(Continued on page 44)



"Alan, you've come back just when I needed you!" faltered Mitzi. Griselle stood watching them, feeling awkward and shy

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

EVE CURI

BY AMY PORT

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLI
BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Being the daughter of one of the world's immortals isn't easy. But Eve Curie made a superlative job of it, besides attaining considerable eminence in her own right

EVE CURIE could, if she would, sail through life on her charm. She could, in fact, if ever she accepted all the invitations offered her, be a perpetual guest, perpetually honored in the world's most honorable houses.

But because she is what she is, Eve Curie must work very hard. Very, very hard—even when she feels ill, even when she has not slept the night before, even when the task before her seems beyond her strength.

If an international opinion poll were possible, she probably would get first place as "the perfect guest."

India certainly welcomed her warmly, and so did Russia and Africa. As for China . . . Well, take the incident of the eggs. Miss Curie prefers fresh eggs, when she eats eggs, but at a formal banquet in Chengtu she ate a delicacy of the country—100-day-old eggs. These eggs are green inside and they taste like strong Roquefort cheese. Miss Curie ate them and smiled. For this and other greater and lesser evidences of grace, the Chinese, from Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek on down, were delighted with the lady. They hope she'll visit them often.

Of course President and Mrs. Roosevelt and the king and queen of England and most of the very famous people in the Western World already knew her, long before her world tour as a war correspondent, and had entertained her when opportunity offered.

For Eve Curie is the most agreeable sort of person to have around—attractive to look at, witty without being unkind, intelligent, accomplished, warmhearted.

Her latest working contract calls for her to take military training in England. She has enlisted with the Voluntaires Francaises—the Fighting French equivalent of the WACs—and if things go with her as they usually go, she'll soon be doing the most difficult, back-breaking work she can find as near to the fighting front as she can get.

But, however taxing her patriotic chores turn out to be, they can hardly be more strenuous than the last eight or nine years of her life. Those years encompassed a prodigious output of lectures and newspaper articles, besides the production of two remarkable books, Madame Curie, a biography of her mother, and Journey Among Warriors, the record of her tour of Allied fronts.

Ten years ago Eve Curie still was considered the frivolous member of the serious, scholarly Curie family. The resounding fame of her parents overshadowed both her and her sister Irène. What could the children of the discoverers of radium hope to do in their own right?

Irène solved her problem by calmly following in her mother's scientific footsteps. She and her husband, Professor Jean Frederic Joliot, jointly won the Nobel prize for physics, just as the elder Curies had done before them.

With Eve, it was different. "I don't hate science," said Eve. "It just terrifies me." Eve put on high heels and make-up and went dancing. Eve bought her dresses from celebrated designers in Paris. Eve frequented caviar and champagne spots, consorted with world cosmopolites.

Overshadowed by Greatness

Looking back on herself in that era, Eve says, "I loved gaiety . . . Paris was a wonderful city to be gay in. . . . But perhaps some of my frivolity sprang from a terrible conviction that no serious effort of mine ever could seem more than pusillanimous, coming from a member of the family that harbored my great mother."

Eve thought music might be her answer. She played the piano nicely as a child, and when she was sixteen, shortly after she accompanied her mother on her first triumphal tour of America, she set herself to long hours of practice. Her concert debut, made in Paris in 1925 when she was twenty-one, brought immediate offers of more engagements in Paris, the French provinces, in Belgium. She accepted a few.

"The critics were kind. I think my mother's name had something to do with it."

No critic could convince Eve that she was more than mildly talented. . . . "In my own estimation I was not a truly good pianist. I was not professional. Perhaps I started too late. My fingers never could unbend as they must."

She took to writing music criticism for Paris papers—under a pen name, because as usual she was obsessed with the idea that she must not shine in Marie Curie's reflected glory. She adapted several Broadway plays for the Paris stage, notably Spread Eagle, successfuly produced as 145 Wall Street, in Paris in 1932.

But the deepest concern of her life all this while was to serve her fragile, aging mother. Five nights out of seven she dined alone with her mother in their Paris apartment, and would not go out partying until she saw Sweet Mé contentedly settled down to an evening with her papers on radioactivity.

Toward the end, she devoted all her time to her mother, conspiring to conceal from the world the fact that Madame Curie was almost blind, helping her to write scientific treatises, and finally, practicing a kind deceit to hide from her the near approach of death.

Madame Curie died in 1934, and soon after the American publishers, Doubleday Doran & Company, were urging Eve to write her mother's biography.

"I told them I would try. I had an apprehension to write. How could I ever do her justice?"

Here at last was a task worth tackling,

(Continued on page 87)

Guess what's next on the program!

YOU'VE SEEN home movies that are grand—and some that are just so-so. But here's an idea that's worth trying—if you'd like to be known as a top-flight amateur photographer, *and host.*

All you have to do is this: after running off a few reels on the screen, you simply wind up the program with a gorgeous picture of four red roses, by way of saying, "Time out for drinks—drinks made with Four Roses."

Would that get a round of applause? You bet it would!

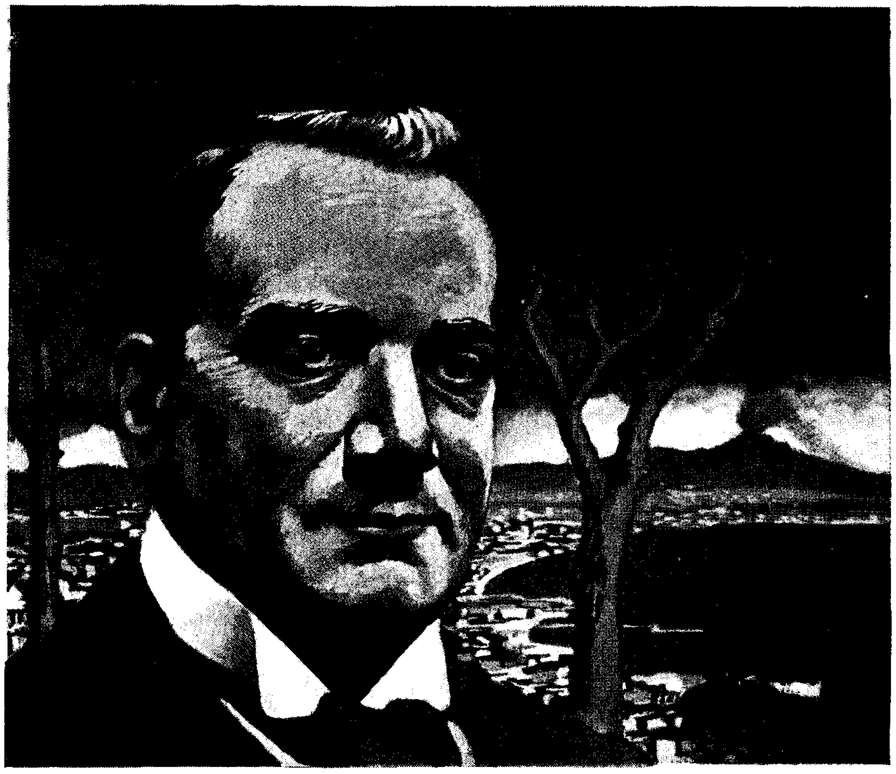
Applause for your skill as a photographer—and *certainly* applause for your thoughtfulness in serving the most gloriously flavorful whiskey ever bottled!

IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Four Roses, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore

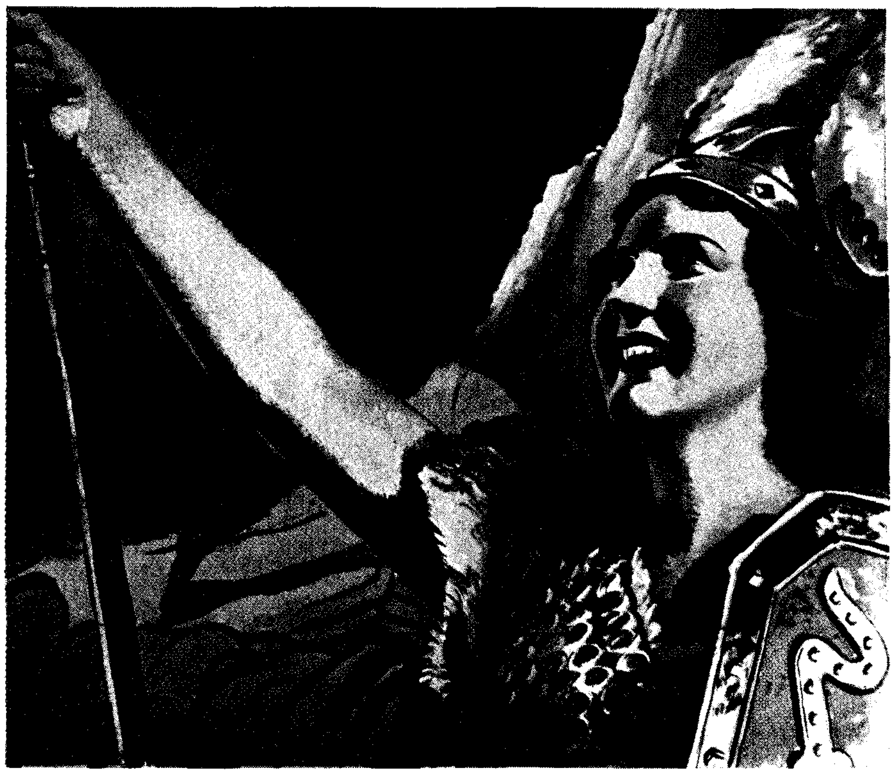
BELOVED AND HONORED BY ALL THE WORLD ... RECORDED ONLY BY VICTOR

Caruso · Flagstad · Paderewski



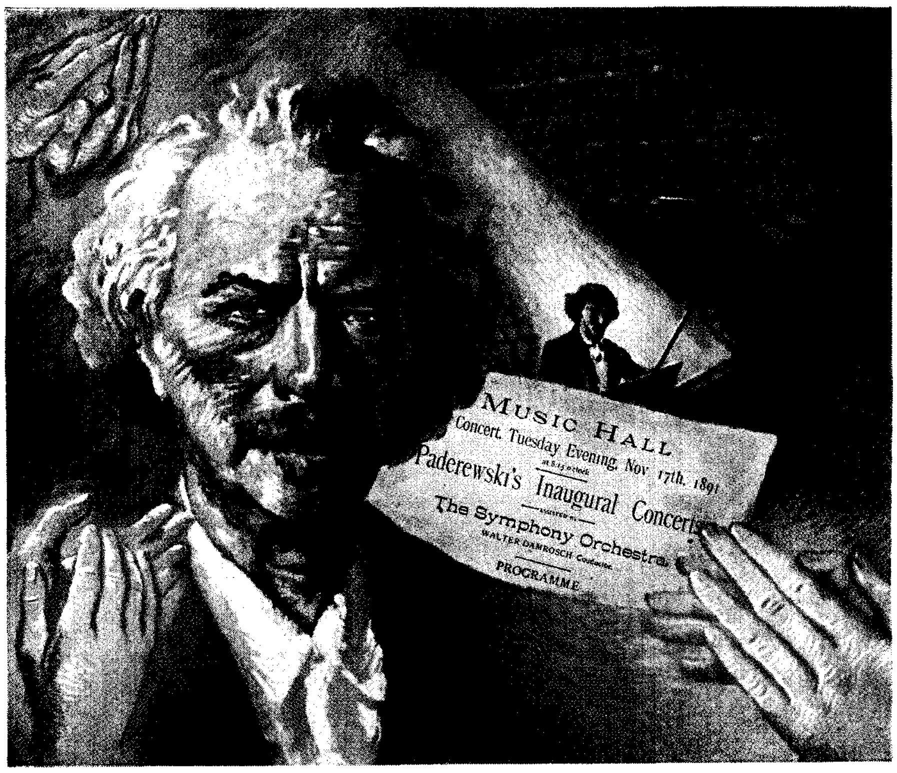
HIS GLORIOUS VOICE IS OURS FOREVER

• Perhaps never again will there be a voice like Enrico Caruso's—so radiant and pure, so magnificent in power. Fortunately, many of Caruso's most thrilling performances have been preserved on Victor Records. Several have been re-recorded with new techniques—so that you hear Caruso with a clarity and richness startlingly like his living voice.



IF WAGNER COULD HAVE HEARD HER!

• Kirsten Flagstad brought to opera a voice of entrancing loveliness, a rare emotional warmth and sincerity. In fact, many have hailed her as the supreme Wagnerian soprano of all time. Though the war has taken Flagstad from America, her exquisite voice is still singing on Victor Red Seal Records, yours to enjoy as often as you wish.


Music Hall
Concert. Tuesday Evening, Nov 17th, 1891
Paderewski's Inaugural Concert
The Symphony Orchestra
Walter Damrosch Conductor
Programme

WHEN PADEREWSKI CAME TO AMERICA

• When Ignace Paderewski first arrived in New York, his manager said, "We hear you had brilliant successes in London and Paris. But don't expect anything like that in America. Don't expect extraordinary houses." Of course, Paderewski captivated America, and soon became the world's best-loved pianist. For Victor, Paderewski recorded many of his most exciting performances, priceless records you will surely want to own.

Enrich Your Library with these Victor Red Seal Records

SYMPHONY IN C MAJOR (Jena)—Beethoven. Janssen Symphony of Los Angeles, Werner Janssen, Conductor. *Album DM-946 (also available in manual sequence) $3.50**

DON QUICHOTTE SUITE—Telemann. The Arthur Fiedler Sinfonietta, Arthur Fiedler, Conductor; Erwin Bodky, Harpsichordist. *Album DM-945 (also available in manual sequence) $2.50**

A SONG PROGRAM SUNG BY JAMES MELTON. Includes Miranda; A Ballynure Ballad; The Low Backed Car; The Little Irish Girl; Mah Lindy Lou; Witness (Negro Spiritual); and others. James Melton, Tenor, with Robert Hill at the piano. *Album M-947 $2.75**

PRELUDE and HULA—Dai-keong Lee. National Symphony Orchestra, Hans Kindler, Conductor. *Record 11-8452 $1.00**

BLESS THIS HOUSE—Taylor-Brahe; AH, LOVE, BUT A DAY—Browning-Beach. Gladys Swarthout, Mezzo-soprano, with Lester Hodges at the piano. *Record 10-1050 75¢**

TUNE IN! RCA's great new radio show, "What's New?"—a full hour every Saturday night, 7 to 8, EWT, Blue Network.

*Suggested list prices exclusive of excise tax

To help us make new Victor Records, sell your old ones to your dealer.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAY DAY

RCA

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

VICTOR Red Seal Records

"What's the connection," Rohr asked, "between the fact that your mother was a belle and the fact that you can dance with me but not with Hank?" "Hank's single," Tiffany said

MARRIED ONES ARE BEST

BY ELEANORE KELLY SELLARS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROWE NEWHALL

Tiffany was a gal who avoided all men, especially single ones. It took a red-headed soldier with an ersatz wife to give her an entirely new point of view

"AND so," Mary Ann concluded, "I told her that you're married."

Rohr Carson looked at his sister and reflected that twenty-three years of experience had not equipped him to cope with her. Her snub freckled nose and wide gray eyes always looked so innocent and she had an annoying way of making her voice sound very practical, as if what she was saying were just good common sense. His mind reached out for anger but captured nothing more potent than exasperation. "So I am married," he said.

"It won't hurt you for a week," Mary Ann assured him, "and it's the only possible way that Tiffany could enjoy herself."

"Someone should have told me that this furlough was for Tiffany's benefit and not for mine," said Rohr. He took out a cigarette and lit it, tossing the match into the fireplace. "The whole setup is impossible, sis, and here's why: San Francisco's full of fellows on furlough who know me, and we're sure to meet somebody who'll tip my hand."

"You don't understand," Mary Ann insisted. "You don't have to drag her all over town with you. While you're loafing around the apartment, it won't hurt you the least bit to have a wife and a couple of children."

"She doesn't require her married men to have children, does she?" asked Rohr.

"Raul has two children. I told her you're my married brother. She knows all about Jane and the babies and all you need to do is act as if they're yours."

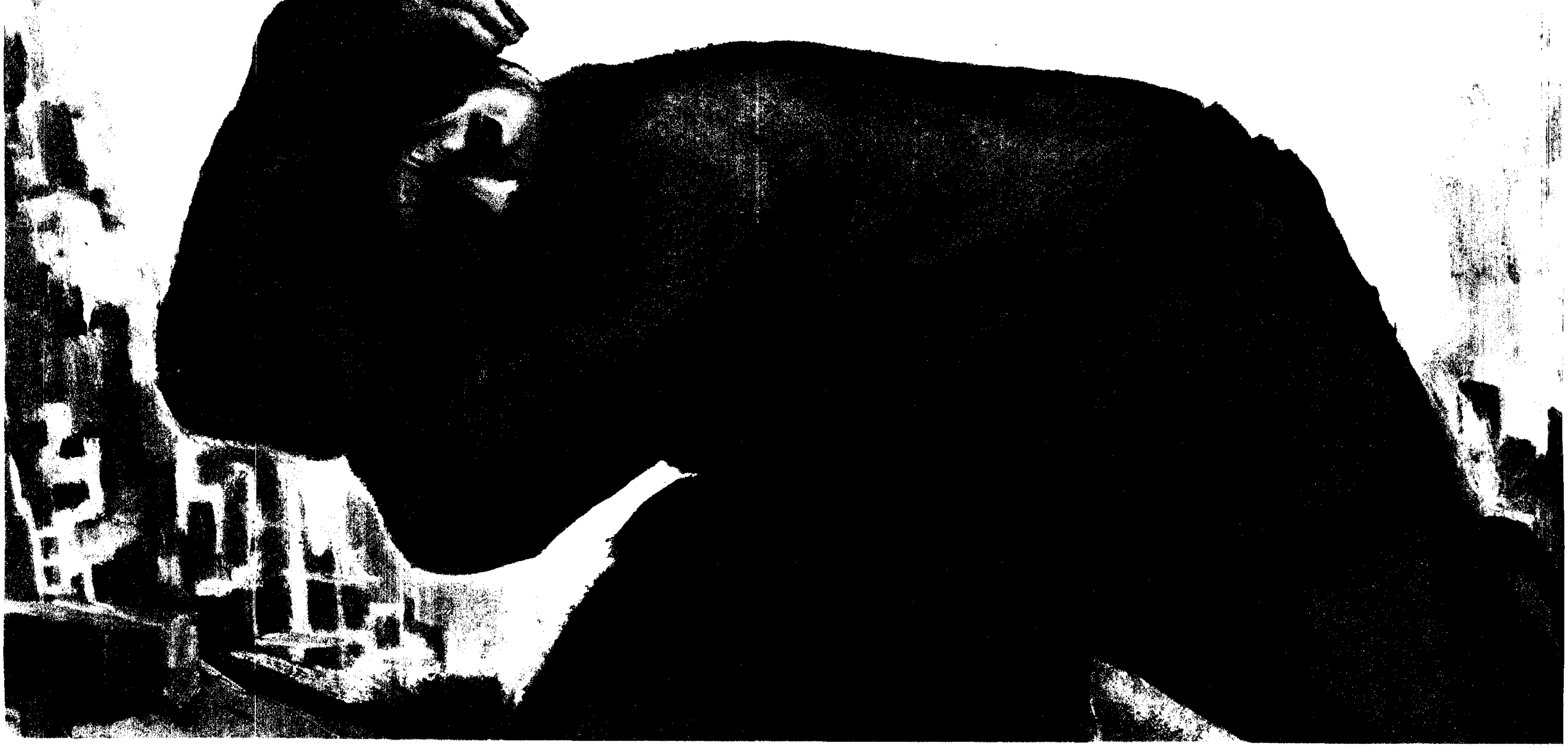
"Now look, sis," his voice indicated that this time he was not to be cajoled. "I'll take your word for it that your friend, Tiffany, is a great girl, even if she is a bundle of cockeyed inhibitions. But I'm here to forget my troubles, honey, not take on a new batch."

He pulled his carrot-topped six feet two out of the chair and gave his sister a friendly little clip on the chin. "You can leave her a note," he said. "Tell her I made plans on my way into town."

He was no sooner on his feet than the sound of a key in the lock made him toss his cap back on the table with an exasperated, "Oh, hell!"

A MOMENT later Tiffany Russell entered the room, and Mary Ann's eyes twinkled mischievously as she introduced them and watched Rohr's transformation from an exasperated male to a man with a new interest in life.

Tiffany was a very tall girl and very slim, with long fine bones which gave her a willowy grace completely devoid of angularity. Her features were delicate and her skin had a faintly luminous quality. She was wearing a flame-colored suit, and all her accessories were a deep, flat black, even to the precisely tailored blouse. Blond hair shone through the open meshes of a black fascinator, the ends of which *(Continued on page 60)*



PAINTING BY LEWIS DAN

TRANSATLANTIC CALL

Of what are you thinking
And how are your thoughts and afterthoughts
And what are you going to say
When this creative pause comes to an end,
Reichschancellor of the Greater Germany,
Founder of a thousand-year herrenvolk?

When you talked of Mein Kampf in jail
And Hess with a pencil put it all down,
The book sold and you went to town as a spieler
And later the spotlights played on you in the Sportspalast
And after the purge in 1934 you took to the microphones
Sending your alibi to five wide continents:
About Sudetenland you had remarks more than brief,
About Danzig, Poland, lebensraum, more and more remarks.
About the Communists, the Jews, pluto-democratic warmongers,
We heard you weekdays, Sundays, Nazi-anniversary days.

What other mouth poured so many earfuls into so many ears?
So many promises, threats, edicts, so much "Do this – or else!"
Who since time began?
Who since language came born for loose tongues?

In days that came, could you throw a scare
With a couple of innocent-looking syllables,
A shrug here, a whisper there?
And you took what you wanted, by the timetable,
According to plan, calling the turn correct,
Your guns covering Europe from Calais to near Moscow,
Your hangmen having fun at your order:
"Implacable violence."

We listened when you let yourself go fast and hoarse
And clipped your syllables telling us who was next,
How the map of Europe looked silly to you
And you would wreck it and fix it new and nice,
From Narvik to Novorossiisk all new and nice,
How England would fall, not a doubt about it,
How Russia would be hammered to pieces on your anvils
And Leningrad, then Stalingrad, were in the bag
Any time you gave the word for the pincers to press.
And America was a mongrel-bred democracy run by Jews,
And America, the U.S.A., was soft and would never throw in.

Words, language, jargons, did you have it?
The speech of fright, scare-talk, fear-talk, big-talk,
That was your line, your technique. It had worked.
The war of nerves? Why, you had a patent on it.
With Storm Troopers, Gestapo, Luftwaffe, Wehrmacht
Backing your words, you went to town with tongue and tonsils.
You spoke three words: "Heads will roll!" and a million men
Felt of their necks where they might get the headsman's ax.

And now – now we don't happen to hear from you any more.
Now in a silence of deep caverns,
Now in a silence of deep cisterns,
The Reichschancellor of the Greater Germany says nothing.
The big wind once blowing now blows no man knoweth whither.

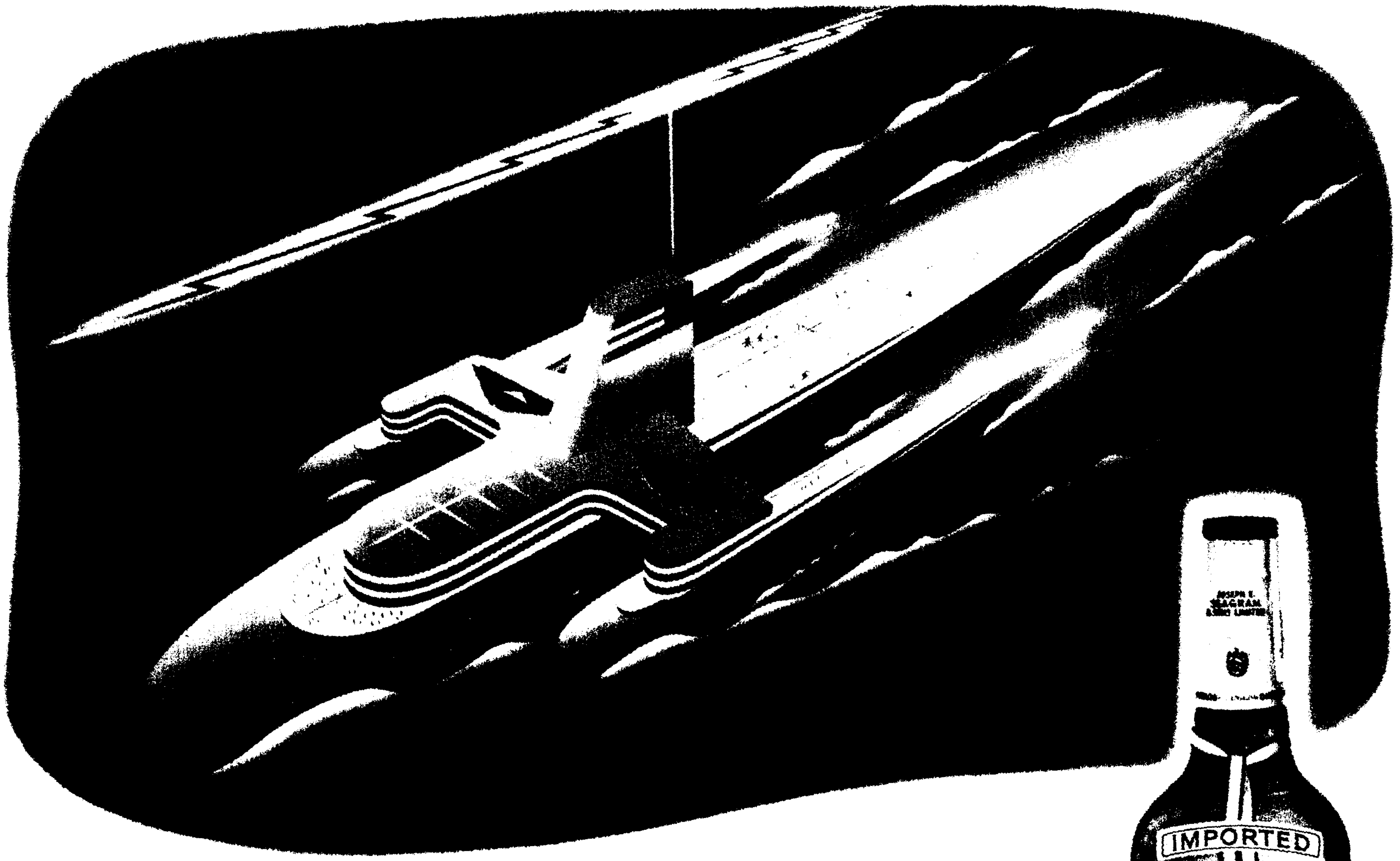
Of course, what we're doing to you costs us
And it's going to cost us more and more,
So you, too, will have to pay and pay.
And we've counted the cost and we're willing,
And there will be hell to pay, for you, for us,
And one for sure will be gone when the hell is over—
The Reichschancellor of the Greater Germany.

Sometimes in the creep of the hour hands
Clocking the summer of 1943
We ask how you will take the pay-off, the rendezvous,
How come you never figured what was cooking,
And how are your thoughts and afterthoughts,
And what are you going to say when your big moment comes
For the founder of a thousand-year herrenvolk,
You and your hell-bent New Order
Getting hammered to hell-and-gone in round-the-clock blazes,
Getting shattered in shambles of reek and fire—
And the people, the little people
Hoping to God for only a hundred years of peace.

They'd settle for that—a hundred years of peace.
Of what are you thinking
And what will be your lines
When again you must speak lines—
Chancellor of the Greater German Reich,
Reichschancellor of the Greater Germany?

CARL SANDBURG

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Prefer the World's Lightest Highball!



Deriving its power from a radio beam, this triple-hulled floating palace of dream-like luxury will span the oceans carrying 5,000 passengers at unbelievable speed—steadied by the pontoon design. Social life will center in the main streamliner, with swimming pool, dance floors, promenades and spacious salons. Sleeping quarters will be in the smaller ships. Planes will take off from the hangar deck for foreign capitals as the liner approaches shore.

* * *

REMEMBER WHEN "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" first delighted movie-goers? When the Russian airmen made history's longest non-stop flight over the Pole to California? When the Yankees won the World Series from the Giants in New York? That was the year when the rare whiskies in Seagram's V. O. CANADIAN were carefully blended for exquisite flavor and stored away to mellow. Ever since then these distinguished whiskies have been treasured for *Tomorrow*—so the V. O. of today will always be preferred FOR THE WORLD'S LIGHTEST HIGHBALL.

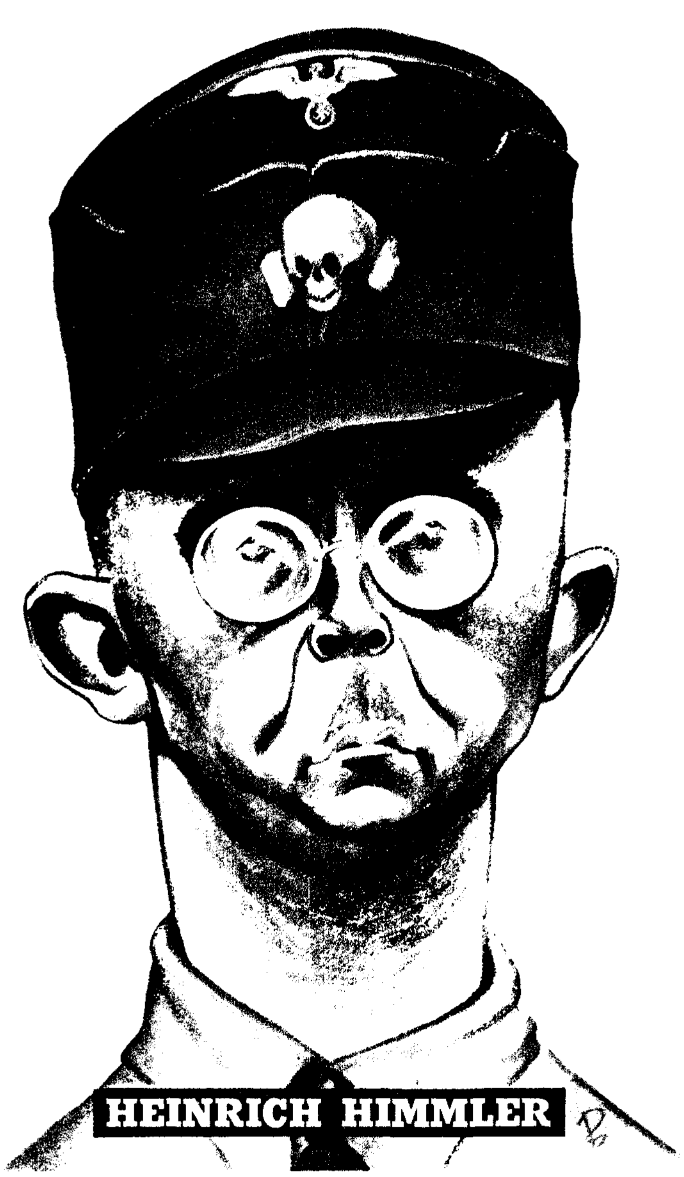
IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old — 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

THE *Guilty*



HEINRICH HIMMLER

VIII

WHEN Heinrich Himmler left his job in a fertilizer plant to march with Adolf Hitler in the Munich *putsch*, he cut a comic figure among the wild ex-soldiers captained by Ernst Roehm, that swaggering homosexual. With his myopia, retreating chin, spindly legs and mincing speech, the new recruit epitomized insignificance, and soon earned jeers as Gentle Heinrich, the sissy.

Not a gangster had the wit to look behind the thick glasses where pale, cold eyes held a calculating malignance that was to prove even more terrifying than the hysterical rages of the Fuehrer. A poor hand at street brawls, shop wrecking and like activities that called for strength and open violence, Himmler quickly showed himself a master hand at catering to Hitler's suspicions and distrusts, developing a spy system that left no word or movement unreported.

From this humble beginning as a tattler and talebearer, Heinrich Himmler has risen until today he is Number 3 in the Nazi hierarchy, outranked only by Goering. Head of the police, the Gestapo and the Black Shirt army, Himmler is his own law by virtue of the power to imprison, torture and kill without a trial. Counting in the thousands that he has doomed to death by starvation and disease, the "sissy" has taken more lives than have been lost in battle.

Scarcely one of the many Nazi inhumanities but traces back to this bespectacled, soprano-voiced little man who once had no higher ambition than to own a chicken farm. Concentration camps were Himmler's original conception, and Dachau was set up as a classroom where he personally instructed pupils in beating, bonebreaking, latrine ducking and mutilation.

It was Himmler who first shrilled that there was no room in the New Order for the unfit, bombing asylums until American correspondents estimated that he had slaughtered more than 100,000 defectives. It was Himmler who planned and superintended every pogrom, even going through the records of cities, towns, villages in his search for all with a drop of Jewish blood in their veins.

When the peoples of the occupied countries look up from the pit into which they have plunged, it is the smirking face of Gentle Heinrich that looks down upon them. His agents, bribing, corrupting and sabotaging, paved the way for invasion, and it was his Gestapo, following fast on the heels of the armed forces, that took over the business of murder, torture and deportation. In Poland, Norway and Czechoslovakia, Himmler set the pattern for Hans Frank, Terboven, Heydrich and Daleuge.

Like a school principal, he goes from country to country, checking up on his "teachers" and every visit is followed by more ingenious methods for crushing the spirit of the people.

Even more than Hitler, Heinrich Himmler is the master of Germany today. One by one he has destroyed all who stood in his path. His poison, dripped steadily into the ears of the Fuehrer, was responsible for the blood purge of 1934 that removed Roehm, Gregor Strasser and Kurt von Schleicher. Just as his agents assassinated General von Fritsch and Field Marshal von Reichenau, so was Himmler's hand plain to be seen in the "accidents" and "illnesses" that proved fatal to other members of Germany's high command.

Building up the Gestapo to a point where every prominent figure in military and civil life is spied on, he has seduced children and servants until each home has its "informer." An incautious word, the lifting of an eyebrow, and the guilty wretch is dragged away to a concentration camp or death chamber.

It was Himmler who revived the medieval custom of axing, and not the least of his impish tricks is to send a bloody head to the family along with a bill for the sack.

First promoting the Black Shirts as a bodyguard for Hitler, Himmler has developed it into an army of 400,000 with its own tanks, artillery, air force and arsenals. A *picked* army, recruited from those who have proved themselves in Himmler's slaughter pens, and enlarged by youths trained in Himmler's own Schutsstaffel "universities," where the trainees are divorced from home and religion, taught pagan rites and schooled in the inhumanities. An army such as has never been seen before, for it has nothing to do with national defense, being organized and maintained for no other purpose than domestic terrorism.

An evil genius, this graduate from a fertilizer plant, but still a genius. As long as Heinrich Himmler lives, internal revolution is a vain hope, for his clawing hands are at every German throat. Remember him! ★★★

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

The Pink Hussar

Continued from page 13

him in return that the delay was of no consequence and that I would not be ready to shoot the movie until the fall.

"Ah, by that time," Vinsey said, "we will have twice that much in the bank. In the meantime, we remain partners without capital—but a future," he sighed. "It would have been so simple once in Budapest. I had only to pick up my telephone, and wagons full of gold drew up to my office. Here the telephone is not such a magic instrument."

The Unbelievable Plot began a few nights later with the arrival of a startling Vinsey at my hotel.

"I am very upset," he said, after downing three beakers of beer in silence, "and I have come to you to talk because I love and trust you."

"Just what is it?" I asked.

"Turay," said Vinsey in a voice of doom. "Turay is coming to America. He leaves Lisbon today. He will be in New York in no time."

I looked at Vinsey with some surprise. Turay, as the greatest living Hungarian and perhaps European playwright, seemed hardly a visitor to wring such groans from a fellow refugee.

"Why, that's marvelous," I said. "I'm glad to hear that Turay is alive and bringing his greatness to our city."

Vinsey groaned again.

"What's the trouble?" I asked. "Is he an enemy of yours?"

"I adore him," said Vinsey softly. "He was my god for thirty years. Since I am a boy I have sat at his feet—as have all the writers and actors and critics of Budapest and Vienna. Turay"—Vinsey's eyes grew misty—"ah, if there is a graceful soul and a fountain of wit left in the world, it wears that name. You have had many charming talents in this country. Put them all together, all the poets and lovers and brilliant playwrights and happy storytellers—and you have, perhaps, Turay. No, not a full Turay. Such a one could only exist in Budapest."

"WHY, then, are you beating your bosom over his arrival?" I asked.

"Because," said Vinsey softly, "he must not come. It is wrong for him to come. He must not do what we have all done—on a smaller scale—change from a man of fame into an eccentric nobody. Dear friend," Vinsey's voice throbbed, "we all admire your country. And New York—ah, it is the last of the Ali Baba cities. But it is a curious robber—the new world. It robs the old of its glitter, its meaning, its importance. My friends whom you have met. Myself. We were all great men. The press was filled with our achievements. The public adored us. That was in Budapest, in Vienna. Here in New York, what are we? Nobodies. We make jokes, we write plays, we paint pictures, we hold salons, we do everything we ever did—and we are still nobodies. The ear of your country is not for our jokes. Our wit dies at your feet."

Vinsey paused and handed me a cablegram. It was no climax to his eloquence. It read only, "Arrive, Dodo."

"That is the first word of English he has written," Vinsey groaned.

"Are your friends as upset as you?" I asked.

"Oh, completely," said Vinsey. "Even Dr. Alper-Mayer. Dr. Alper-Mayer is a great intellect. He was the very leading physician of Vienna. Turay's own doctor. And Schuschnigg's. The most expensive and complicated diseases sought him out. And here he is able to find neither patients nor even an office and is mistaken by everybody for a vaudevillian out of work. I spoke to him before I came to you. Turay, he said, must not come to New York. He must not be defeated here as we have been. To see him fail, as we have—that would be the unbearable thing for us."

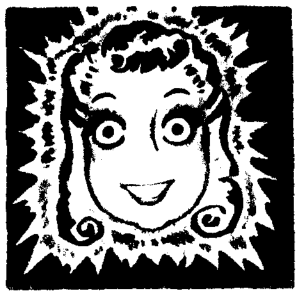
"But why must he fail?" I asked.

"Ah," Vinsey sighed, burying his nose in a fourth beaker, "the critics!" . . .

I waited at Gita's home for the great entrance. The party was in honor of Turay, and the ghost cities were assembled in full. The three rooms—including the dining room—were packed with celebrities who had lost their names.

THE playwright had arrived in New York in the afternoon. This was his welcoming party, his safe-from-home-coming. During the hour I waited I learned a number of surprising things about my friends Gita, Fulka, Andri, Marisca, Holz, Dr. Alper-Mayer, and Vinsey. I learned them from strangers who, finding me in their midst, imagined I knew everything that was known to them.

Gita had been Turay's wife some fifteen years ago. Marisca had once been married to Turay thirty years ago. And Andri, the young Ibsen heroine, had been Madam Turay five years ago. Fulka had left his own wife twelve years ago and stolen Gita from Turay. And twenty-five years ago Vinsey had stolen Marisca from the great playwright. On the other hand, Turay had lured away Vinsey's three later wives from his keep. As of today, the gray-tufted Vinsey was desperately in love with Gita who, however, had given her oath to Fulka that she would marry him—as soon as she got a job; although it was the opinion of several of the guests that it was not the job that stood between Gita and Fulka but the ghost of Turay,

This is  the Shopper

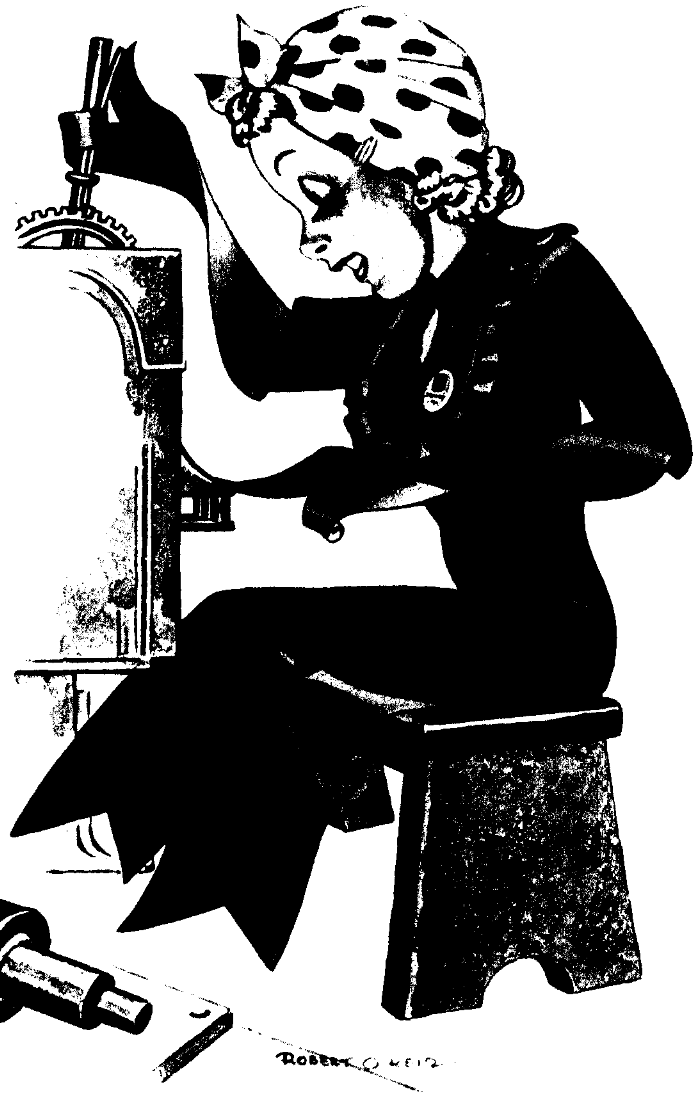
of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

...who has put on her slacks and discarded her gown

"I work in a war plant,"
said Mrs. Carruthers,
"Along with my husband,
and thousands of others—
And frankly, I haven't
much time to go shopping,
For doing my job has
been keeping me hopping.

"YES, working from 7 till 3
is quite taxing,
And I understand why a
man needs relaxing,
So when I go marketing,
I often place—
Our order for Blue Ribbon Beer
by the case!

"EXPERIENCE has taught us
that Pabst is the best,
It's kindlier tasting—
and yet it has zest,
A sort of a mellowness,
nice and befriending—
Resulting, no doubt, from
its *full-flavor blending!*"



Copr. 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

Pabst
Blue
Ribbon
PABST
BLUE RIBBON
BEER

Now More Than Ever
*A Symbol of
Friendly Companionship*

"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! Starring GROUCHO MARX...
Famous Stars... Coast-to-Coast CBS Network... Every SATURDAY NIGHT

THESE are busy days in Blue Ribbon Town, U. S. A. (your town—everybody's town). But even busy days demand occasional "breathing spells"—moments of relaxation—in solitude...or with neighbors. Be prepared! Always keep plenty of thirst-quenching Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer in your refrigerator.

Unlike ordinary beer, Pabst Blue Ribbon is *full-flavor blended*—from 33 master brews. Softer, kindlier tasting—Pabst Blue Ribbon is, more than ever, a symbol of friendly companionship.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED

into One Great Beer

"I learned the hard way about ordering coal early!"

"Last winter, after my husband went to war, I thought I was doing my part. I kept pretty busy, too, taking care of my baby and helping out at the Red Cross. But I never gave a thought to the problem of transporting coal from the mines to my bin without interfering with deliveries to war industries.

"Then I learned my lesson — the hard way. One cold morning I found myself with a sick baby and one bucketful of coal in the cellar. Frantically I called my coal dealer, told him of my plight. When he said that he simply couldn't do anything about it for a couple of weeks — well, I was a wreck.

"With the help of kindly neighbors things eventually turned out all right, and believe me, I learned my lesson."

ORDER YOUR SEASON'S COAL NEEDS...NOW!

If you are fortunate enough to burn coal, the least you can do is to order your season's coal needs *now*—and gladly accept partial deliveries whenever your dealer can make them. Remember, he is doing his best to provide for your family's welfare despite handicaps of limited manpower, equipment, gasoline and tires.

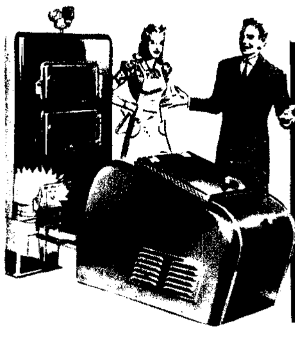
COMBUSTIONEER OWNERS

If you own a Combustioneer, be grateful enough to take care of it. Let your distributor inspect and service it so that you may enjoy the full benefit of its money-making efficiency and the carefree comfort of Automatic Coal Firing.

VICTORY WORK BY COMBUSTIONEER

Until Victory—Combustioneer's entire manufacturing facilities are dedicated exclusively to the precision-production of gun turrets, propeller hubs and other products for American warplanes.

Combustioneer—*A PRODUCT OF*
THE STEEL PRODUCTS ENGINEERING COMPANY
Designers, Engineers and Manufacturers of Precision Products Equipment
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



Combustioneer
AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER
FOR HOMES, APARTMENTS AND FACTORIES

Keep Making It Hot for the Axis—Buy and Keep War Bonds and Stamps

whom she had never ceased to love during the twelve years despite her two subsequent marriages and present betrothal.

This all seemed a little confusing, but what most confused me was the fact that I had been dining almost nightly with these fanatic wife and husband snatchers and had never detected anything but an innocent camaraderie among them.

I was talking to the Countess Graudenz, a former opera star whose beauty was now a little dimmed by overeating.

"What about Dr. Alper-Mayer and Holz, the painter?" I asked. "Are they related to, let us say, Turay?"

"Dr. Alper-Mayer was married to Gita after she ran off with Fulka," said the diva, "and Holz—Holz is the father of the two children Turay raised in Paris. He supported them for twenty years. But I thought you knew that."

"No, I didn't," I confessed to the countess, and the silence of a curtain-raising came over the room. It was Turay. He stood in the doorway and smiled on the ghostland before him. And this moment of silence was like a salvo of ghostly applause. The eyes of those around me—eyes that were the connoisseurs of mockery—grew misty. And though no one wept, there was the smile of tears as if, not a man of fame, but a beloved child had returned to them.

This was true. The thing that distinguished this great man in the doorway was a quality of childishness. Or he might have been a wide-mouthed, gentle-eyed clown come to amuse other children. He was tall and plump about the waist, and the sleeves of his rumpled coat were a bit too long. His gray hair slanted in a boyish mop across his forehead, and his face was pink. Looking at this smiling and abstracted face, full of innocence and mockery, I realized where Vinsey, Fulka, Gita, Lazlo, and all my new friends had got their expression. They had borrowed it from Turay—for he resembled all of them except that he looked a little dreamier.

The silence was now over and there was talk and laughter as if nothing had happened. There was no rush of handshaking and no crowding of admirers around a hero. He had sat down at a table in a corner with four friends and was nibbling at a platter of cheese. The rest of the company occupied itself with the business of gossip and jest but, though they seemed to ignore the arrival, there was a verve that had not been in their manner before. Sitting quietly in a corner, eating his cheese, Turay was among them—and all was now right in their ghostland.

VINSEY brought me to the table. Turay was telling a story, and Dr. Alper-Mayer, Fulka, Gita, and the hungry Lazlo were listening to him as attentively as if they were seated in a schoolroom.

Vinsey asked softly, "The new play, is it done, Dodo?"

"Yes, I finished it on the plane," Turay said. "You do not expect a playwright to come to market without a basket of fresh eggs."

"You have a title for it?" Vinsey sighed.

"I call it The Pink Hussar," said Turay, and added with an apologetic smile, "Do you think it sounds a little old-fashioned?"

"My dear friend," Fulka spoke up loyally, "Turay makes his own fashions. Is that right, Gita?"

"Yes, always, always." Gita laughed, and Turay's eyes widened innocently at the drama in her voice. Then with a smile he took her hand and, looking around the room said, gently, "We are all here. All except Immelmans, the waiter. I miss his dirty apron."

"What a play that was!" Fulka cried, and explained for my sake. "A one-acter. Immelmans was the hero. Ah, his exit with the coffeepot spilling! You remember, Gita?"

Fulka laughed, overcome, and Lazlo interrupted.

"Do you remember the waltz in A Handful of Isoldes?" He began to hum.

"There was no music in the Isoldes," Gita said.

"Off stage, off stage!" Lazlo cried. "The waltz when you were dying. During that long speech—when the little orchestra in the café downstairs drowns you out. Good Lord, such is fame!"

"I will never forget the night you lost your voice," Dr. Alper-Mayer said. "The opening night of The Sofa when I gave you the electric shock in the larynx. It was the first time in Europe this treatment was ever used."

"She could only speak in a whisper," said Vinsey, "and I chased all over Budapest looking for Turay to make him write in the line, 'The Princess Rividavia has a cold.' "

"What a characterization that was!" Fulka sighed and added, "Of course, it was a great play."

"They were all great plays," said Vinsey. "Masterpieces."

"The Pink Hussar is much better," said Turay slyly, "at least so it seems to me."

I HAD decided to see if money could be raised in Hollywood for a New York movie production and spent the next three weeks shaking futilely at the Hollywood Christmas tree. Nothing fell from it but advice.

But there was still Vinsey. Vinsey was waiting for me on my return but not with $200,000. He was in a state of shock and apparently had forgotten entirely the matter of our partnership.

"The very worst thing has happened," he told me at dinner. "No. Order for yourself. I cannot eat. Even Lazlo cannot eat. We are all very, very upset."

"About Turay," I said.

"Naturally," said Vinsey. "He has sold his play. It is going into production. It is like waiting for a massacre."

"I'd like to read the script," I said.

"It is not necessary," Vinsey sighed. "I will tell you all you have to know. It is beautifully written. Very tender. Extremely cynical. In short, Turay. And it is also as full of failure as a broken-down old actor. The critics will kill it!"

"You can't always tell," I said.

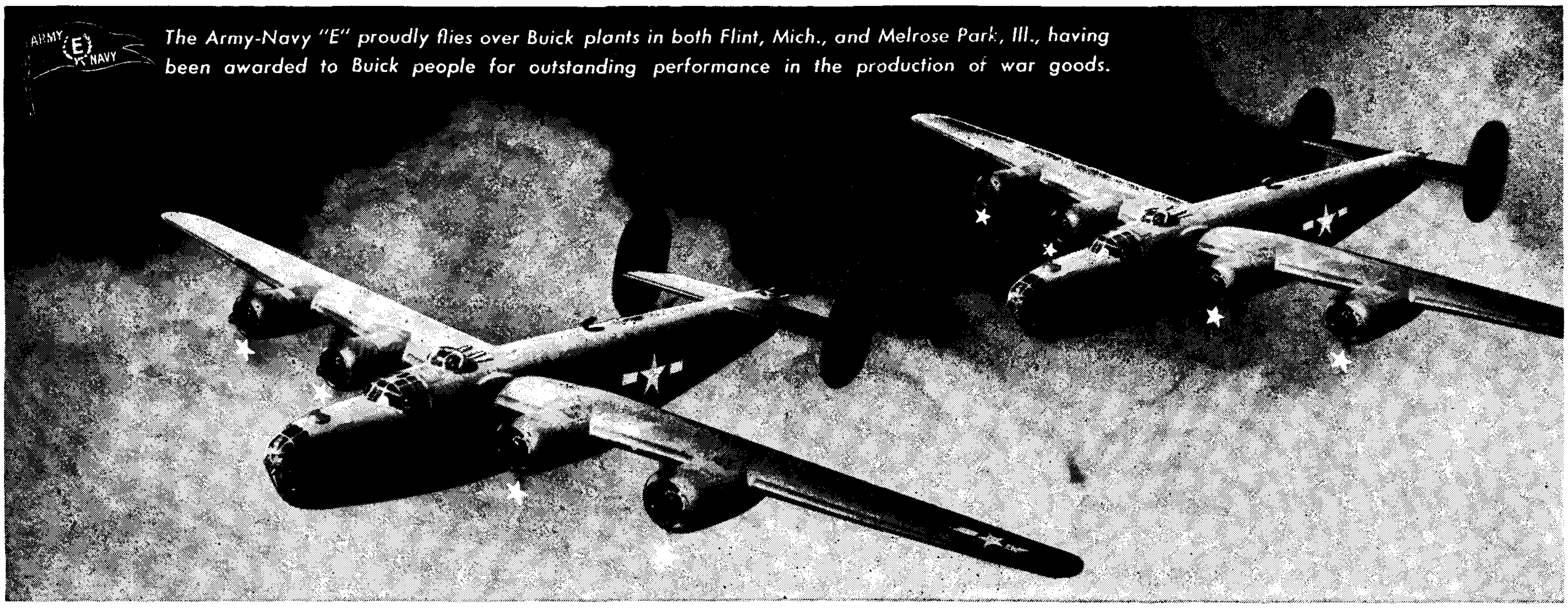
"You can tell about The Pink Hussar," Vinsey groaned. "Four plays exactly like it—all stolen from Turay—were produced last year. By four of our best Hungarians. Did you happen to see them? They were cut to ribbons by the critics. One of the playwrights—Fodor—is still in bed moaning. Believe me, The Pink Hussar has even less chance. It is half fantasy. It has one speech three pages long. Guess who recites it? God. And He is not even on the stage. The stage is empty for three pages. No, there is no chance. The critics will have a feast."

"Who's producing this?" I asked.

"Jock Kane," Vinsey said, "the final black wreath on top of the hearse."

I knew Jock. He had once produced a play of mine. In those days he had been a puissant man of the Broadway theater, and hailed to the ends of the earth as a wizard. In the space of five years he had been demoted by the critics from wizardhood to oblivion, which, on Broadway, is not so far a throw as it sounds. The critics run an elevator service between these two points—with no stopovers.

At his peak as a wizard, Mr. Kane had produced nine flops in a row. There was this, however, to say for him. Disaster had not tempered the man. In clover or in limbo, there was never a more nerve-racking, macaw-souled figure connected with the Broadway scene than Jock Kane. With his talents and his gold petals fallen from him, and the maniacal bloom of his certainties and wizardries gone to dust, he



The Army-Navy "E" proudly flies over Buick plants in both Flint, Mich., and Melrose Park, Ill., having been awarded to Buick people for outstanding performance in the production of war goods.

WHAT'S BETTER THAN PRECISION BOMBING?

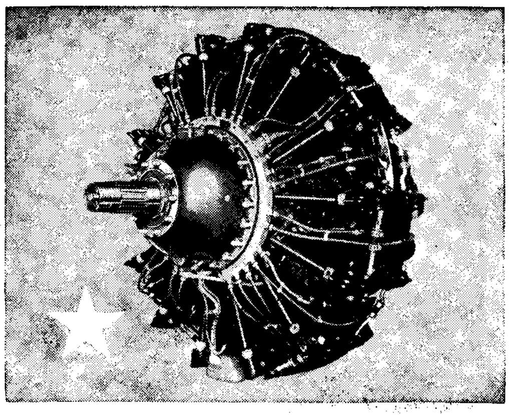
NOTHING, perhaps. Unless it's precision bombing *plus* bigger bomb load and extra speed.

So we call your attention to the characteristics (and the deeds) of that good American bombing plane, the Liberator, shown here.

It carries a husky load over record-setting distances.

With its retracting bomb-bay doors, it takes its run over the target without halt or hesitation, so it's heart's-delight for a sharp-eyed bombardier.

And with four big Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines, it has plenty of power and plenty of speed to get in fast, get home fast – and get back for more cracks at the enemy.

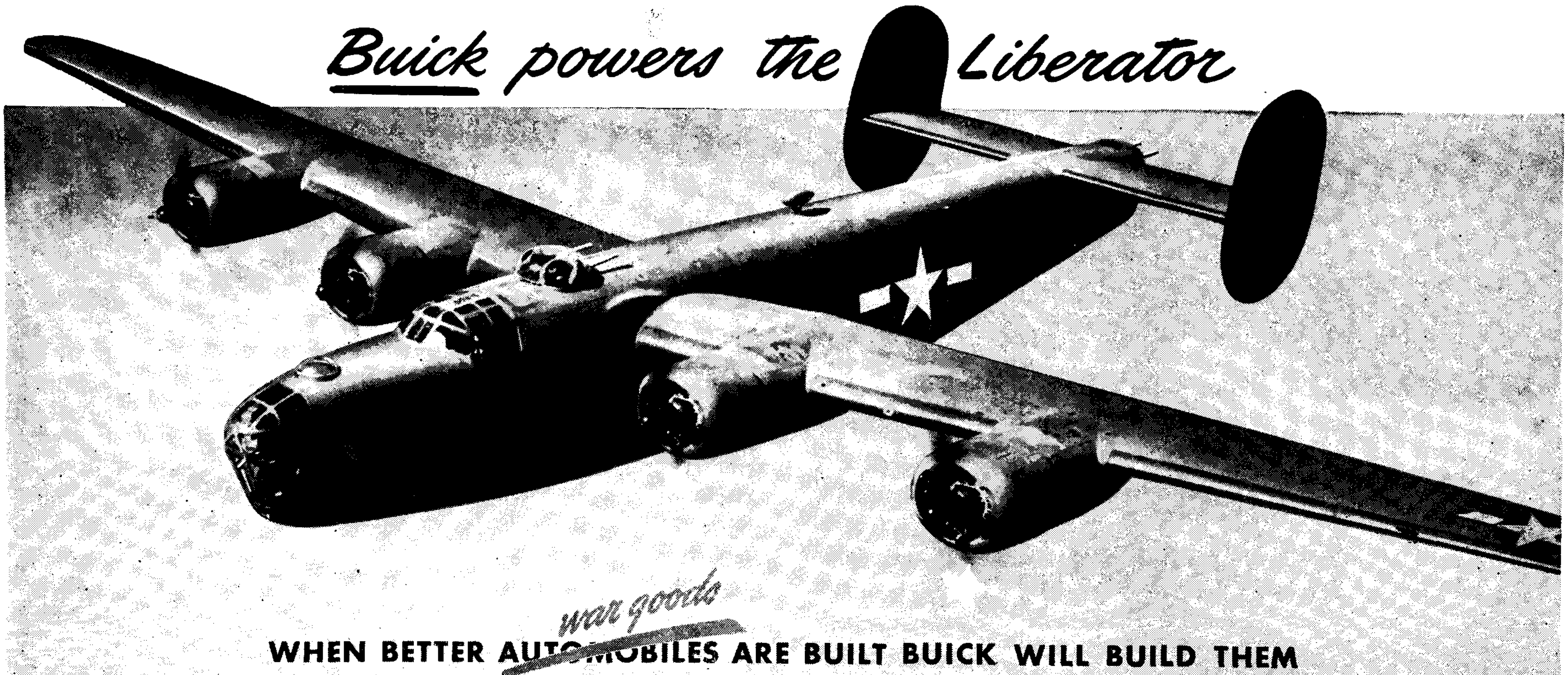


HERE'S WHERE BUICK COMES IN

It so happens that Buick builds those engines. All the thousands we turn out go straight to plants where the Liberator gets its start in life.

Looking at its record – and it's written daily in the papers for you to read – do you blame us for taking a little honest pride in that fact?

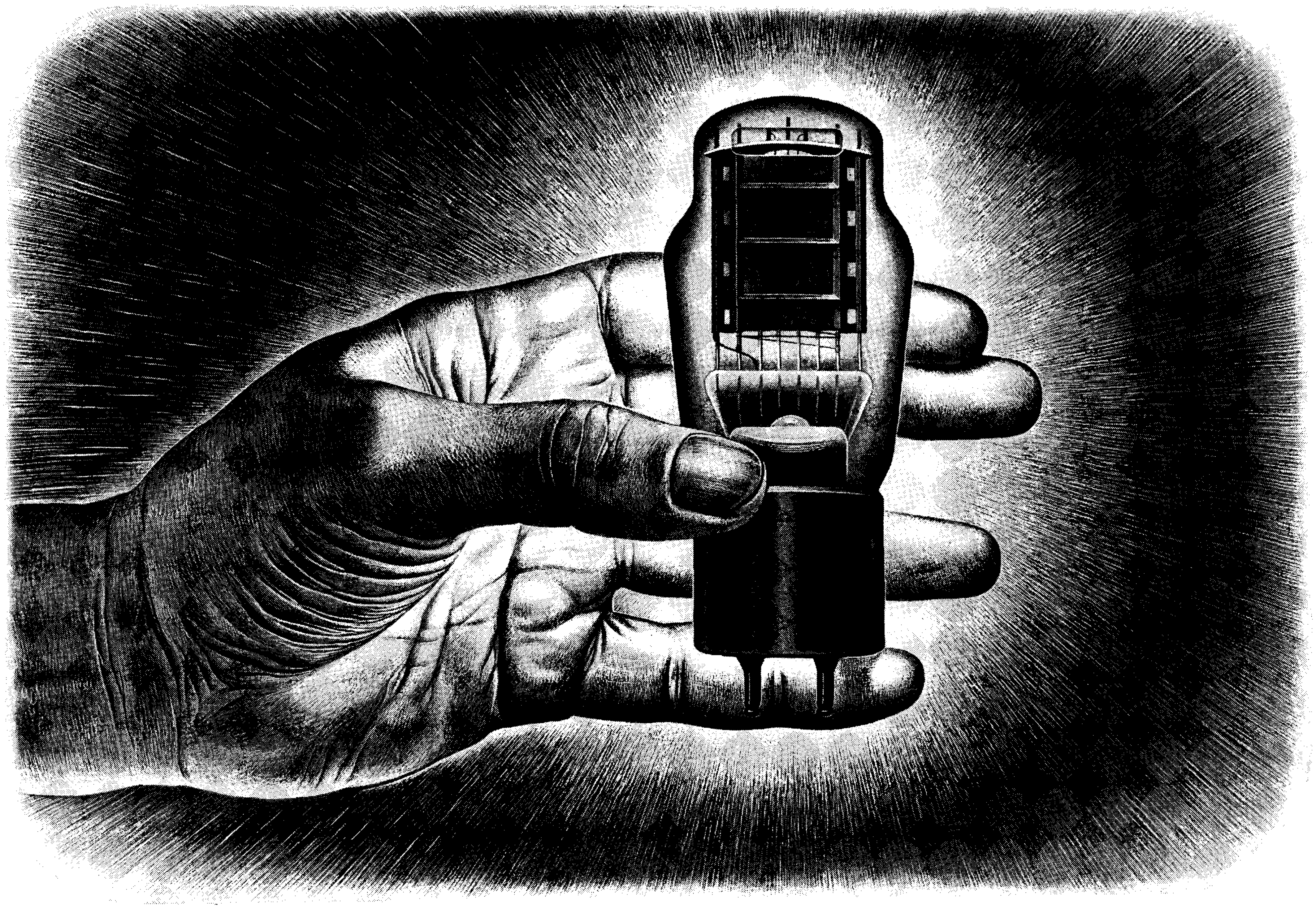
Buick powers the Liberator



WHEN BETTER *war goods* ~~AUTOMOBILES~~ ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BETTER BUY BONDS ★ **BUICK** DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS** ★ BETTER BUY BONDS

"IT OUGHT TO GET A WAR MEDAL"



THIS little tube *can't* help you smell. But it *can* help you talk, see and hear. Right now, it helps direct guns, planes, ships. It ought to get a war medal.

It has given birth to a new art called Electronics.

In 1912 in the Bell Laboratories, Dr. H. D. Arnold made the first effective high-vacuum tube for amplifying electric currents.

Vacuum tubes made possible the first transoceanic telephone talk by the Bell System in 1915.

Vacuum tubes are used on practically all Long Distance circuits to reinforce the human voice.

That's why you can talk across the continent so easily.

Over 1,250,000 electronic tubes are in service in the Bell System. Bell Laboratories developed them, Western Electric made them.

But both Laboratories and Western Electric are busy now with war — turning out tubes and putting them to work in many a device to find and destroy the enemy on land, in the air, and under the sea.

After the war, this Bell System army of tubes will work in thousands of ways for peace.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

HELP THE WAR BY MAKING ONLY VITAL CALLS TO WAR-BUSY CENTERS. THAT'S MORE AND MORE ESSENTIAL EVERY DAY.

remained a noxious weedlike fellow sticking in your eye.

"Jock used to be quite a genius," I said. "He may have a rebirth."

"When Jock Kane is reborn," said Vinsey, "it will be as a tarantula. He is a vicious, greedy, and unscrupulous man who knows nothing and has the quality of a murderer."

Vinsey watched me eat for a spell and then went on:

"On top of his faults, he has a virtue which is even worse. He loves Turay. He sits around listening to Dodo and rolling his eyes like a little girl up to her neck in art. And already he has swindled him. Five per cent less royalties. A pitiful advance, only. And no say by Turay in the casting. He begged, practically on his knees, that Gita should play the lead. She would be perfect. But Mr. Kane, who loves him like a brother and Gita like an uncle, would not even consider it. Also, Mr. Kane has taken an extra twenty-five per cent from Turay out of the movie rights. But, this matters nothing. There will be no royalties, no movie sale. There will be only a funeral."

Vinsey drew a deep breath and repeated his cry of a month ago. "It must not be. We must save Turay from becoming one of us—another broken-down genius from Budapest who eats chicken paprikash and tries to remember who he was. Dear friend, I have a mission. I am going to prevent the New York critics from wiping out the last bit of glory that belongs to Budapest. Gita Lengel is a bum. Fulka is a bum. Lazlo, Holz, Dr. Alper-Mayer, Fodor, Marisca, Litauer, Vinsey—we are all bums. But Turay is going to stay Turay."

Vinsey's eyes were glowing and he leaned forward with the air of a conspirator under a pier.

"Will you help in our cause and be a member of our committee?" he whispered.

I nodded.

"Then I will call for you tomorrow at seven," said Vinsey. "The producer is giving the celebration for the opening of rehearsals at Gita's home. Mr. Jock Kane dislikes public restaurants where the check interferes with the camaraderie."

I JOINED Vinsey and Fulka in the hotel lobby at seven.

"We are an hour early," Vinsey greeted me. "The dinner is at eight. We will spend the hour here, discussing the plot."

"The critics of New York," said Fulka, "once loved Turay. Twenty years ago, even twelve years ago, they considered him one of the world's greatest. Even today they are willing to admire him as a museum piece. What we are going to do," Fulka stared at me, "is arrange for the critics to hail The Pink Hussar when it opens, and fill the city with their love of Turay."

I stared back at Fulka and then at Vinsey. It seemed odd that two such witty men should take leave of reason together.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "Bribe the critics?"

"In a way, yes," said Fulka. "Tonight Turay is going to be taken ill. Desperately ill."

"Dying," said Vinsey, happily.

"He is going to be rushed to the hospital," Fulka went on. "Dr. Alper-Mayer will attend him. In the morning the papers will be full."

"Turay stricken as his last and finest play goes into rehearsal," sighed Vinsey.

"And then," continued Fulka, "he will remain unconscious. His death will be assured. A matter of days. Perhaps hours."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Does Turay know about this?"

"Good heavens, no!" said Fulka. "We are not consulting him in any way."

"Then how is he going to get sick?" I asked.

Vinsey drew a small bottle out of his coat pocket.

"In his coffee tonight," he said quietly. "It is tasteless."

"What's in it?" I asked.

"I don't know the name," said Vinsey. "Dr. Alper-Mayer prepared it. Two spoonfuls will produce a heavy perspiration and also unconsciousness."

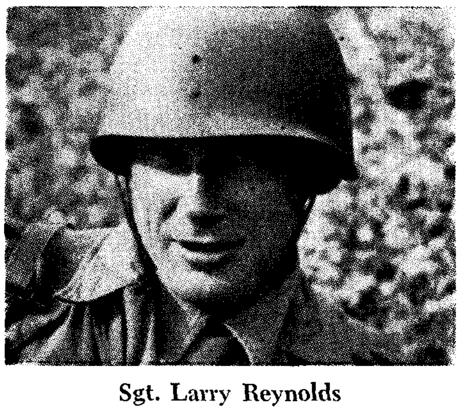
"He will have the seizure after he drinks the coffee," said Fulka. "Tomorrow when he wakes up in the hospital, we will give him another spoonful at noon. There is no danger. It is entirely harmless and even good for the nerves."

"That part of the whole thing is in Dr. Alper-Mayer's hands," said Vinsey. "We will work in another direction. The publicity."

"On the night of the opening of The Pink Hussar," Fulka said, "Turay will be in his last coma. Imagine the effect this will have on the critics. And the first-nighters as well. They will be listening not to a play but a swan song. Turay dying will be like an orchestra playing sweetly in

The Week's Work

Ben Hecht



Sgt. Larry Reynolds

IF YOU'VE read the five stories by Ben Hecht which have appeared in Collier's this year—the latest is on page 12 of this issue—you've probably wondered how he can write about so many different places and such an amazing variety of people. There must be a reason for such versatility. Well, of course, we can't prove any connection, but it is a fact that at one time in his career, when he was ten, Hecht was an acrobat, one of the star attractions of Costello's road show in Wisconsin. In Chicago, where he was one of the famous group of literary fledglings which included Sherwood Anderson and Maxwell Bodenheim, there is a legend that Hecht wrote his first story standing on his head in Schlogel's Bar. And many of our literary critics, confused by his explosive style, his lusty interest in life, his extraordinary imagination and his adept handling of the grotesque and the macabre, insist that he hasn't yet found time to change his position. For our part, we don't care whether he writes standing on his head or sitting in Grandma's rocker, so long as he continues to write stories for us.

Unfortunately for the circus business but fortunately for Collier's, Hecht could see no future for himself as an acrobat, so he quit Costello's and went to work for the Chicago Daily News. He stayed there for nine years, writing principally sketches based on his observations in police courts and on the streets. Published in book form in 1922 under the title, 1,001 Afternoons in Chicago, these sketches are still considered probably the best human-interest stories ever written for an American newspaper. Several novels by Hecht appeared in the 1920's, and in 1928 he collaborated with Charles MacArthur on The Front Page, a violent play which brought the authors both fame and fortune. It has twice been made into a movie. In the early 1930's, Hecht and MacArthur produced a few movies on Long Island, and in 1937, Hecht signed a contract with Samuel Goldywn and became a movie writer at something like $6,000 a week. Although he was responsible for such popular films as Scarface, Viva Villa, and Nothing Sacred, he tired of Hollywood and its screwball antics after a few years, and he turned to writing fiction again. Just seven weeks ago, in collaboration, he produced a Hecht original which weighed 7 pounds 8 ounces and has been named Jenny.

IT PROBABLY isn't necessary for us to point out that there's no Butch cartoon in this issue. We'll hear about that from you along about next Tuesday. So we might as well announce now that there may not be a Butch cartoon in next week's issue, either. This lamentable lack of lawlessness in no way stems from paucity of enterprise on the part of either the artist or us. Nearly thirty of our regular cartoon contributors are now serving in the Armed Forces, and one of them is Larry Reynolds, whose Butch drawings during the past year have revealed his military progress. First, they signed Pvt., then Cpl., and now Sgt. Larry Reynolds. When he was plain prewar Larry Reynolds, the now 31-year-old and still unmarried cartoonist sold drawings to many magazines, but Collier's Butch and a quaint old lady called Grandmaw were his favorite subjects. Some readers preferred Grandmaw (Larry himself did, we suspect), but Butch finally nosed her out in popularity about three years ago and became what we hoped would be a regular weekly feature.

Therefore, whenever Larry gets a week end off from Fort Meade, Maryland, to visit his home in Pelham, New York, we waylay him and bring up the subject of Butch; but no amount of threatening, cajoling, or Scotch and soda will elicit any promises.

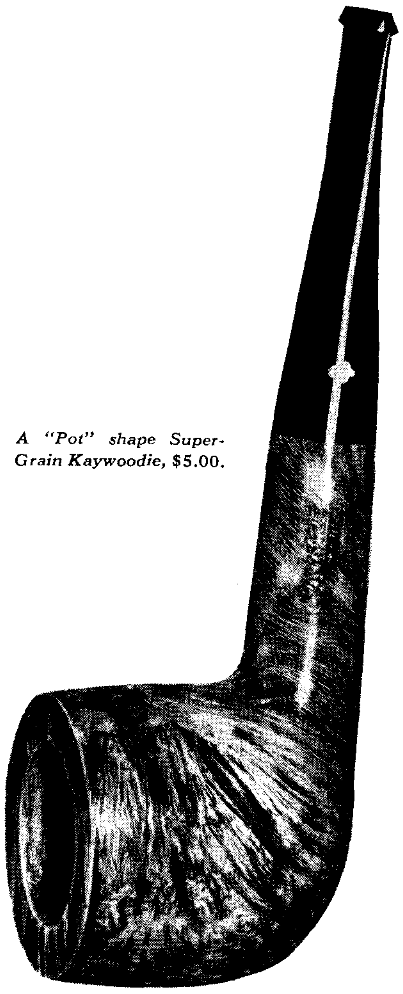
"Army life," Larry says, "is rugged, and after a day in the field, I'm in no shape to take pen in hand. Besides, did you ever try to draw a cartoon with an Army cot for a drawing board and a couple of interested buddies resting their chins on your shoulders?"

We always say no. "Well, then," concludes Larry, putting down his glass.

At this moment, Sgt. Reynolds is camping out at the A. P. Hill Military Reservation in Virginia, as a surveyor with his Field Artillery outfit. Frantically frustrated, we recently wrote him to ask when we might expect another Butch drawing. His response was prompt.

"We are settled here for what looks like a long stay," he explained. "Training is even more intensive than at Meade, but more interesting. I fired forward observation the other day. I bracketed my target after three or four sensings, which is about average for that type of firing. Best regards! Larry."

And that's what happened to Butch. ★★★



A "Pot" shape Super-Grain Kaywoodie, $5.00.

"I Smoke a Kaywoodie"

Here's a friend who never went back on me. I do the talking; he never talks back.

I sit and smoke my Kaywoodie, and pretty soon things all straighten themselves out.

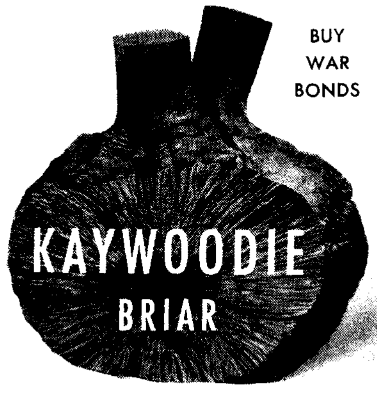
I guess no man who ever drew that pleasing, provocative Kaywoodie smoke over his tongue, could keep on being troubled or perplexed very long. It's never bitter, never tiresome.

I'm not surprised that Kaywoodie is an international favorite—everywhere in the world. The Mediterranean briar that it's made of has proved to be the best material for pipes for a hundred years. And it's seasoned and cured beyond anything done to other pipes.

I never get too much of my Kaywoodie.

Kaywoodie Co., New York and London

In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



BUY
WAR
BONDS

how much care are you giving your rugs now, to be *sure* they'll last? Remember, they're precious—good rugs and carpets are worth protecting.

to save rugs, turn them around every 3 to 6 months to distribute the wear. Change furniture, too, so lines of "traffic" are changed. Be sure your rugs are clean . . . and watch for moths.

care for even your oldest rugs before it is too late. Circle Tread Ozite Cushions will make them feel luxuriously new . . . prolonging their life amazingly. And the Circle Tread Ozite will still be good for use under new rugs later.

rugs worth using are worth Circle Tread Ozite. The cost is more than repaid by extra wear, plus a softness that enriches your entire home. Look now—have you any unprotected rugs? Then order Circle Tread Ozite today—but be sure you get the *genuine*.

For FREE Booklet
363 on **Care of Rugs**
address Clinton Carpet Co.,
Merchandise Mart, Chicago.

CIRCLE TREAD
OZITE
RUG CUSHION

OZITE NOW MAKES AVAILABLE 3 WONDERFUL HOME CLEANING FLUIDS

DES-TEX FOAM
Soapless Shampoo for Rugs, Carpets, and Upholstery. You can clean your own *rugs easily and beautifully right on the* floor. Very economical.

DES-TEX DRY CLEANER
—for practically every type of fabric, especially woolens and silks. A perfect cleaner for twist-weave rugs and carpets, also mohair upholstery. A remarkable spot remover.

KLENS
Soapless Cleaner—amazingly effective for windows, glassware, painted surfaces, Venetian Blinds, tile, and all kitchen cleaning needs. Detarnishes Silver.

DES-TEX FOAM RUG SHAMPOO

DES-TEX DRY CLEANER

KLENS SOAPLESS CLEANER

the wings. The reviews will be simply sensational. And then Turay will recover slowly."

"And retire," said Vinsey. "Another deathbed would give the show away." . . .

"You need worry about nothing," Vinsey whispered as we rang Gita's bell. "Everybody has been assigned a part to play."

"How about Kane?" I asked. "Is he in on it?"

"Heavens, no!" said Vinsey. "I would not trust a crook like Kane with an old shoe."

"We have saved the best news for you as a surprise," Fulka whispered. "There will be two critics at the dinner. Two big ones."

"That's a little dangerous," I protested.

"My dear friend," Vinsey said, "have no worry. We are the best actors in the world."

The room was filled. There were three aliens in ghostland—Jock Kane and two of the leading drama savants of the press. Fourteen of us sat at the table. Laughter rang. Witticisms bounced about like table-tennis balls. I looked nervously at the two captive critics, fearful that they recognize all this gaiety as that of a cast performing. But, no. They sat smiling politely through the great scene, hiding the discomfort of their wallflower souls in an air of tolerance and superiority. Their manner spoke that it was a noisy old-fashioned evening worthy of the museum piece who sat pensively at the head of the table. I wondered at this pensiveness and thought several times that I noted a frown on the child-like pink face.

Vinsey explained to me in a whisper as we left the table and scattered about the room for our coffee.

"Dodo is angry," he said. "He thinks we are trying too much to impress the critics with how gay and witty we are. He has an excellent sense of the theater. How he would enjoy the scene, if he only knew what it was."

Lazlo went to the piano.

"Dear ladies and gentlemen," he announced, puffing with four helpings of goulash, "I have arranged especially in honor of Mr. Turay a medley of his favorite songs—going back to when we were both boys together and in the cafés of Budapest they were singing—"

Lazlo began to play and the contralto of the Countess Graudenz sounded softly.

"Is it not beautiful?" Fulka whispered at my side. "He is going to die—with the music of his youth playing in his ears."

I looked at Turay who was frowning abstractedly over a coffee cup. The song ended and another tune was begun and then, suddenly—although I had been expecting it—Gita's voice cried out in fright.

Turay had dropped the coffee cup. He was swaying in his chair, his head rolling from side to side. Then, with a sigh, audible in the silenced room, the pink face and the gray hair slid to the rug.

THE morrow found the committee gaping at victory. The newspapers showered manna. We convened in my room, behind locked doors.

"Look at this one," said Vinsey and read aloud in a lover's voice, "'The stricken Turay's position in the theater is a high one. With G. Bernard Shaw he is the last of the great contemporaries.'"

"This one is better," said Fulka, and read, "'For the past twenty-five years Turay has been regarded as one of the theater's pillars of wit and ideas.'"

"Perfect, perfect!" Vinsey beamed. "We have, without question, scored a triumph."

For four days the committee sat on top of the world. The Unbelievable Plot was surpassing all their dreams of it. The press had taken the bit in its teeth and there was no need for publicity spurs. It offered interviews with Gita, Andri and Marisca, the three lovely ex-wives of Turay, and all at his bedside weeping in exotic unison—a scene the gifted playwright himself might have written. It told of messages from kings and coachmen, from big and little celebrities all over the world.

By Sunday the style of all the leading dramatic critics had undergone a change. They wheeled out whimsicalities and greeted the Grim Reaper hovering over the Hungarian genius as if they were Turays all, sprightly and wistful before disaster and never forgetting that life was a waltz. It was all highly wonderful, and the committee reeled about in its cups, giddy with the Hungarian renaissance that had smitten the town—until the fifth day.

VINSEY brought me the news. He was white, his eyes were bloodshot, his hands fluttered like fans. He entered, collapsed on the couch and sat moaning.

"Something gone wrong?" I said.

He nodded.

I asked what it was.

"It is too terrible to think about," Vinsey groaned. I poured him a large drink, which he swallowed abstractedly.

"Turay is sick," he said hoarsely.

"I know that," I said. "He's dying."

"Please, no!" Vinsey cried. "Don't say that! Don't!" He clapped both hands to his head and weaved as his eyes overran. "We have done something awful. It is the judgment of God."

"I'm waiting to hear," I said.

"I am telling you," Vinsey cried. "Turay is ill. He is unconscious. He cannot talk."

"You mean honestly ill?" I said.

"Honestly unconscious," Vinsey groaned. "Dr. Alper-Mayer did not give him the medicine yesterday. We were skipping a day. The committee had agreed that Turay should regain consciousness so he could make a little statement for the press. For his sake, you understand. He would never forgive us if we did not give him a little speaking part in his death scene."

Vinsey shuddered and I handed him another drink.

"Dr. Alper-Mayer telephoned me at nine," he whispered. "I flew to the hospital. There he was. Lying there, unconscious. Turay in a coma. A real coma."

"What does the doctor think it is?" I asked.

"He doesn't know." Vinsey wiped his eyes. "He examined him for two hours. The heart is beating—but that is all. I tell you we have killed him," he raised his voice, "the greatest mind in Europe."

"The medicine was harmless," I said. "I took some myself for a sleeping dose."

"It is not the medicine," Vinsey said. "It is the shock. Turay found out he was dying. Somebody must have left a newspaper by the bed. He read it while he was only half drugged. A sensitive soul like his. A mind so delicate, so open to phenomena! It reads it is dying. And it dies. It is psychological murder. We are a committee of murderers."

"What's being done?" I asked.

"Gita and Marisca have gone to church to pray," Vinsey whispered. "Fulka wants to give himself up to the police. Dr. Alper-Mayer has ordered some kind of a life-saving apparatus. And Lazlo and I have agreed to be buried on the same day with him—one on each side." Vinsey held out his empty glass and murmured, "A few last drops."

The committee crowded the hospital waiting room. Lazlo arrived last with all the afternoon papers. We listened as he read in a husky voice, "'The scene around the dying playwright is a page out of Murger's *La Vie de Bohème*. It is a wake of wit. Each of his old cronies vies with the other in gay reminiscences of Turay's spicy sixty-two years. Jests fly and chuckles sound, but behind the mirth is the tear of a waltz ending.'"

"That was yesterday," Fulka groaned.

"'The waltzes of Budapest play on,'" Lazlo continued reading.

"Shut up about waltzes," Gita cried

A NEW PLANET rises in the DIAMOND skies
40 EXTRA FACETS AROUND EDGE

*Multi-Facet DIAMONDS

Cut with 98 Facets instead of the usual 58

The diamond world is agog with the advent of a dramatic new development. An exclusive method of diamond cutting makes possible 40 additional light-reflecting surfaces on Multi-Facet Diamonds. Impartial laboratory tests prove that these extra facets do provide measurably increased brilliance. Expert opinion confirms that these added facets also afford greater color intensity and help to prevent chipping . . . Multi-Facet Diamonds are available in smart rings from $100 at selected jewelers.

Write for important free book, "The Story of the Diamond."

LOUIS A. ROSELAAR
551 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

*Reg. App. for U. S. Pat. Off. Design Pat. App. for

WHEN FUMBLES mean Death-

Klikit
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
FASTENERS COME THROUGH!

Seconds are precious - a snap fastener MUST work! No time to fumble with a stubborn fastener when the enemy is at hand . . . That's why Klikit Fasteners were chosen to serve our armed forces on Grenade Carriers, Parachutes, Cartridge Belts, Gas Masks, Tanks, Radios, Signal Corps, and other vital equipment.

★

Whether in war or in peace, Klikits, (Brother-in-Arms to the famous Gripzit buckle), always go on the best . . . Until Victory, Klikit snap fasteners are in battle dress, helping to make America's armed forces the best equipped fighters in the world.

Made Only By
RAU FASTENER CO.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y. • MONTREAL • TORONTO

from the chair. The committee breathed heavily and avoided looking at one another.

Dr. Alper-Mayer appeared. His beard glistened, but his voice was calm. He bowed in front of me and said, "Mr. Turay wishes to speak to you, sir."

"He is alive!" Gita cried.

"We have rallied him slightly," said Dr. Alper-Mayer. "Ice packs. Adrenalin. The mass drip. Electricity. We have overlooked nothing."

"Is there hope?" Vinsey trembled.

"We are struggling with a hypnotic state," Dr. Alper-Mayer said. "The life force is gone."

"Think of it," Fulka moaned. "Turay should become a zombie!"

"Not quite," Dr. Alper-Mayer said. "There are left a few organs that have not become cataleptic. We are working on these."

"But if he can speak," Lazlo cried, "that means—"

"Nothing," Dr. Alper-Mayer interrupted firmly. "He will go under in a few minutes. It is only a flicker. Please remember I have had many similar cases in Vienna and Berlin. Hurry, please."

I followed him to the sickroom. He opened the door.

"I will wait outside," he said. "He wishes to see you alone. At such a time we humor the aberration."

HE CLOSED the door behind me and I was alone with the dying Turay. I stared down at the wasted face on the pillow, and a distaste for Hungarian plots overcame me.

"Get me two bars of chocolate, please," the playwright whispered without opening his eyes, "and, if possible, a liverwurst sandwich. Soon as you can."

I stared.

"And be so kind to break the needle on that damn' machine." The blue eyes opened and scowled sleepily at the intravenous drip apparatus. "I need a collaborator," he sighed. "It is too big a production to handle by myself."

"Your friends outside," I began, "I'll call them."

"My God, no—please!" Turay whispered. "I will explain. I am nearly dead—but only from hunger. I have been living for five days on dew. Maybe you can bring a chicken leg back in your pocket. No. Too dangerous. I could not swallow the bones. Sit down, please. As my collaborator, you will now hear everything."

I sat down and stared.

"When I woke up the first morning in the hospital," the wasted face resumed, "I knew right away what had happened. It is an old plot. Fulka and Vinsey may even be sued for using it. They were going to make The Pink Hussar a success by having me on my deathbed. The coffee was drugged, as in The Juggler's Return. I wake up. I read the papers and I understand everything. It is not a bad idea. But on the second day I begin to worry."

"You were unconscious." I stared down at the childlike face. "I was here. I saw you."

"I saw you, too." Turay smiled. "I was unconscious part of the time. The rest of the time I worried. You cannot play a death scene with epigrams and gypsy waltzes. My friends were behaving like an 1890 operetta. Did you read Fulka's interview about death is like a pierrot in a black ruffle? Very bad dialogue. It is the Hungarian failing. He writes with rouge." The voice grew fainter. "Do you know how I became famous? By not putting any jokes in my plays. I was the first Hungarian to write without epigrams. The whole world embraced me—with great relief."

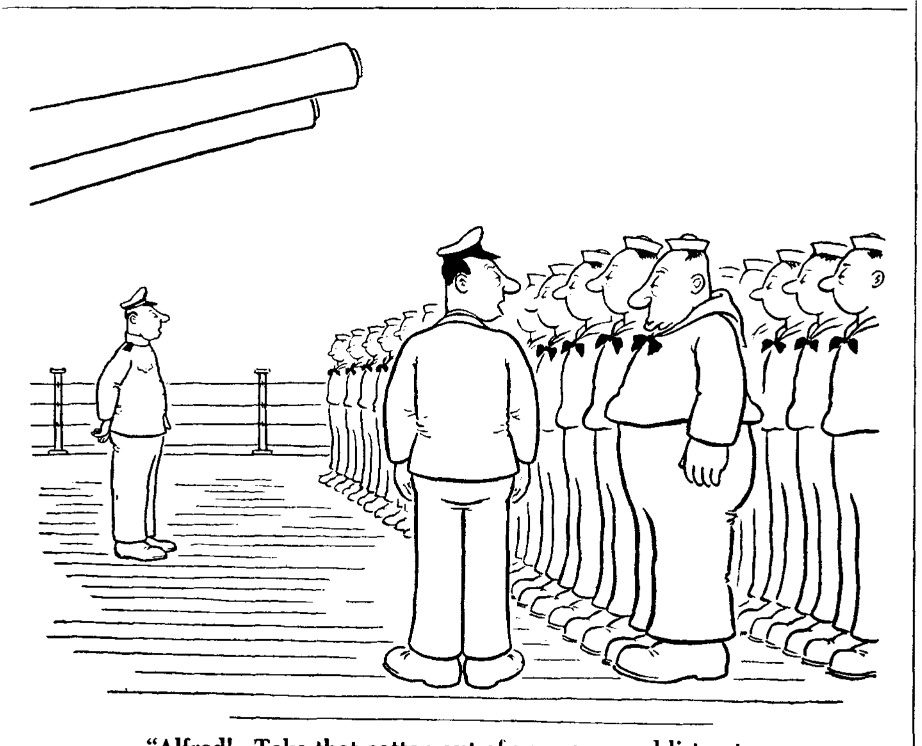
Turay sighed and rallied himself.

"You will bring some cheese with the liverwurst," he said.

"What kind?" I asked.

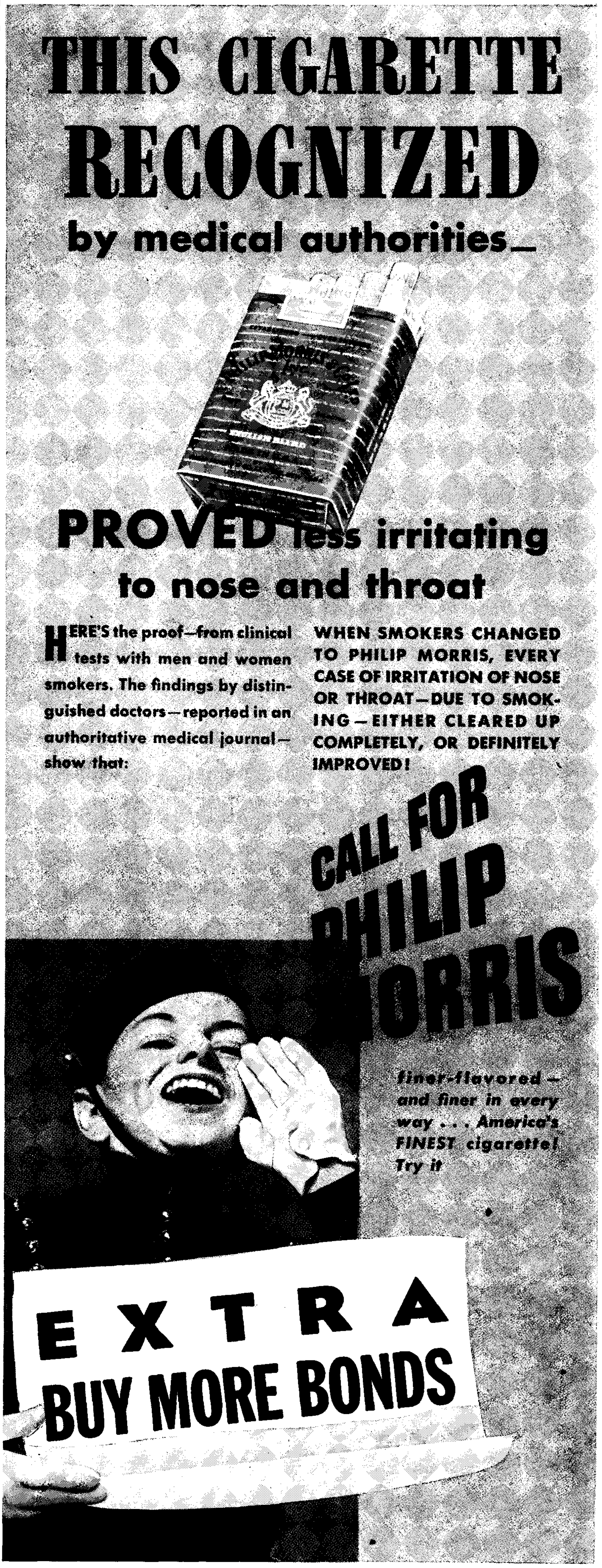
"A pocketful," he said weakly, "I am not particular. I will finish the plot for you. Yesterday, when that idiot Alper-Mayer—My God! He has been freezing and electrocuting me for thirty-six hours!" Turay's voice brightened as if he were only now waking up. "Yesterday he gave me no drug. I understood at once he was going to let me regain consciousness so the public would have some hope. And then I am drugged again and the grief is greater. This type of suspense is ridiculous. It is good only in the movies. Did you see the picture Little Women? Very sickening. As soon as I understand, I see it is my opportunity to take over the whole plot myself. I have a bottle of sleeping pills in my pocket. Very powerful ones—from Budapest yet. I hide the bottle under the mattress and I take three. You saw the improvement in the situation immediately. Vinsey, Fulka, Gita—all of them. Now they are acting with conviction. No more epigrams. And that idiot Alper-Mayer. He is behaving like a doctor. He is con-

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Alfred! Take that cotton out of your ears and listen to the captain! This is no time for personal feelings"

COLLIER'S


THIS CIGARETTE RECOGNIZED by medical authorities—

PROVED less irritating to nose and throat

HERE'S the proof—from clinical tests with men and women smokers. The findings by distinguished doctors—reported in an authoritative medical journal—show that:

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

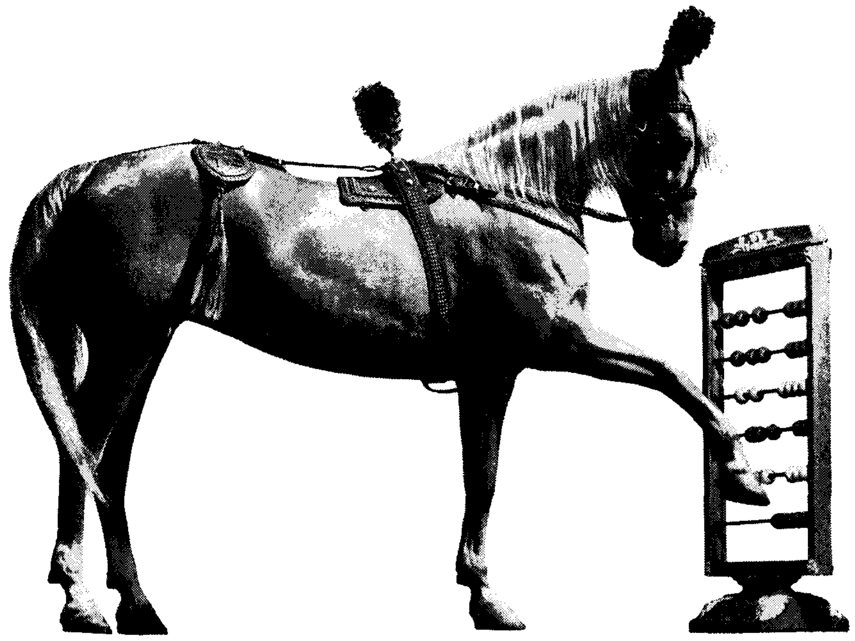
CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

finer-flavored—and finer in every way . . . America's FINEST cigarette! Try it

EXTRA BUY MORE BONDS

TERRY

the horse with the comptometer-mind



Several years ago, a farmer discovered that one of his work horses could add and subtract numbers up to ten, which is considerable smart for a horse.

But the farmer allowed that horses were supposed to be plough pullers and not cost accountants, so he up and sold the critter to a circus.

The circus changed the horse's name from Dobbin to Terry, and billed him as "The horse with the comptometer-mind." In no time at all, Terry was a sensation from coast to coast.

But one day a man with a brief-case walked into Terry's stall. He looked and spoke official-like.

He explained that "Comptometer" is a registered trade-mark, owned by Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Co., and should be spelled with an *upper-case* "C." It is *not*, he insisted, a generic term. He presented Terry with a cease and desist order.

Terry listened to the man for a good while, and then kicked him ears over tincups. A little later a riot squad arrived at the circus and removed Terry to the local Bastille.

Today, Terry is a decrepit old plug. If it weren't for the rubber situation, he would probably be unemployed. Two butchers have already looked him over and said nix. He hauls a milk wagon, and counts milk bottles just for the hell of it.

And he still doesn't understand why the word "Comptometer" can't be used by everybody.

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois, makers of Comptometer Adding-Calculating Machines.

BACK THE ATTACK—
WITH WAR BONDS

fused, desperate and he knows nothing."

"A sort of revenge on your friends," I said. "I can see its charm."

"No, please!" Turay smiled. "It is not revenge. It is Act Two—*my* act—with a new plot turn. You will help me?" he asked eagerly. "Please, I need you."

I nodded and Turay removed a bottle from under the mattress. He spilled three pills into his hand.

"I have learned to swallow them without water," he said. "It is quite a trick." He put the pills in his mouth. "In an hour I will be unconscious. You cannot wake me up with a hammer. In the meantime, here are the principal points of Act Two. With a hint of the theme of Act Three."

Five minutes later I joined the committee in the waiting room. They rushed toward me.

"His play?" I said. "He's worried about it. He wants to see Jock Kane at once."

Dr. Alper-Mayer, followed by a nurse carrying three large ice bags, hurried to the sickroom.

"Did you tell him he wasn't dying?" Fulka asked tensely.

"He only smiled," I said. "The hypnosis is very deep."

"His soul is exiting on a wrong cue," Vinsey moaned. "I am going in there and scream in his ears. The truth! The whole truth!"

"He will only think you are treating him like a child," I said. "Call up Jock Kane. It may be wise to humor him."

Jock Kane arrived from rehearsal in a half hour. He was left alone in the sickroom. The committee discussed him grimly for fifteen minutes. One and all were agreed that he was the greatest swindler and rogue in the history of the theater, and its lowest intellect. Jock finally came out. He was oddly changed. His dark, avid face with its scorpionlike glitter looked toward us with the gentleness of a Madonna. The unscrupulous eyes were wet with tears. He sat down beside Gita and took her hand.

"You are going to play the lead in The Pink Hussar," he said softly. "Report for rehearsal tomorrow morning."

"He asked for it," Jock continued in a purring voice. "It was wonderful. If I live to be a thousand I'll never forget that scene. A human soul stripped bare. He could hardly speak. He sounded just like a little child whispering in the dark. He took my hand like this and said softly, simply—that God was good to him because He had provided a great producer for the epilogue. Then he said to me, 'You were right about Gita. She is not ideal for the part. But with your genius as a director, she will be perfect. You will remove from her that phony Hungarian foolishness. You will breathe reality into her.' Then he smiled and said, 'When I am in my box on opening night—in my little box with the satin lining, I will feel closer to heaven if Gita is behind the footlights again.'"

Jock paused and looked far away.

"Those were his last words," he whispered.

A sob came from the window where Andri sat with two newspaper reporters. Gita's head drooped, and Jock put an arm around her.

"You must be a soldier," he said, "and forget everything. Forget your grief, your heartbreak and your Hungarian tricks. And turn in the wittiest performance of your life."

Gita nodded, and a flashlight exploded.

I RETURNED to the hospital at midnight. Dr. Alper-Mayer was in the corridor with two interns. He seemed to have aged. The three were grouped around a large apparatus.

"I was going to try electric shock tonight," Dr. Alper-Mayer muttered sleepily, "but this *verdamte* machine is broke again. That is American equipment for you!"

I entered the sickroom and slid a bag full of dainties on the closet shelf. It was dangerous but the plot called for it.

For a week I played blockade runner

LONGER SERIAL INSTALLMENTS!

In Collier's for October 9th, you will find one serial story instead of two.

●

Each installment will be twice as long as the present ones.

●

From now on each serial will be completed in four weeks.

●

In the course of a year Collier's will bring you more serials than before.

●

The first novel to be presented in this new way will be

NOBODY LIVES FOREVER

an important new story by **W. R. Burnett,** who wrote LITTLE CAESAR, HIGH SIERRA, WAKE ISLAND, and many other famous books and moving pictures.

De Soto

Products Are In Action

Bofors Anti-Aircraft Cannon in Action
— Official U. S. Navy photograph

On War Fronts Abroad *and* At Home

Yes, De Soto can be followed to the battlefronts of the world—where famous Sherman tanks go into action; where the great B-26 Marauder bombers take the air; where mighty Bofors anti-aircraft cannon brilliantly repel enemy attack.

The same craftsmen, who used to make De Soto cars for you, are now making vital parts of these most powerful and essential weapons of modern war. There can be no greater evidence of De Soto war-time quality and service than the performance of these weapons whenever they go into action.

. . . On the war-fronts at home, De Soto holds firmly its place in the Nation's transportation system with half a million vehicles in essential use, and also by the thorough job being done by De Soto dealers everywhere in maintaining, in top condition, these De Soto products of peace.

DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections—bomber fuselage nose and center sections—vital assemblies for anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks—and a wide variety of special manufacturing services to a large portion of American war industry.

•

DE SOTO DEALERS, too, are carrying on—standing by their country and their De Soto owners—whose cars are safely entrusted to their expert care for needed parts and service.

•

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Back the Attack — With War Bonds

TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, EVERY THURSDAY, 9:00 TO 9:30 P. M., EASTERN WAR TIME

It's patriotic to Patch-it-up

In these days of shortages what do you have that repairing can restore? A suit? A bicycle? A washing machine? A radio? Then look in the Classified pages of your telephone book.

There you'll find local people for the jobs. It's the direct way. It saves needless shopping around.

Find what you need in the Classified

CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

and my hat went off to Hungarian courage. Bedeviled by Dr. Alper-Mayer and his ice bags, electric shocks and mass drips, Turay kept heroically to his six sleeping pills a day—three in the morning and three at midnight. This allowed him a few hours of fuzzy articulation. It was during these hours that he performed his wonders.

Vinsey brought me the news of them. A second deathbed scene with Jock Kane had resulted in Vinsey receiving a ten per cent cut of The Pink Hussar as a gift. Turay had offered to buy this for his old friend, but Jock had refused to accept any money. Three newspapermen had been present to applaud this scene of largess. And on the following day Andri was announced as having joined the cast of The Pink Hussar in the important part as the Young Ghost. The afternoon papers carried news of a third substitution. Madam Marisca had been coaxed into playing the Old Ghost, another vital role in the eagerly awaited fantasy. And all three substitutions had brought only gallant phrases from the actresses who had yielded their places. Two of them had even gone so far as to tear up their run-of-the-play contracts. This was all in deference to Turay. What more fitting than the dying dramatist should have his last play performed by the three women he had loved and made famous?

But Vinsey, Gita, Marisca, and Andri were only part of the achievements of the wily possum of Hungarian letters. One of the more emotional gazettes offered on Wednesday the opening chapter of a serial entitled, Turay—The Last Smile of Europe. It was written by Janos Fulka, identified as the most renowned and cleverest critic in Europe. And it was illustrated by Stephan Holz, identified as the foremost caricaturist of the Continent. Fulka had launched a sprightly tale of Budapest's art life. There were enough epigrams in the first installment to stun any salon. None of them, however, were about critics. And there was, lastly, the wonder that befell Lazlo, the unemployed waltz king and mighty eater. An entr'acte score was being specially composed by him for The Pink Hussar, a score destined to jingle for months over the air waves.

OF HOW these amazing things had happened, I received only bewildered and hysterical accounts from Vinsey.

"He held the editor's hand in his coma," Vinsey reported, "and he was barely able to talk. We all thought it was the final scene. 'If I live,' he said—I never cried so much, I swear to you. Gita and Andri, too. It was unbearable. 'If I live,' he said, 'I would like to write my life for your paper. It is the perfect paper for my life. But I would be cheating your paper. Because it would not be as well written as if Janos Fulka wrote it. For drama, me. For prose, Fulka. He is our greatest genius.'" Vinsey sighed. "The same way with Holz and Lazlo. A few words he speaks. Then his eyes become glazed. His voice disappears. And the coma comes back. Death is beside him again. We hear only phrases out of a tomb—a living tomb."

I listened to Vinsey daily, read the paper, smuggled in the cheese and chocolate bars, and watched the second act unfold. The master dramatist, soggy with sleeping pills, recoiling under Dr. Alper-Mayer's scientific assaults, operated without falter.

We had a last whispered conference in the sickroom the night before the opening of The Pink Hussar. I suggested to Turay that he begin his recovery and so lighten the spirits of his cast.

"The girls sit and cry between scenes," I told him.

He looked at me wearily and his voice was blurred.

"No," he said, "it is better this way. They will give a wretched performance. They will overact. They will frighten the audience with their gaiety. But this hysteria will be mistaken by the critics for genius. Thank God, I will not be there to see it." The voice weakened. "My last five pills," he murmured, "I am taking them all at once in the morning." He opened his palm and looked dully at the five pellets. "I assure you I will not be nervous on this opening night." He smiled and dozed off.

THE great triumph of The Pink Hussar is theatrical history. The three new dramatic stars, Gita Lengel, Madam Marisca, and Luba Andri are also theatrical history. The names Janos Fulka and Stephan Holz are loud in the gossip columns, dinner parties and fancy barrooms where the arts still find precarious haven. Lazlo, the new Lehar, is the toast of all radio lovers. These matters need no further comment.

The triumph of Dr. Alper-Mayer is, however, a little less known. His great work in pulling Turay back from the very brink of the grave, has resulted in medical recognition unprecedented among refugee doctors. He has not only an office crowded with adoring patients, but is busy almost nightly lecturing to psychiatric and neurological societies. The Alper-Mayer treatment for narcolepsy, so successfully practiced on Turay, is certain to win world renown for the hyphenated scientist.

I sat with Turay alone in his new apartment a month after the opening. It was Sunday and the dramatic sections of the morning papers were scattered around his bed. The playwright was still weak, but the pinkness was returning to his dreamy face. Each time I saw him I was bowled over anew by his continued modesty, for he had revealed to none of his friends the manner in which he had toiled and suffered to reinstate them in the arts.

"The critics continue to be very kind to me," he said. "Did you read them today? I am the spirit of the waltz. I am the spirit of democracy. I am the spirit of the ages." He smiled. "I will tell you something secret. The Pink Hussar is not a very good play. I sneaked in and saw it for the first time last night. What awful direction! It is like a ballet under water. That Jock Kane is a complete imbecile. And the acting! Even Gita. Abominable. And the play is no better. Those speeches by the ghosts and God. They are absolutely without meaning. Why didn't somebody have sense enough to cut them out? Yet everybody raves—the critics, the audience. Imagine standing room only for a Hungarian play! They applaud. They weep and laugh. It is things like that that make me love the theater. Everywhere else people see only what is before them. In the theater they see what is inside them. I am happy to be the spirit of the ages for them."

Vinsey came in.

"Ah!" He embraced me. "I am glad you are here. Tonight we are having a party. Everybody will be there—including an old friend of Turay's. Did you tell him yet, Dodo?"

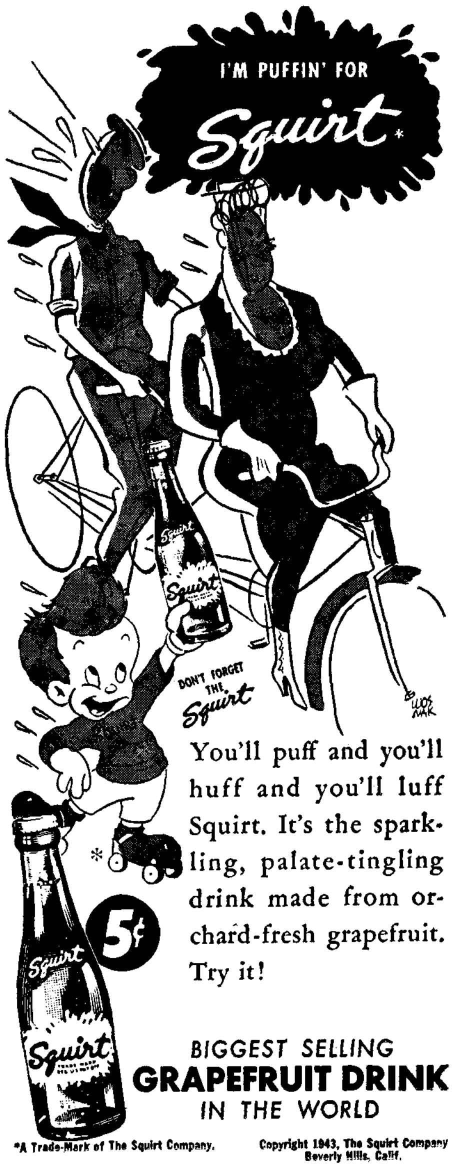
Turay shook his head.

"Mr. Mangriff," said Vinsey, "the munitions maker who is a refugee. But a special kind of refugee. A refugee with millions. Turay read him your script. He's mad to be the second money. Tomorrow morning he puts $200,000 in the bank. Tomorrow also Gita marries Fulka, and Andri marries Lazlo. That is why the party. And tomorrow I am a producer again. Everybody is famous and everybody has money. How can such things happen?"

I looked at Turay sitting on his throne of Sunday dramatic columns. The pink hussar who had ridden singlehanded to the rescue of Budapest's ghostland winked at me like a happy child.

THE END

HOLES IN WALLS
REPAIR THEM WITH RUTLAND PATCHING PLASTER
says Uncle Ned, the How-to-fix-it man
● Mending cracked walls with Rutland Patching Plaster is as easy as buttering a slice of bread. Just mix with water and apply with knife. Makes a smooth, firm patch as lasting as the wall itself. Rutland Fire Clay Company, Rutland, Vt.
RUTLAND PATCHING PLASTER



You'll puff and you'll huff and you'll luff Squirt. It's the sparkling, palate-tingling drink made from orchard-fresh grapefruit. Try it!

BIGGEST SELLING GRAPEFRUIT DRINK IN THE WORLD

*A Trade-Mark of The Squirt Company.
Copyright 1943, The Squirt Company Beverly Hills, Calif.

Nichevo Means "So What!"

Continued from page 22

built by the sacrifices of Russian civilians over a 10-year period was almost completely annihilated.

The most productive land in Russia was in the hands of the Germans. Great industrial centers like Smolensk, Kharkov, Rostov and Odessa fell. People wore grim faces in those days as the enemy approached the gates of Moscow, but when you mentioned the tragedy they merely shrugged their shoulders as the peasant had done in 1860, and murmured, "Nichevo!"

Voroshilov and Budenny took hundreds of thousands of new recruits back between the Volga and the Urals to train them with desperate haste. These green, untried troops were thrown into the breach and it was they who saved Moscow in the counterattack on Mozhaisk in the winter of 1941. Thousands and thousands were killed, but they died with their faces toward the enemy. And the German advance slowed down and finally halted.

No defeat, no tragedy could shake the imperturbable nature of these men and women who were so confident of their ultimate destiny. In the fall of 1941 Moscow was bombed nearly every night. I was in the capital then.

"But the bombing is sure to get worse," you'd say, with visions of London bombings in your mind.

"Nichevo! Nichevo!" the Moscowites would laugh. "What of it?"

In the Face of Disaster

Every day in Moscow you hear tales based on the philosophy of "Nichevo!" After Stalingrad was successfully defended, the papers carried stories of the destruction of the city. Newsreels showed to somber Moscow audiences scenes which revealed that the ruin of the city was complete. Literally not one building remained in this city of a million people—a city twenty miles long and a half mile wide.

One newsreel ended with a citizen of Stalingrad crying out, *"Nichevo! Novyi postroim!"* (So what? We'll build a new one!) The city had been absolutely destroyed, even to the sewers and water pipes underground. Today this corpse of a city is rising from its grave.

The spirit of Nichevo is just as strong at the front as it is among the civilian population. One of Russia's greatest air aces is Lieutenant Narses Stepanyan. He is one of the few to receive the highest award given by the government. He was made a hero of the Soviet Union. This award has the same significance, and is as rarely awarded, as the British Victoria Cross and our own Congressional Medal of Honor.

Pilot Stepanyan recently received a letter from the girl he was engaged to marry. She was working as a secretary to a government official in Tashkent. Her letter told tearfully of the unwelcome attentions she was receiving from her boss. Unless she complied with his wishes, she wrote, he would discharge her and make it impossible for her to get another job.

Stepanyan wasted no time. He ran to his Yak (the standard Russian fighter plane), refueled and flew off toward faraway Tashkent. He stormed into the office where his girl worked. He grabbed the villain of the story, knocked out some of his teeth, gave him a thorough beating and then went to the authorities and told them what he had done. They looked at the shining gold star on his chest. They heard his story. They hauled the amorous official before them, tried him immediately and sent him to the clink.

To take advantage of one's official position to further personal love affairs is one of the most serious crimes in Russia. Stepanyan took his girl to the registry and they were married. Then he hopped back in his plane and headed for the front to take his medicine.

He went to his commanding officer, who had been disturbed at the disappearance of his ace fighter. He told his story simply, without excusing himself.

"You realize that you are guilty of desertion and you know the penalty for that?" the commanding officer said sternly.

"Yes, tovarisch commander," Stepanyan said indifferently. "You can either have me shot or allow me to go on shooting Germans. In any case—Nichevo!"

The understanding commander allowed him to go on shooting Germans.

The spirit of Nichevo is one which comforts sorrowing parents who have lost sons at the front, and it is the word which helps young widows to bear the loss of husbands.

At the Metropole Hotel in Moscow, where the correspondents live, I often saw examples of it. There were twelve American and British correspondents at the hotel. Each of us had a woman who acted as secretary-interpreter-assistant.

It was impossible for any of us to operate without such an assistant. Four of these women had lost husbands at the front; two had lost sons; and two had lost brothers. But they never mentioned these tragedies to us. Yet they were normal, sensitive women who were suffering just as American women suffer. But they did not show their sorrow.

Typical of the way they took refuge in the protective shell which the word Nichevo gives them is the incident of Tania Andreitch, who gives Russian lessons to several of the correspondents.

One morning I was having breakfast with David Nichol, of the Chicago Daily News, in his room. His secretary came in to say that she hardly thought that Tania Andreitch would be able to give Nichol his usual lesson that morning.

"She got word last night," the secretary said, "that her husband had been killed in the Kuban fighting. They have only been married a year."

A few minutes later, Tania Andreitch walked into the room. Her face was calm, and she even smiled a bit as she said good morning. Nichol and I were both embarrassed.

There are times when words of sympathy seem impertinent, and this was one of those times. But Nichol managed somehow to convey his appreciation of her sorrow and suggested that the Russian lessons be postponed for a few days.

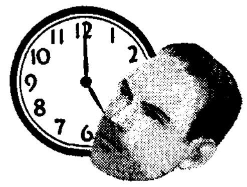
No Time for Sorrow

"Nichevo! Nichevo!" the Russian teacher said without expression. "Now, Mr. Nichol, let us go on. You remember we were on the subject of adjective endings. Unlike English, Russian adjectives . . ."

The lesson proceeded as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened—as though tragedy hadn't struck at her. This implied no lack of affection for her dead husband. It was merely an admission that no matter what had happened, life must go on, and that her personal tragedy should not be allowed to interrupt the normal day's work.

Even Stalin accepts this difficult philosophy. His son, Major Jacob Dzugashvili—Stalin's family name—had been with the Red army since the Germans invaded. The fact that he was Stalin's son did not make him news in the sense that the son

WHEN YOU SHOULDER ARMS -
AVOID '5 o'clock Shadow'!

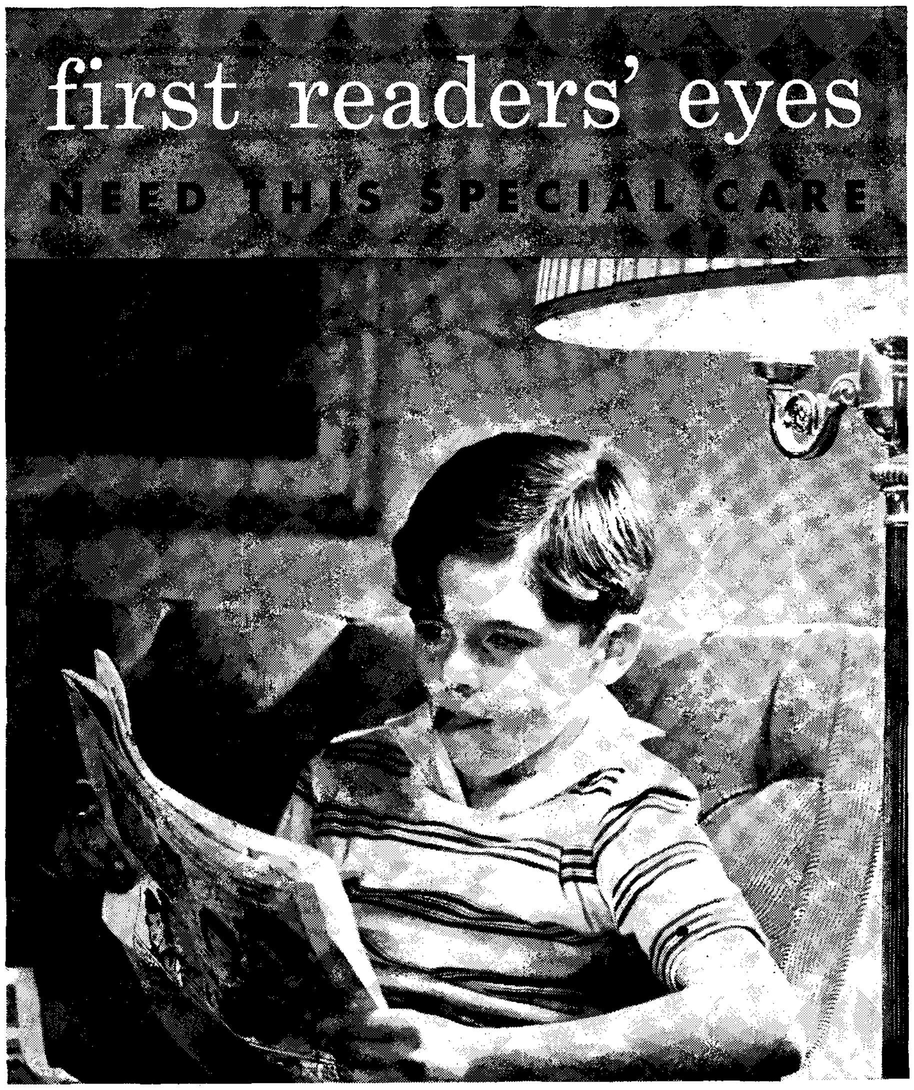


1. ***In Our Manual of Arms*** this pleasant maneuver calls for the clean-chin technique. She'll linger longer if you avoid "5 o'clock Shadow" by shaving with a genuine Gem Blade.

2. ***Gem's a Thicker, Tougher Blade . . .*** Sturdy Gem is stropped to a deep wedge-edge. No flimsy steel can stand up to such a stropping or take such a keen, *long-lasting* edge. Make your next shave a Gem shave!

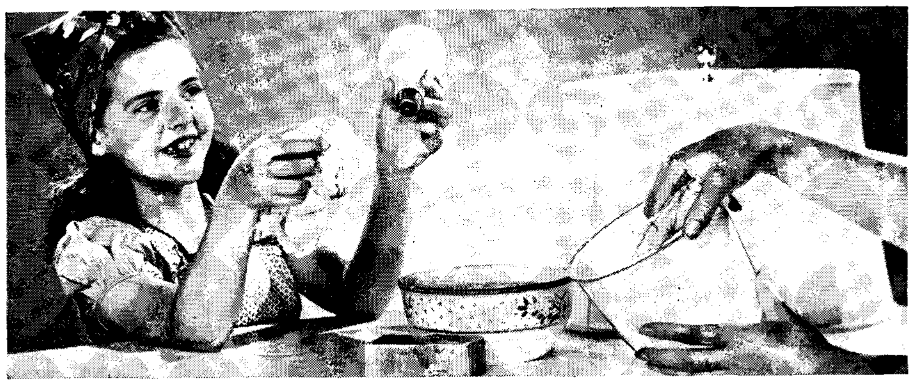
YOUR DEALER HAS AN AMPLE SUPPLY OF GEM BLADES!
GEM
SINGLEDGE
GEM BLADE
GEM

Your Gem Razor must last you for the duration; dry it carefully after each shave.



See that they have good "See-ability"

WHEN they're just beginning to enjoy reading—that's when you have to watch "See-ability" like a hawk. Because, then, children will sit down anywhere, read or study, regardless of the light.

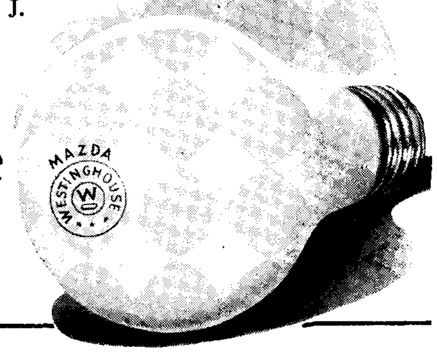


Get more light from every lamp

YOURS is a double duty. First, protect childhood's precious sight by means of good "See-ability" from good lighting. At the same time, with fewer lamps available, get the most light possible. (1) Move lamps closer to work or reading. (2) Keep lamps, shades, reflectors, clean. (3) Use only lamps you need—when you need them.

FOR ADDITIONAL SUGGESTIONS on better "See-ability" and how to get it, see new Westinghouse booklet "How To Get More Light For Your Money." Write for copy, Dept. C-9, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Bloomfield, N. J. *Plants in 25 cities . . . offices everywhere.*

Westinghouse
* MAZDA LAMPS *
FOR BETTER "SEE-ABILITY"



of any famous American would be news to us.

One day there was an article in Red Star, the official army newspaper. It was by a Russian colonel whose unit had been surrounded near Smolensk. The unit was completely wiped out, or captured. Later, the colonel escaped from his German captors, and in this article he told the story of the battle. He told of the bravery of his men and he ended by writing: "Major Jacob Dzugashvili fired his gun until the very last. He died fighting."

That is how Russia learned that Stalin's son had been killed in action. Neither Stalin nor any of his government ever mentioned the tragedy. No paper ever carried an editorial or a comment upon the death of the young major. The death of one man was not important enough in the long run to affect the destiny of Russia. Stalin? Who knows what he thought? Probably he, too, when informed of it, merely said, "Nichevo," and went on with his work.

Not long ago I visited the large Bodkin Hospital in Moscow. A Soviet pilot was recovering from his wounds, and we talked of air fighting and of the various types of fighter aircraft used by the Red air force.

He had received his wounds when shot down by a Messerschmitt 109-F. He had been flying a Yak. I asked him how he liked the Yak.

"All right," he said indifferently. "Of course it isn't as good as a Messerschmitt 109 or a Focke-Wulf 190. When we fight those planes, we cannot take the initiative. They can climb faster than we can and dive faster, too."

"You'll be going back soon?" I asked.

"Yes, and I'll be glad to be back at the front," he said earnestly. "It will be good to be fighting again."

"Even if you have to fight against superior planes?" I asked.

He smiled carelessly. "Nichevo! Nichevo! What if their planes are a bit better? We will do all right."

Russia would have been crushed a year ago if it hadn't been for the spirit of Nichevo. They have spent two dreadful winters living on poor and scanty food rations. Last year there was virtually no fuel for civilian use, but they refused to let this discourage them. Each subordinated his personal comfort and health to the welfare of the country and to the furtherance of the war effort. In any consideration of the military problems ahead, the spirit of the people must be taken into account, just as the number of their guns, tanks and aircraft must be taken into account.

This word Nichevo is nothing new. It beat Napoleon in 1812 as any reader of Tolstoi knows. The Czar pleaded with General Kutuzov to attack. Kutuzov merely said: "Nichevo! They will beat themselves." And so it turned out in an icy winter of retreat.

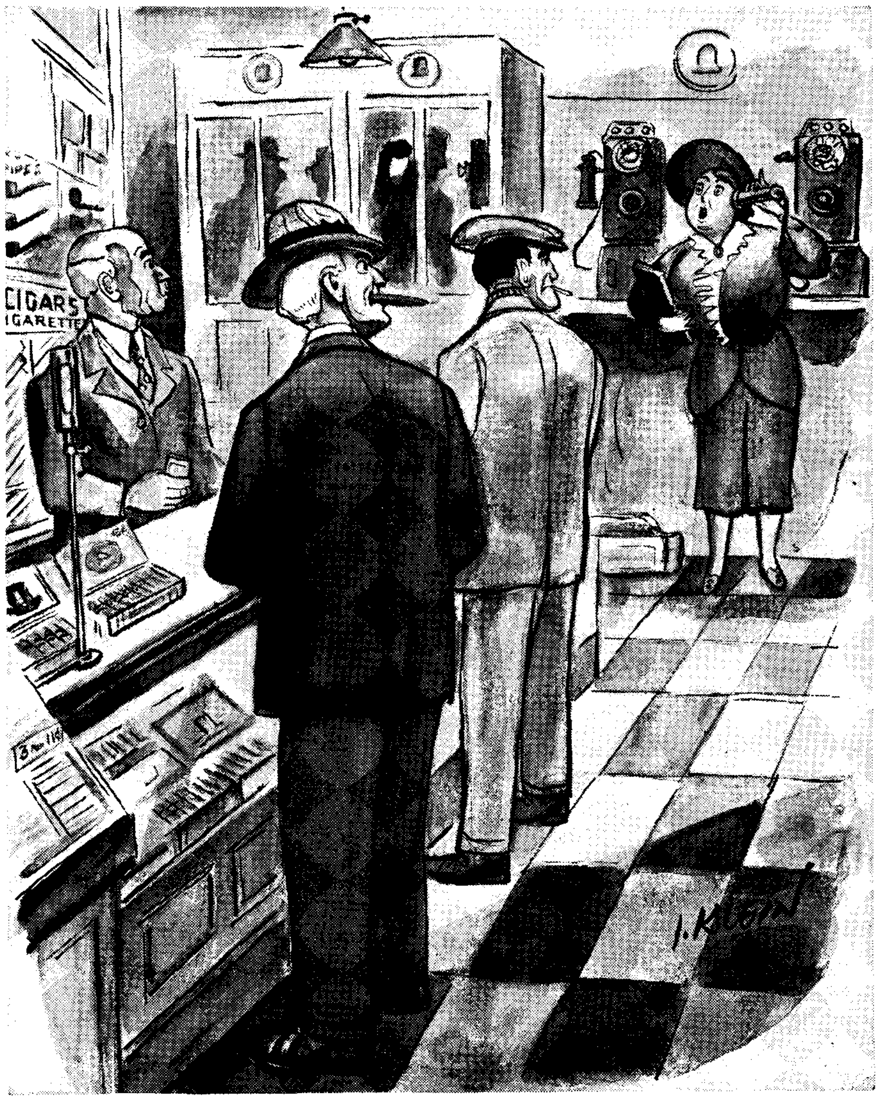
Defeat is Inconceivable

Ask a Russian how his country can possibly be strong after the horrible losses in manpower and land and industry of the past two years, and he will shrug his shoulders once more and be unable to rationalize his confidence.

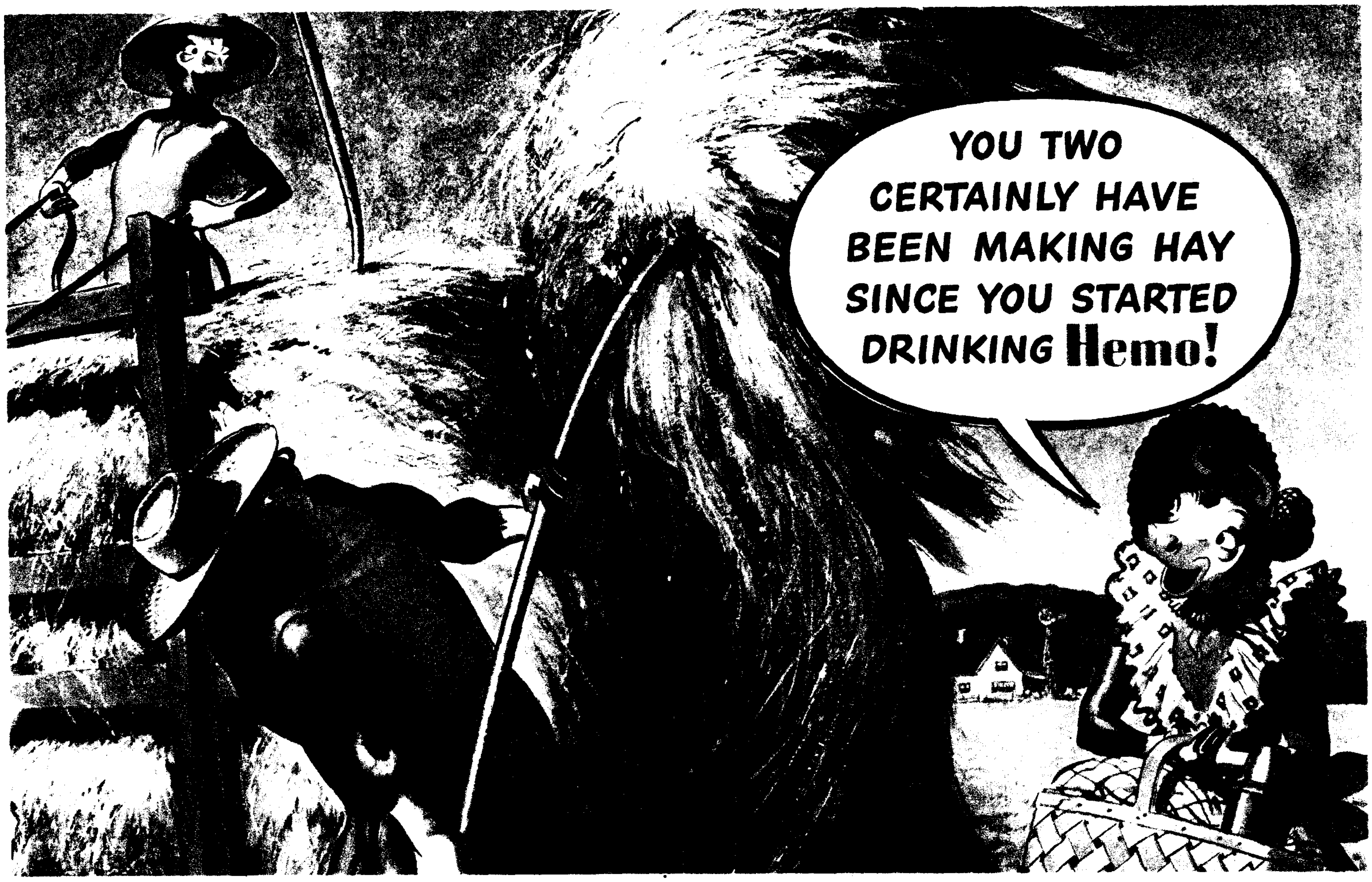
He doesn't know how Russia can survive; doesn't even know how Russia can withstand another terrible winter, but he does know that Russia will survive and will, if need be, withstand more than one more terrible winter.

This idea is his faith and his philosophy, and back of it in the hearts and souls of men is that one word which has come down through the centuries; that glorious, easy-to-pronounce and hard-to-understand word—"Nichevo!"

THE END

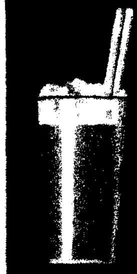


COLLIER'S "Would you people mind leaving me alone for a few minutes? I have something very confidential to say on the phone" I. KLEIN


YOU TWO CERTAINLY HAVE BEEN MAKING HAY SINCE YOU STARTED DRINKING Hemo!

Hemo can help *you* work better, too—
Drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:



The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!

PLUS

The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!

PLUS

The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!

PLUS

The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!

PLUS

The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!

PLUS

The Iron in ½ pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

Borden's Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

"ELMER, I'm proud of you!" praised Elsie, the Borden Cow. "You do more haying than any ten men on the place! Must be all the HEMO I feed you!"

"Ho, Ho!" roared Elmer. "So HEMO made me what I am today?"

"Not entirely, dear," laughed Elsie. "But it does help keep you fit. HEMO's a wonderful way for *all* hard-working folks to get needed vitamins. And, as you know, government authorities say that 3 out of 4 Americans may not get enough of them with meals. Now, with food shortages and rationing, isn't it just possible—?"

"Isn't it possible," cut in Elmer, "that you're a bit prejudiced in favor of HEMO?"

"And with very good reason!" answered Elsie emphatically. "JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO (mixed in milk) gives you half your daily needs of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus; and Vitamins A, B_1, B_2(G), D, and Niacin. Of course . . . wartime conditions prevent putting Vitamin C in HEMO. But, folks can get that in fruit and tomato juices."

"Oh, I see! No C!" chortled Elmer. "But do you have to go on raving about HEMO, while your husband goes raving mad with thirst? What's in that thermos, woman?"

"Nice cool HEMO," replied Elsie. "And just as soon as you finish up this load, we'll all sit down and have a glassful!"

▶ **Serve HEMO every day at home. The full-pound jar costs only 59¢. And when you're downtown, get HEMO at soda fountains, made up in any flavor you prefer. HEMO picks you up between meals; HEMO and a sandwich make a tasty, wholesome lunch.**

© Borden Co.

I'M THE LONESOMEST GOB IN TOWN!
SAILOR, IF YOU'RE LONESOME IN THIS PORT, YOU'RE IN A CLASS BY YOURSELF! SEEMS LIKE THE FOLKS HERE CAN'T DO ENOUGH FOR THE NAVY!
YEAH? SO WHAT DOES THAT MAKE ME?
MAKES YOU A FIRST-CLASS DOPE, BILL! 'S'FACT! YOU CAN'T BLAME A TOWN FOR YOUR TROUBLES WHEN YOUR BREATH NEEDS POLICING THE WAY YOURS DOES! SEE A DENTIST!
BILL SEES A DENTIST!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
USE YOUR INFLUENCE, SHORTY! GET BILL TO STICK AROUND AWHILE!
SISTER, I'VE DONE MY BEST! YOU GOTTA REMEMBER BILL'S THE BUSIEST GOB IN TOWN THESE DAYS!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

Corner of Heaven

Continued from page 23

the sum of twenty thousand dollars, free of inheritance—"

"What!" Mitzi interrupted, her face first flushing deep red and then paling as suddenly. "And the rest to whom?" she demanded, staring blankly at the lawyer.

"The rest of the estate was to go to Griselle Mountjoy," McMurray said in his completely expressionless tones. "But I must remind you," he went on quickly, "that this is not a valid document."

"To me!" Griselle gasped. "But why to *me?*"

"That I have no idea," said the lawyer dryly.

"But—but—but that's crazy!" Griselle protested, and there was a brief moment of nervous laughter.

"However," Walter McMurray said, ending the pause briskly, "we have now to find Catherine Johansen. Do you know that name, Mrs. Armitage?"

MITZI had sunk into her chair. She looked stunned.

"No; I never heard it," she said dully.

"Did you, Miss Mountjoy?"

"Never," Griselle answered, shaking her head.

"You saw a good deal of the general when you were living at your grandfather's home?"

"Well, yes, we did. My grandfather and he were old, old friends."

"But you never met this Catherine Johansen?"

"No; I never saw her or heard of her. I was just twenty when my grandfather died, but she might have been someone he and the general knew when I was quite small," Griselle said, frowning in an effort to recollect.

"Not among your mother's letters or papers—diaries, something like that?" McMurray persisted.

"She didn't write a diary," Griselle said; "but there were old letters up in a Chinese leather box in the attic. I used to read them rainy afternoons. Sometimes I'd bring one downstairs and read it to my grandfather. But I never saw that name."

"And where are those letters now?"

"Mostly burned. They weren't letters that she wrote," Griselle explained. "They were letters from other people—friends of hers. Girls she'd gone to school with, and one aunt, Aunt Caroline. She was an old Mrs. Butler—Mrs. Carberry Butler. But *she* died a long time ago. They didn't mean much to me because I didn't know the people. We cleared them all out. Miller and I got the place ready to sell; we had bonfires going there for days."

"Your mother was Laura Carberry?"

"Yes. She married my grandfather's only son after the big war. My father was Oliver Mountjoy," Griselle answered.

"Not such a big war, but I know when you mean," Walter McMurray said with a rather wry smile. "You'd no brothers and sisters?"

"No. I was only a baby when my father died."

"Well," McMurray said, on a long, baffled sigh, "you may be the only person to benefit under this will. I'll write these people at once, of course," he added, glancing at the engraved lettering on the envelope. "They may be able to place Catherine Johansen. You think Andrew Cruickshank had no children?" The question was directed toward Doctor Cruickshank.

"Andy? No. Never married. He was my grandmother's favorite son, I believe," Sam Cruickshank said. "She lived with him until she was a very old woman. After that he lived alone. If you don't need me any further—" he went on, interrogatively. McMurray shook his head.

"No," he said dubiously. "I'll see what I can find out, and let you all know, of course. I appreciate that this is disappointing to you. We may be able to clear it up."

"And what about making sure that Uncle Andrew didn't leave another will?" Mitzi persisted.

"We *will* remember that. His desk—his papers—those have been locked up. He also had a safe deposit box. It is possible, of course, that we may find something there. But in view of our very recent conversation I don't think it probable," the lawyer said. He began to put papers back into his brief case.

"My head aches," Mitzi said, tears coming into her eyes. "I'm going upstairs to lie down. Griselle," she said in a low tone as the Cruickshanks engaged McMurray in conversation, "is Alan still here?"

"I think he is," Griselle said; "he was talking to those newspapermen from the city, and he said he would sit on the porch steps and see that nobody disturbed us."

"Will you tell him I want terribly to see him, upstairs in my room, in about ten minutes?"

"I'll tell him." Griselle followed the Cruickshanks to the front door; Alan was on the porch in one of the basket chairs. He got up and came toward them, and when Mollie and the doctor had gone away, he and Griselle sat down on the top step side by side.

"This is a queer state of affairs," Alan said to her seriously. "After last night—when I couldn't sleep for sheer happiness—"

"No, nor I either," Griselle finished the sentence, smiling. "But you don't really know how queer all this is," she said. "The old general died of an overdose of sleeping pills, or at least they say he did, and they're having an autopsy. And from the way they talk they think—or no, they don't think it exactly, but they want to know how much Mitzi knows about it. And as if that wasn't bad enough, the general didn't leave her one cent in his will. No; nor the Cruickshanks, either. Isn't that a shame!"

"Say, that is a shame," Alan agreed, amazed. "What'd he do with it all?"

"He left it to some old friend in the East. His will is twenty years old. Mitzi says she *knows* there's another will somewhere, but Mr. McMurray thinks not. Mitzi just seems broken. I don't think in her *life* she's ever felt so low," Griselle said impressively. "She just looked ghastly when he had read the will."

"Could it be an old sweetheart?"

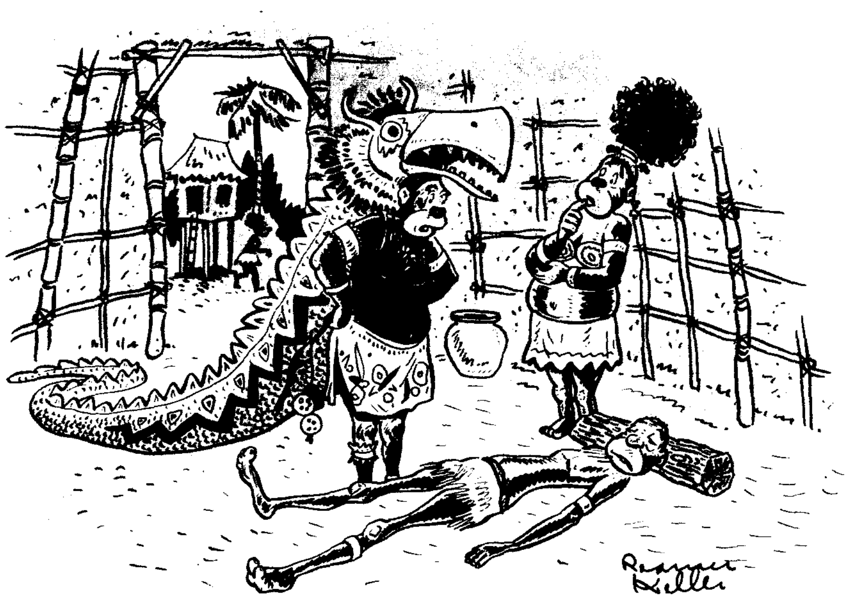
"You mean this Catherine Johansen? I've known the general since I was a baby, but I never heard of her."

"GRISELLE!" Mitzi called from somewhere inside the house.

"Coming!" Griselle called back. She and Alan went into the hall. Mitzi, in a floating black garment, was coming down the stairs.

"Listen, Mitzi," Griselle said immediately, "it's six o'clock. The doctor and Aunt Mollie are going over to the mortuary at seven. You'd better get into street clothes and come home and have supper with me. Or aren't you going?"

Mitzi, followed by the others, had made her way into the glass-walled room beyond the sitting room; now she extended herself on the lounge. She was pale and her face wore a sorrowful and weary expression, but Griselle thought that she had never seen even Mitzi look so lovely. The deep shadows about them only made her eyes look bluer; her long



"I'll dance around him a few times but if that doesn't help you'll have to get him down to my office for some X-rays"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

lashes were still wet from tears; her slender little body was exquisitely set off by her diaphanous gown, and the late level sunlight, slanting into the sun parlor, turned her mop of bright curls into an aureole of gold.

"Alan, what a day!" she faltered, extending a small, soft hand to him as he sat down beside her. "You've come back just when I needed you!"

"It's been pretty bad, hasn't it?" he said. "I just heard of it this afternoon." Griselle stood watching them, feeling in her spirit a return to the old mood of awkwardness and shyness.

"MITZI, you're not going with us tonight?" The expedition was to the mortuary; it was a painful prospect. But Mollie Cruickshank had spoken as if it was one that could not be avoided. "There'll be other people there," Mollie had said; "every old admiral and general and colonel in the bay towns will go in there tonight or tomorrow. Dodo says it was to be announced in this evening's news. The family ought to be represented."

But Mitzi, turning imploring eyes to Alan and then to Griselle, begged to be excused.

"I couldn't! I really and truly couldn't! Please don't ask me to. I'm going to talk to Alan for just five minutes and then I'm going upstairs."

She was still holding Alan's hand. Now she looked into his eyes and, with her own beautiful ones filling and her mouth trembling, she said:

"When you last saw me I was David's wife and I was going to inherit Uncle Andrew's money. You loved me then. Do you still love me now, when I'm in trouble? I'm in such horrible trouble, Alan. They think I poisoned Uncle Andrew. They took my fingerprints; did you know that? And I've nothing, no money, nothing. You won't let me down, will you? I haven't any real brother, you know."

"No; I won't let you down," Alan said slowly. He did not look at Griselle, and after a moment Griselle quietly slipped from the room, and started rapidly on the walk home.

"This is no way to behave for a doctor's wife," she said aloud to the sunset light that streamed in across the bay and the bridges and Treasure Island, and touched with lines of flame the quiet trees that bordered the streets. "I've got to get over being jealous of him or I'll never know a moment's peace."

But the tumult in her heart continued; she stopped short once or twice and said aloud, "I hate her. No; I don't, of course. Yes; I do. I hate her!" And then, penitently: "I ought to be ashamed. The old general dead, and perhaps leaving me enough money to buy my ranch!" . . .

"What's Rosenshine like?" she asked Stephen two days later.

"The big specialist? Oh, surprising. I expected to find him fat, middle-aged and Germanish. Instead he's a lean, sinister, Spanish-looking fellow, not more than forty, I should think. He's been married twice; I don't believe he's a particularly good man for a woman to have any dealings with. But what hands! D'you know what," Steve interpolated eagerly, laying down his pen and folding his big arms on the table, "he's going to operate on me; he thinks it'll work."

Her eyes flashed to his, were riveted there. "Steve! But it'll be dangerous!"

"Kind of. The danger, that is, that it won't work."

"How soon?"

"Few weeks."

A silence. Then she said timidly:

"You want him to, don't you?"

"If he says he can."

Griselle put her elbows on the table and covered her face with her hands.

"I wish it was over!" she breathed.

"Thanks."

"Griselle," Steve said, flushing a little and returning to his work, "did Alan see you last night?"

"Yes." She typed a line busily; stopped. "He came to the house after the funeral," she said; "he was awfully nice."

"YOU know what he's up against, don't you—with Mitzi?"

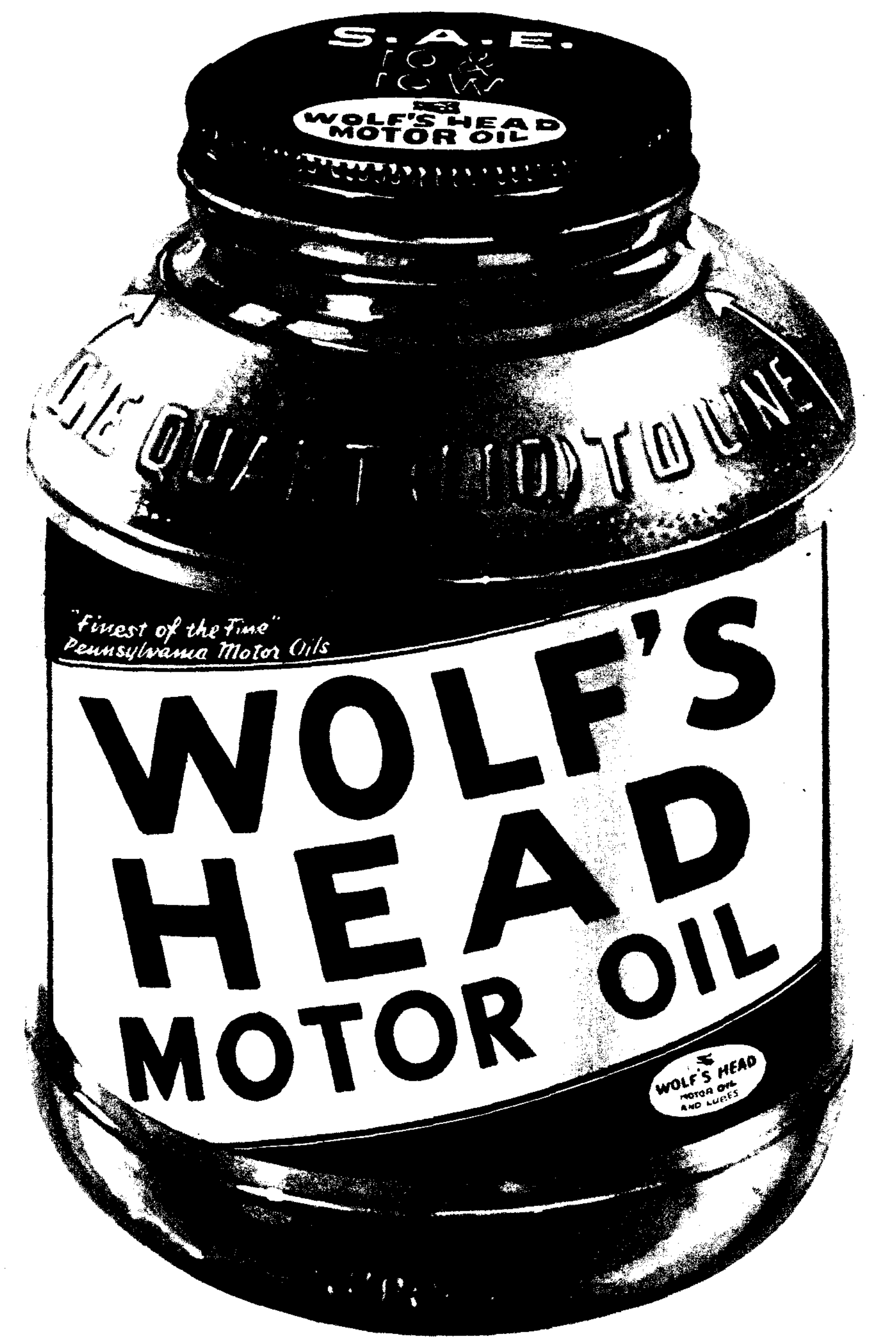
"Of course." But she did not sound any too sure. "Mitzi gives me a pain. Yesterday it was the inquest; she had to have Alan holding her hand through that."

"They seem to have dragged it out a good deal, and I suppose it was natural enough for her to be nervous. Of course, they couldn't have brought in but one verdict," Stephen said. "'Accidental death due to overdose of narcotics.' But I'll bet you were all relieved!"

"She didn't want me to go with them," Griselle said. "I went anyway. I've never seen the way a coroner's jury works. Mitzi was a perfect picture through it all; she moved her eyes from one person to the other, and answered the questions in such a frightened, good little voice! I was wondering," she went on, "just what excuse she'd think up to see Alan today, but when we got home it was all ready for her: notice from the customs that poor David Armitage's trunk was here. That was enough!"

"You can bet your life Alan isn't enjoying it," Stephen said.

"I hope he isn't," Griselle returned. "Oh,


S.A.E.
WOLF'S HEAD MOTOR OIL
ONE QUART
"Finest of the Fine" Pennsylvania Motor Oils
WOLF'S HEAD MOTOR OIL
WOLF'S HEAD MOTOR OIL AND LUBES

CAR INSURANCE

by the quart

New cars and trucks will not be available for most of us until from six months to a year *after* the war is won! Every engine part has now become a vital part to be protected and preserved.

The one *sure* thing you can do to prolong the life of a car or truck is to give it the best possible lubrication. That means the best oil money can buy! Buying the best oil is literally buying auto insurance by the quart.

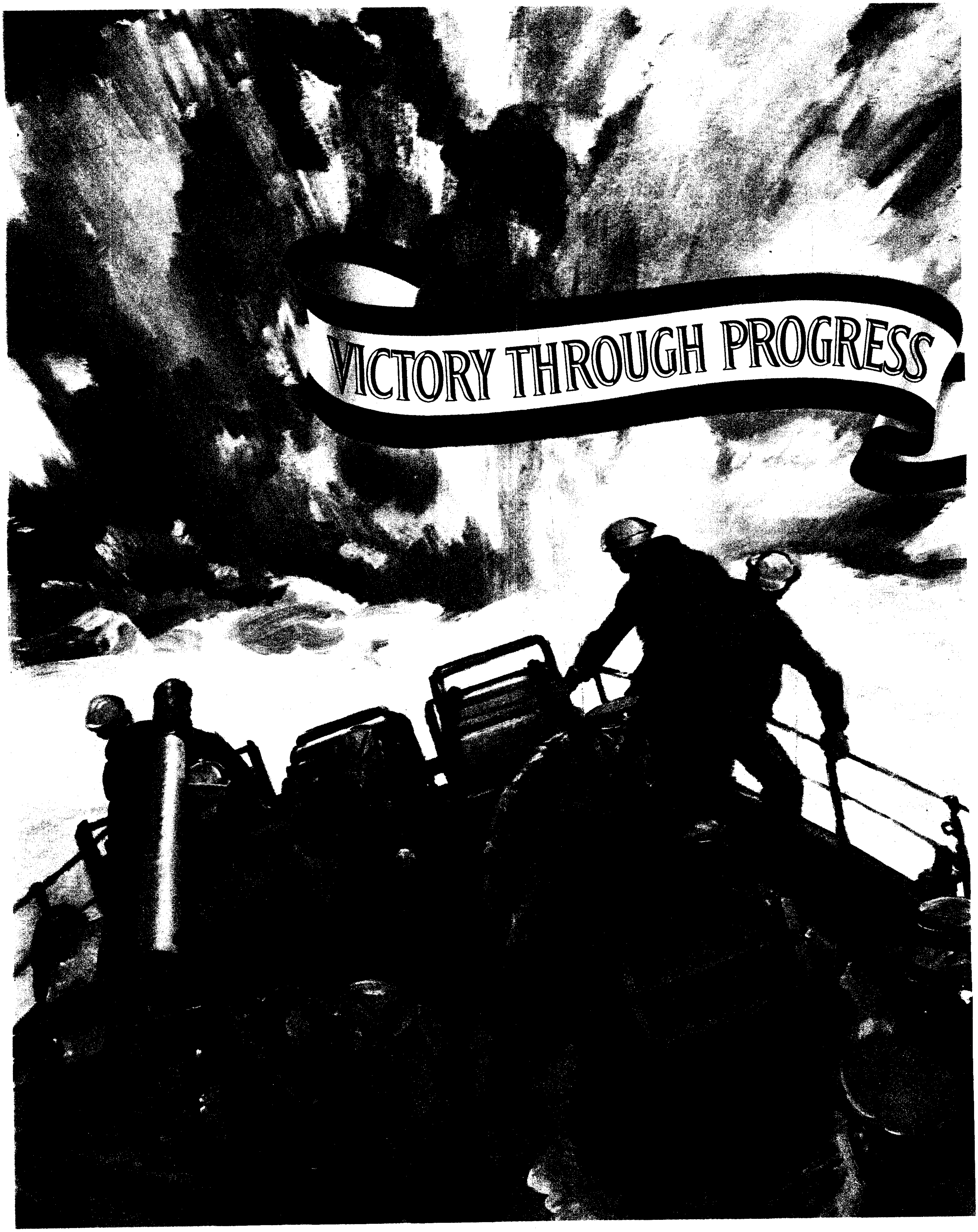
How can you know which oil is best? You can be guided by automotive and aviation experts, so many of whom use Wolf's Head. Pan American Airways has used it in the "Clippers" for over 14 years; airplane engine manufacturers use it during critical testing and breaking-in runs; Wolf's Head has been shipped all around the world for use in United Nations' planes; hundreds of operators of great truck fleets use it consistently. Wolf's Head Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.—New York, N. Y.

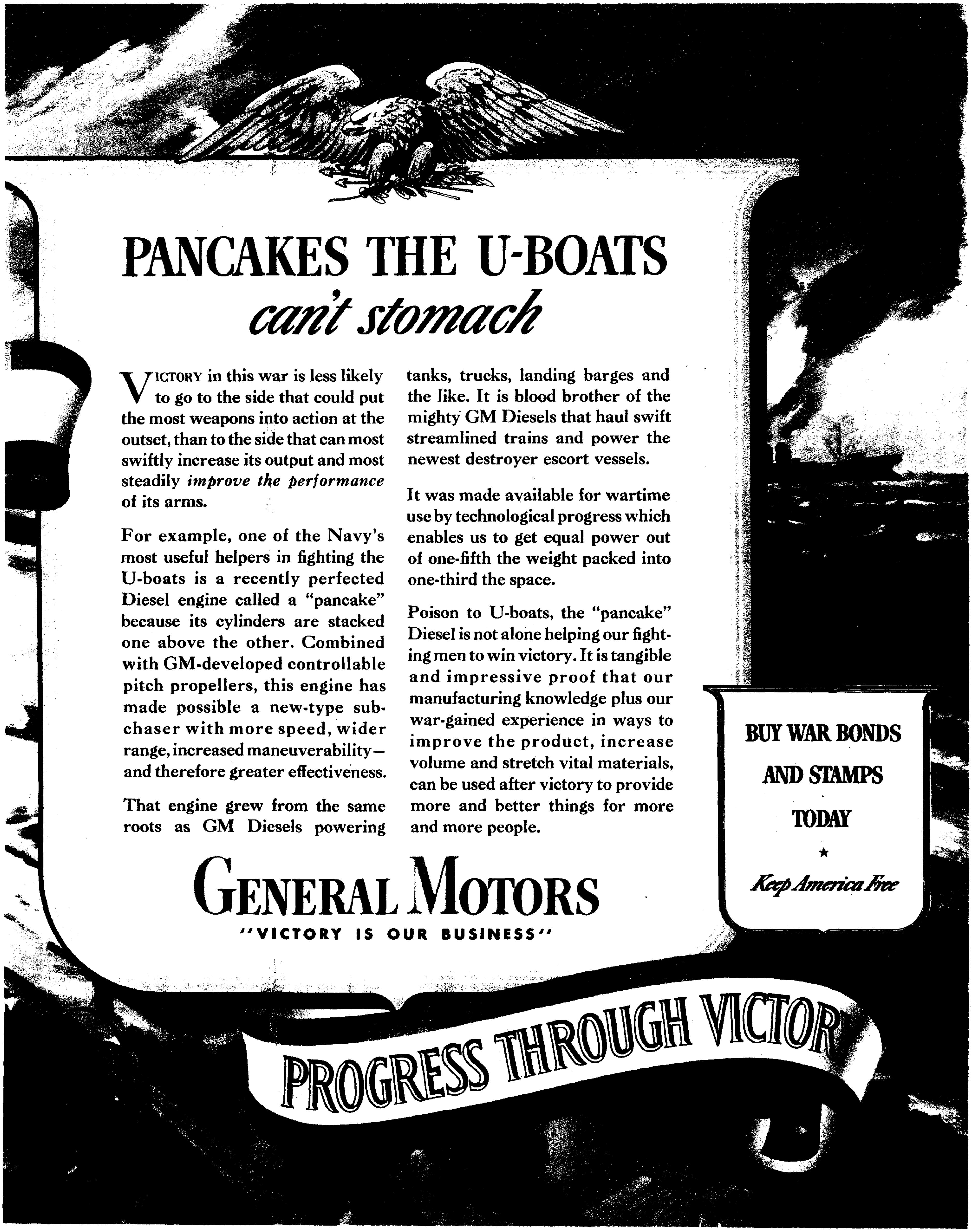
TRUCK OPERATORS: *Latest tests show Wolf's Head HEAVY DUTY OIL is definitely superior for protecting truck and bus engines. Available in drums, halves and quarters. Write today for facts and figures!*

WOLF'S HEAD

MOTOR OIL AND LUBES

100% Pennsylvania WOLF'S HEAD P.G.C.O.A. Permit No. 6


VICTORY THROUGH PROGRESS



PANCAKES THE U-BOATS *can't stomach*

VICTORY in this war is less likely to go to the side that could put the most weapons into action at the outset, than to the side that can most swiftly increase its output and most steadily *improve the performance* of its arms.

For example, one of the Navy's most useful helpers in fighting the U-boats is a recently perfected Diesel engine called a "pancake" because its cylinders are stacked one above the other. Combined with GM-developed controllable pitch propellers, this engine has made possible a new-type subchaser with more speed, wider range, increased maneuverability—and therefore greater effectiveness.

That engine grew from the same roots as GM Diesels powering tanks, trucks, landing barges and the like. It is blood brother of the mighty GM Diesels that haul swift streamlined trains and power the newest destroyer escort vessels.

It was made available for wartime use by technological progress which enables us to get equal power out of one-fifth the weight packed into one-third the space.

Poison to U-boats, the "pancake" Diesel is not alone helping our fighting men to win victory. It is tangible and impressive proof that our manufacturing knowledge plus our war-gained experience in ways to improve the product, increase volume and stretch vital materials, can be used after victory to provide more and better things for more and more people.

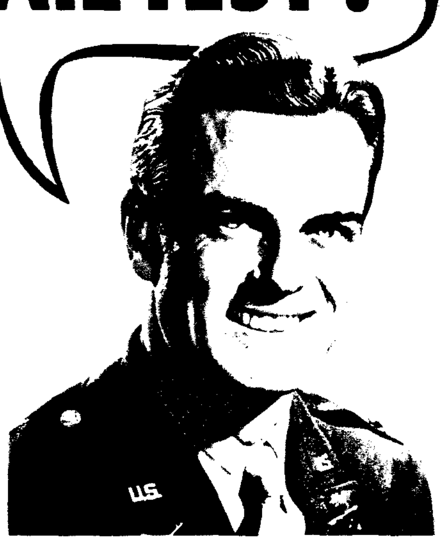
GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS
TODAY
★
Keep America Free

Can your scalp pass the FINGERNAIL TEST?

1. SCRATCH YOUR HEAD and see for yourself. If dryness or loose ugly dandruff is spoiling the looks of your hair, you need the new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula today. Safe 3-action grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff!



2. YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS with Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Gives you well groomed hair without that slicked down look. Contains no alcohol. Made with soothing Lanolin★. Get a bottle today. Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.

Try it today!

NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA

GROOMS THE HAIR . . . RELIEVES DRYNESS . . . REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

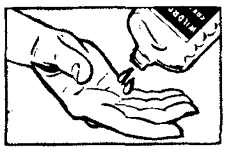
contains LANOLIN★

Don't worry if you find loose ugly dandruff under your nails when you try the Fingernail Test! New Wildroot Cream-Oil made with Lanolin★ removes loose dandruff and relieves dryness. Keeps your hair *well groomed all day* without that greasy look!

Get a bottle of Wildroot Cream-Oil today! Discover why 76 out of every 100 users, on a recent nationwide test, prefer it to hair preparations they had been using! Mild, pleasant odor. Equally good for women and children! Grooms and relieves dryness.

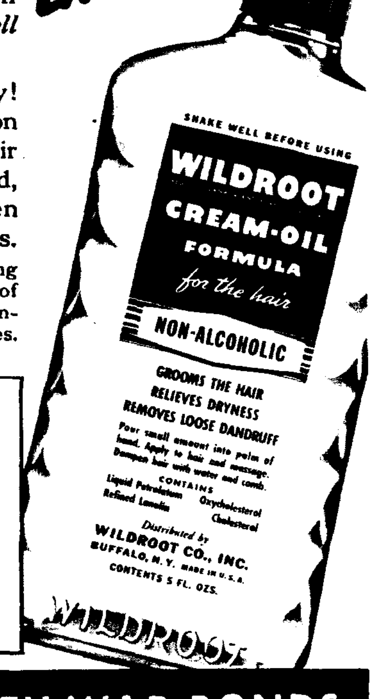
★REFINED LANOLIN is an important soothing ingredient that closely resembles the natural oil of the skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is scientifically homogenized for uniformity! Get a bottle today. Two sizes.

EASY AND ECONOMICAL TO USE!



Just pour a few drops into the palm of your hand. Rub hands together and apply to your hair.

Massage briskly. Dampen hair with water if desired. Then comb or brush in usual way.



SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FORMULA for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
Distributed by WILDROOT CO., INC. BUFFALO, N.Y.
CONTENTS 5 FL. OZS.

BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

I trust him—I trust him!" she went on restlessly. "But is it going to be this sort of thing all my life? Being magnanimous and noble, with beautiful blondes carrying on with Alan!"

"It won't be like that," Stephen assured her laughing. "Once you're married there will never be any other woman in the world for Alan but his wife."

"Horrible—liking people—" the girl said under her breath, opening the sink closet to hang up the dishpan, spreading damp tea towels on the drainboard to dry. "But that isn't what I came over to say this morning, Steve!" she added animatedly. "Mr. McMurray spoke to me at the funeral yesterday. He said that he had looked at all the general's papers and through his safe-deposit box and everywhere, and there wasn't a sign of any will. The only reference to a will was to the old one that the firm in Philadelphia had. But more than that! This firm is Swallow and something—Swallow and Bassomfield or something like that—and one of the members of it telephoned Mr. McMurray night before last and said that they were sending him a few documents in the case, they believed that to have been the latest will as far as they were concerned, and they would take immediate steps to locate Catherine What's-her-name. So that *he* thinks," Griselle concluded, her eyes shining like stars, "that very probably I will come in for my ten thousand! Imagine! And in that case I'm going to try to buy the little ranch the general meant me to have."

"Will it be ten thousand? You're not in the direct line of inheritance. Wouldn't there be a pretty stiff inheritance tax?"

"No; it says 'free of all taxes.' I could pay off Aunt Mollie's mortgage and give her enough for the new bathroom, and buy quite a nice ranch!" Griselle exulted.

LATE that afternoon, Griselle went to Mitzi's house; Mitzi was lying limp, as Griselle had expected to find her, on the couch. Alan, she said, had just gone.

"I have had the most frightful day!" Mitzi said faintly, her eyes closed. Griselle, sitting near her, noticed the violet transparency of the dropped lids, the loosened glory of the flyaway gold hair that was spread against the dark velvet cushions. "Opening up poor Dave's trunk," Mitzi went on. "Finding my picture in the silver frame, and the leather things I gave him for Christmas—brushes and mirror and boxes!" She paused, choking, and touched her eyes with a big black chiffon handkerchief monogrammed in silver. "Alan was wonderful," she presently added as Griselle made no comment. "He said so little, but he was always *there.* It's going to be awfully hard to give him up to you," Mitzi finished wistfully, managing a little smile. "I know—" she went on quickly, "I know how he feels. Bound to you in honor, that sort of thing. But I like him so much!"

The last was on a childish note, appealing and sweet. Griselle got to her feet and walked to the window.

"Don't talk nonsense!" she said.

"That isn't nonsense," Mitzi countered in quick resentment.

Then for a long while there was silence. Griselle meditated flight. Just as soon as she could speak composedly she would leave this house, and immediately afterward she would leave Berkeley, leave California, leave America. She would become a nurse, and go off to foreign war zones. And perhaps there when she was absorbed in her mission of love and service, Alan would some day walk into a field hospital—notice a nurse bending over a wounded man—

SHE came abruptly out of her dream. Hurried footsteps had sounded on the porch, in the hall. The girls turned to see Walter McMurray in the doorway. He was out of breath and looked excited; he addressed Griselle.

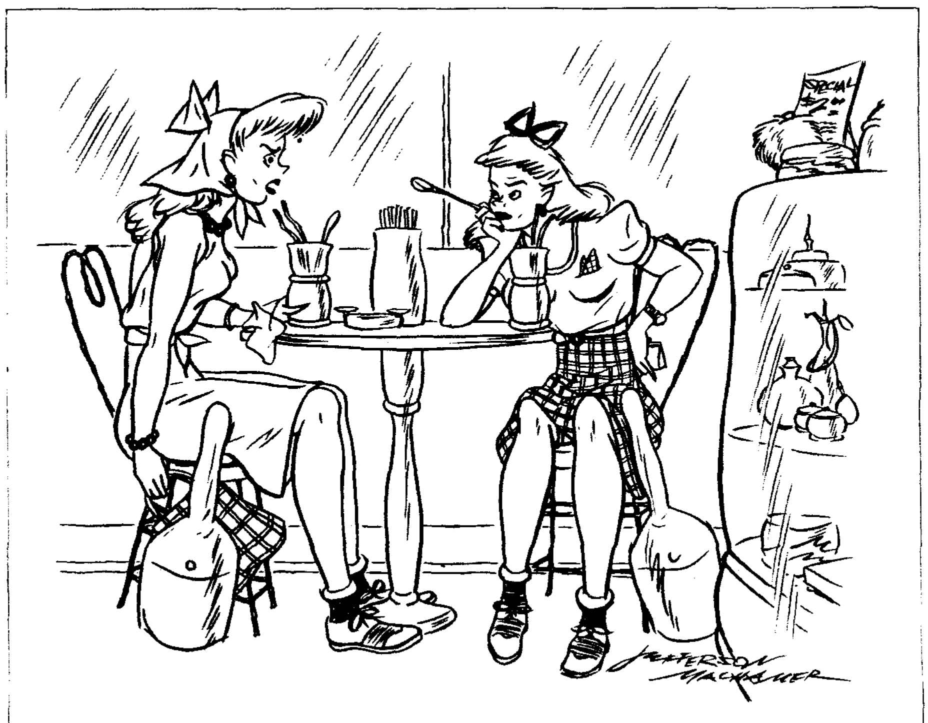
"Miss Mountjoy, I'm sorry to come in without warning this way. But I've been trying to find you," he said. "I have some very strange news for you. I telephoned Mrs. Cruickshank, and she said you might be here. May I sit down? Will you sit down? *Now*—"

As Mitzi turned about on the couch to face him bewilderedly, and Griselle, puzzled, took a chair, he drew from his brief case a long envelope and opened it impressively.

"This letter," he said, "came from General Cruickshank's lawyers in Philadelphia by air today. I immediately telephoned Mr. Bassomville, Jr., in New York. I had looked at the document; it contains news for you, Miss Mountjoy. It is a letter addressed 'To Whom It May Concern,' and it is in General Cruickshank's handwriting. It begins, 'Concerning my dearly beloved granddaughter, Griselle Mountjoy,' and it leaves his entire estate to you."

"Granddaughter!" Griselle said in a sharp whisper.

"He never married!" Mitzi exclaimed. "That's a forgery! It's a forgery!"



"Listen—he's handsome an' virile enough to be in a comic strip!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"He never married," Walter McMurray said. "But when he was a much younger man, he had an affair with a woman named Ingeborg Johansen, and she had a son. That son was reared and educated in his mother's care; he never knew who his father was. In time he married, and had a child of his own. A little girl who was adopted by friends of the general, who brought her up as their own and gave her their name."

Griselle spoke in a moment of intense silence; her voice hardly audible. Her eyes were blazing fires.

"And that name?" she asked, swallowing with a dry throat.

"That name is Mountjoy," Walter McMurray said.

"YOU thought of this Laura Carberry Mountjoy as your mother?" Walter McMurray asked gently.

"She *was* my mother," Griselle answered in a thick, tearful voice. She had been crying; her eyes were wet; her manner almost sullen.

"And Professor Quentin Keith Mountjoy as your grandfather?"

"He *was* my grandfather," Griselle persisted. "I never heard of Conrad Johansen; I don't know anything about him!"

"Will you read this paper, Miss Mountjoy? It is headed, 'Concerning my dearly beloved granddaughter, Griselle Mountjoy.' I have already read it," the lawyer said.

"Alan," Griselle said passionately, "how could a paper like this have anything to do with me!"

"Why, Griselle, darling," Alan said, half laughing and half pitying, "it means you are very rich. It means any amount of money for you. At least *read* it!"

He had come in a few minutes earlier to find the group in the sitting room electrified into immobility by the amazing statement Walter McMurray had so breathlessly made. The document that had just arrived from the East consisted of several pages upon which General Andrew Cruickshank had bared the secret of half a century.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, read it, Alan," Mitzi commanded him impatiently. "It all sounds crazy to me," she muttered resentfully, "and I think it's a fake!"

"Want me to?" Alan asked. Griselle, still stunned and bewildered, nodded her head, her eyes for some reason she could not herself understand filling again. There was silence in the sitting room into which the last light of a fog-shrouded autumn day was filtering. Mitzi sat erect on the couch, her angry eyes turning from one member of the group to another; Griselle was trying to efface herself as far as was possible in her big wing chair; Walter McMurray and Alan were at the table, with the light of a single lamp falling upon the paper Alan had in his hands.

"Concerning my dearly beloved granddaughter, Griselle Mountjoy," he read. "I wish to make a statement concerning my granddaughter, known as Griselle Mountjoy. I am writing this at the Little Indian Creek Tavern, in January of the year 1942, hoping that after my death it will help to clear up any doubts as to her identity and parentage, and that whatever material comfort I can leave her will compensate her for the inevitable shock this declaration will give her. She is of no blood relationship whatsoever to the Mountjoy family. Her grandparents are myself and Ingeborg Johansen, at one time a servant in my mother's house in Maryland. Her father Conrad Johansen was my son by Ingeborg.

"He was born in September, 1898, while I was away in the Philippines with the Army," Alan read on. "Upon my return I learned for the first time from my mother that Ingeborg had had a child. At the time I was embarked upon a promising career, slated for promotion, and engaged to be married to a Washington girl of a prominent family. To my lasting regret and shame, I was unwilling to do the right thing by the child of my liaison by marriage with his mother, nor was Ingeborg especially pressing that I should. She was established comfortably in Philadelphia, and for all the years of his youth I was regarded by my son as merely a friend and benefactor. He was well educated, had some years of European travel, and became a commercial photographer. In 1922 he married a French girl, Catherine Borel.

"His mother, Ingeborg, had meanwhile died, and before the birth of his daughter, Griselle, my beloved granddaughter, my son also died suddenly. It was then that Catherine brought the child to me, saying that she wished to go back to France, and preferred to leave the child in America. I believe she intended to return, but instead she married one of her own countrymen and died childless several years later.

"It was when I was desperately seeking for a solution of the problem of raising a baby granddaughter that my beloved friend and neighbor, Louise Carberry Mountjoy, proposed to me that as she was childless and widowed, she should assume charge of Griselle. The result was that she became so devoted to the child that within a few months she begged that she might adopt her and give her her name.

"I saw my little dark-eyed girl grow up in the house next door to mine, and after I disposed of my own Maryland home, by making long visits at the Tavern I could still watch her. For many years I was determined that she should never know of her own story, but now the principals are all dead and the time has come to make a new will and to include in it as beneficiaries not only my granddaughter, Griselle, but my brother Philip's daughter, Miriam Cruickshank Armitage, and my brother George's son, Doctor Samuel Cruickshank, of Berkeley, California."

THE document finished with some carefully annotated references to birth and death certificates.

"He says a new will!" Mitzi exclaimed the instant Alan's voice ceased. "Where is it?"

"I presume it is what he had drafted for me to put into shape," McMurray said. "That is the will he was to sign on the very day he died."

"I think if you don't mind I'll go home," Griselle said, getting to her feet. She had greeted the announcement of her inheritance with a burst of tears, had sat listening to Alan's reading of her grandfather's letter with a tear-streaked, colorless face and tightly closed lips. Now she seemed not to be hearing anything they were saying; when the lawyer asked her for an appointment for a talk about her now so strangely changed affairs she answered him absently, almost with an air of weariness.

"Things can go on here as they are, can't they? Tomorrow—? Yes, I can be here at ten tomorrow. Anything you like."

"It must feel very pleasant to realize that you are a rich woman, Griselle," Mitzi said on a bitter note.

"It isn't. I didn't want it," Griselle answered very low. "My head aches—I'm going to lie down—"

"I'll take you home," Alan and Walter McMurray said together.

"No, thank you," she answered quickly, not looking at either. "I really want—Thank you very much, but I want to be alone."

An hour later Mrs. Cruickshank found her crying on her bed. Or, rather, she had been crying, as her kindly Aunt Mollie instantly perceived.

"Griselle, you didn't come down to help

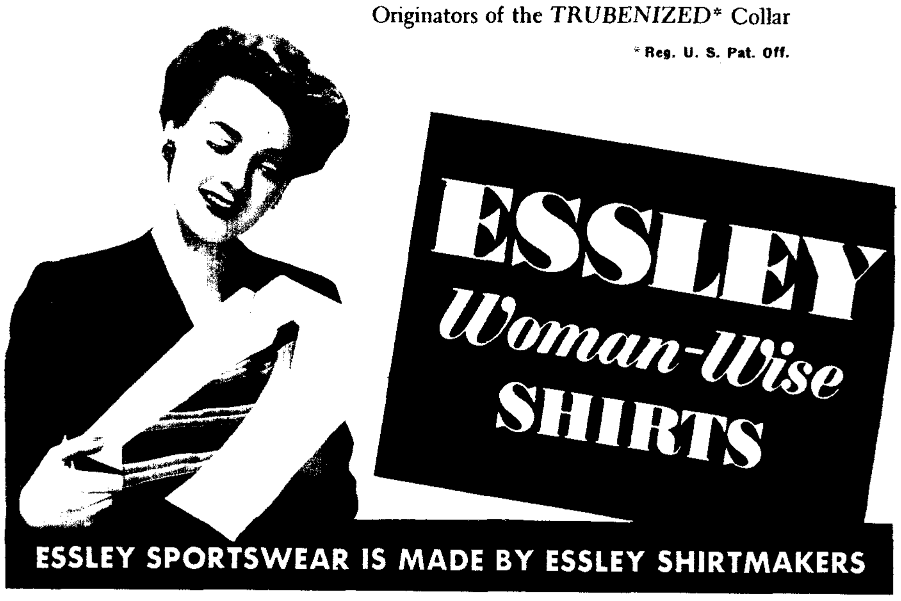
What's a woman doing in a man's shirt ad?

A woman knows what looks best on a man! She has a sixth sense that tells her what is becoming and well made . . . and that's where Essley Woman-Wise Shirts win her complete approval. They're styled by America's foremost men's fashion authority and tailored by master craftsmen in the true Troy tradition—the highest standard of shirtmaking! For your pleasure, see them—in a wide variety of patterns and fabrics!

It pays to look for the store that features Essley. $1.75, $2, $2.25, $2.50 and up. Essley Shirt Company, Empire State Building, New York City.

Originators of the TRUBENIZED* Collar

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



BRILLIANCE WITH A PURPOSE

Like mirrors and jewels is the sparkle of polished metal parts in an Allison — but the eye cannot begin to see the perfection this brilliance reflects.

For one of the challenges in making aircraft engines is this . . .

To preserve — by exquisite accuracy of manufacture and finish — all of the inherent strength and endurance in every ounce of material used.

This need for perfection is nothing new to Allison. For years it has been our special province to handle metals with precision and lapidarian skill.

In today's tasks we are advantaged by all that General Motors has to offer in production techniques.

The result is a liquid-cooled aircraft engine which in performance can speak for itself — and an engine which we are resolved to make the finest in the world.

KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY MORE BONDS

POWERED BY
ALLISON
P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
P-51—Mustang

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF

GM
GENERAL
MOTORS

me with supper?" Mrs. Cruickshank said from the doorway.

"Oh, is it nearly time?" Griselle started up, tousled and apologetic.

"It's after seven, dear. We've had our supper." The older woman sat down, laying a hand on Griselle's hand. "Is it Alan?" she asked. "Is it Mitzi and Alan?"

"Not quite," Griselle answered, gulping and smiling. "It's all mixed up," she went on, her lips beginning to tremble again. "I thought I was someone and I'm not. Didn't anyone tell you?"

"Nobody told me anything," said Mollie Cruickshank, looking puzzled. "All I know is that Mr. McMurray came here this afternoon and seemed very anxious to get hold of you and I said he might find you at Mitzi's."

"Well, it was a letter from General Cruickshank," Griselle began. "You remember that everything was left to Catherine Johansen? That was my mother. General Cruickshank was my grandfather."

"No, darling; you are old Oliver Mountjoy's granddaughter," Mollie said gently. "You're tired, Griselle. You—"

"But the Mountjoys just adopted me," Griselle interrupted.

"Oh, no; they didn't. Uncle Andrew used to talk about you years ago when he used to see you at your grandfather's."

"But, don't you see, that was because I was really his granddaughter! It was when he was younger; he fell in love with one of the maids in his mother's house—Ingeborg Johansen. That was—oh, a long time ago. He would have been nearly forty then; he wasn't a young boy. I suppose he felt it would ruin his career to marry her!" Griselle said bitterly. "He went away to the Spanish War," she continued, "and when he came back his mother told him that this maid had had a baby, a little boy named Conrad. That was my father. The boy grew up and married the Catherine who was my mother."

"Let's tell Sam about this," Mollie said in a stupefied voice, unable to stand the excitement of the revelation alone. They went down to the doctor's consulting room, and Griselle went over the story again.

"But what are you crying about?" the old doctor demanded. "You've come in for a fortune, and it's the first time I've ever seen you cry."

"It's because—" Griselle began, experiencing a little difficulty again, "I seem to have lost so much. My mother—I loved my mother, and she wasn't my mother. My own mother hadn't cared much about me; as soon as my father died she turned me over to a strange woman. And my dear old grandfather—he wasn't my grandfather at all!"

"But they were good to you, and you were lucky," Mollie said in her sensible way. "Now you come out to the kitchen and finish up the crab salad, and I'll make you a cup of tea—but you don't like tea, do you?"

"It makes my nose red," Griselle said, smiling resolutely, wiping her eyes and moving various hairpins here and there to tighten the loosened braids of her hair. "But I am hungry, and I suppose I must reconcile myself to inheriting a fortune!" she ended with a shaky laugh.

TWO transports together and after them a third troopship had come creeping into San Francisco Bay under cover of the night, loaded with wounded boys from the south seas. Alan was called to hard duty; was busy night and day. Grinning boys, perhaps with a head bandage showing, an arm in a sling, a helping crutch or stick, were loaded on the trains at Oakland, were headed safely for Buffalo and Santa Fe, Butte and Columbus, Augusta, Maine, and Augusta, Georgia. Alan was sent with a boy on a stretcher to a New Jersey home. Griselle was free to resume her visits to Stephen without meeting Alan. She did not want to meet him.

"Getting used to being rich?" Steve asked her.

"Oh, beginning to love it," she admitted shamefacedly. "Who wouldn't?"

"And what does Aunt Mollie get out of it?"

"Oh, that." Her bright color came up. "Well, I'm going by the conditions of the new will," she reminded him.

"You said so that first day. But I didn't know—money changes people. Too much cotton wool is stifling to the feelings. I'm glad it hasn't changed you." He paused. "How much did he leave you?"

"I don't know. Lots. McMurray is working over it all; the contents of safe-deposit boxes are coming on from Philadelphia; it's going to be weeks before it's all cleared up. Meanwhile I have an allowance for the house and wages. Not for me. I still have plenty of money."

"And what's Mitzi's attitude now?" he asked.

"Sulky. Resentful. She seems to feel that it's my fault. But the will was written the year I was born, so I can hardly be held responsible."

Her typewriter clicked for a few minutes; then she stopped again.

"Steve," she said, "this money will change my life."

"I suppose it will."

"In this way, I mean. It seems to oblige me to—to make something of myself. If I hadn't it, nobody would blame me for not amounting to much. But when you have money you have to be cultured and—well, superior. I'm not going to marry for years now, Steve," Griselle ended thoughtfully.

"Not?"

"No; I think there's been too much talk about who's in love with whom, and who's going to marry whom," Griselle explained it somewhat confusedly. "I don't think I'm *developed* enough to marry. I've an idea that if girls don't marry at eighteen or nineteen, right off, you know, they wait much longer. You can be married at twenty-six or twenty-eight, Steve, and still have children and a natural life," Griselle argued seriously.

"You can, indeed," Stephen answered, his lips twitching a little.

"Alan won't look at me now with all those thousands a year and I don't want him to," Griselle went on. Tears suddenly stood in her dark eyes. "I've made a mess of everything, and especially Alan," she said. "I was just in too much of a hurry. I thought he *had* to love me, and Mitzi couldn't have him, and every postman's whistle and telephone call meant nothing but that he might want to see me. It was all very silly.

"I feel much older now, Steve—terribly older. And I'm going to be wiser and happier too. If Alan marries Mitzi—"

"Alan won't marry Mitzi."

"I don't think he will, or anyone. And I know I won't marry anyone. Mitzi'll find someone else—she always does—and Alan will go away to the service, and everything will quiet down. I'll settle all the general's—my grandfather's affairs," Griselle said, "and go up to my little ranch and work away like mad at my stories and send them down to you to read and correct, and maybe you and your mother'll come up there and stay sometime, and we'll all write Alan. And then when he comes back everything will straighten out."

"I THINK you're wise, my very dear little sister," Stephen said, looking up from his work, to which he had returned his attention. "I don't pretend for one instant that Alan isn't a freak—he is. His life has made him anxious and nervous and apologetic in some ways, and yet terribly big in others."

"Women like a man to be like that," Griselle said simply. "A fool where they're concerned, and wise and strong and silent and bossy at the same time."

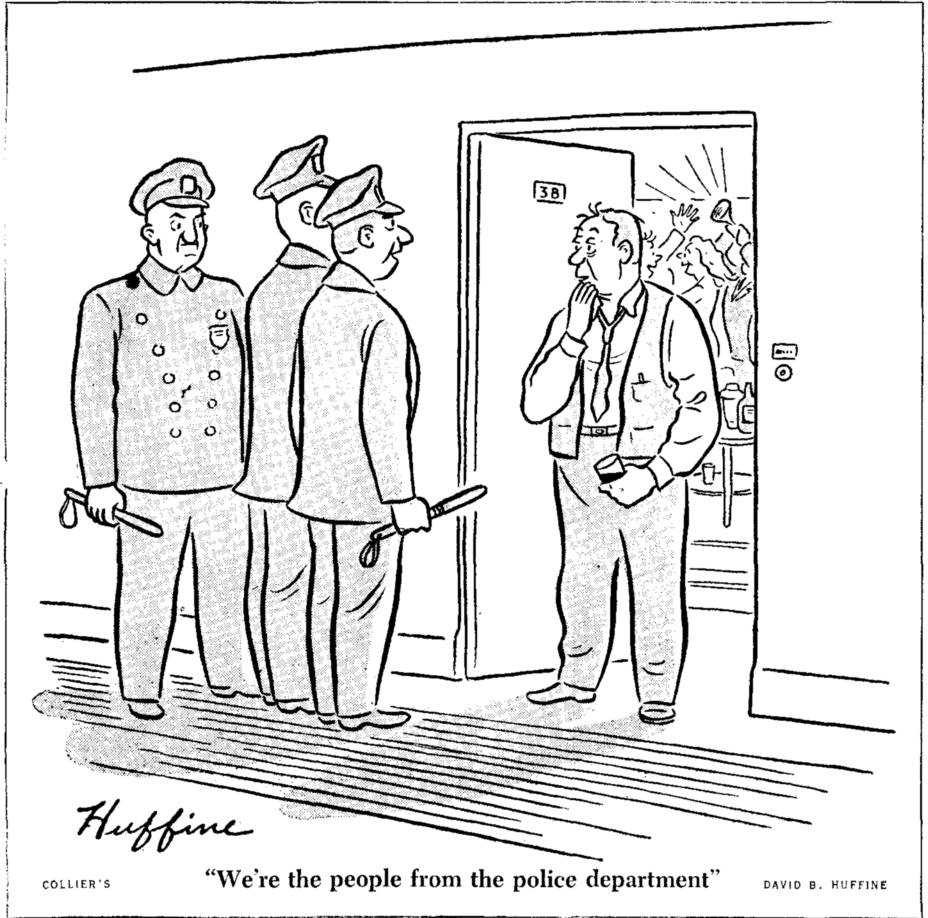
"He'll be home again, and perhaps gone again, in another six days," Stephen commented. "And I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Mitzi flitted away too, once she gets that twenty thousand. Any woman who looks like that has no trouble making new friends."

"She resents the war conditions that make it impossible for her to go to Europe," Griselle told him. "She says she thinks David would want her to travel and forget."

"Did she say that?" Stephen asked, his mouth twitching.

"Quite seriously, to Aunt Mollie last night."

"Alan's completely disillusioned as far



COLLIER'S "We're the people from the police department" DAVID B. HUFFINE

ALL THIS EXTRA FLAVOR RATION FREE!

You get Lea & Perrins Sauce without spending a single point! . . . But more important, this tangy, tempting flavor "saves" meat-saving dishes. Makes them *different* and delicious. Try it!

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE
The ORIGINAL Worcestershire!

AVOID ANOTHER WINTER OF CHILLY ROOMS

apply BALSAM-WOOL *Attic Insulation Now*

Yes, winter in your home can be warmer—more comfortable—more healthful—despite fuel shortages and restrictions. Apply Balsam-Wool Attic Insulation *NOW*—to prevent chilly rooms—to provide fuel savings up to 20%! Balsam-Wool is the famous high-efficiency blanket insulation that's so quickly and easily applied in your attic . . . that is moistureproof, flameproof, windproof and sturdy . . . sold under a *money-back guarantee* of complete satisfaction. Your lumber dealer can offer liberal credit terms —see him or mail coupon.

WOOD CONVERSION COMPANY
Dept. 199-9, First National Bank Bldg.
St. Paul, Minnesota

Gentlemen: I want to know more about Balsam-Wool for ☐ New Construction ☐ Remodeling.

To assist us in giving you special information, please check: I am a homeowner ☐, renter ☐, architect ☐, student ☐, contractor ☐.

Name..
Address..
City..........................State.........

"Why so blue, McGrew?"

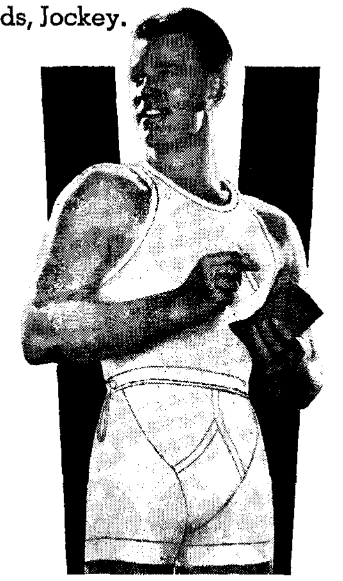
McGREW: Because the gas business has gone to pot, Jockey. I suppose the war affects you, too. I have trouble finding Jockey Underwear!

JOCKEY: Indeed it does, McGrew. Jockey Underwear—of which I'm the trade-mark—is in greater demand today than ever before. Naturally Uncle Sam has first call on raw materials so our regular customers have trouble finding Jockey.

McGREW: Well, then, how come you're so cheerful?

JOCKEY: Because everyone is accepting difficulties without complaint. People are willing to shop around for popular brands like Jockey! They know that trade-marks like me, and the trade-mark of your gasoline, are the *backbone* of the American economic system. In war or peace, good times or bad, trade-marked merchandise provides the greatest assurance of satisfaction.

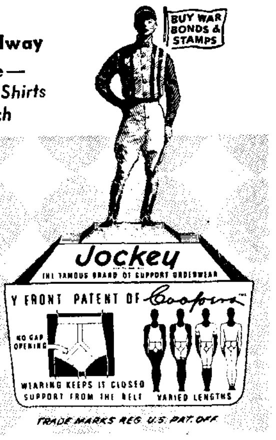
McGREW: I guess that goes for all brands, Jockey.



JOCKEY: Yes, we trade-marks make it easy for Americans to buy with confidence and get their money's worth. Manufacturers regard their trade-marks as great responsibilities. They spare no expense to keep faith with the public. Even when changes are forced because of wartime shortages they use all their designing skill and material research to make their products the best obtainable.

McGREW: You're right, Jockey. We are learning a lot these days. When peace comes, our customers will be served better than ever. Meanwhile, we can both be proud of what our companies are doing to help win the war—and be thankful that we can have a hand in the job, too!

Jockey Midway
Two-piece—
Contoured Shirts
to Match



TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Jockey Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA / WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

as she's concerned," Stephen said. "But he does feel bound to be of use to her in what the dear old idiot imagines is her time of grief. Well, a little interval will help everything, Griselle. Alan feels now—he's not put it into words—but he isn't going to turn to you now, when he's hurt you and preferred another woman to you, and ask you to forget it all and bestow yourself and your fortune on him. I know him well enough for that. But time will change everything, and—" He looked back at his work, spoke unemotionally, "And I'll have my little sister yet!" he said.

"Whatever happens you've got your little sister!" Griselle assured him, without any self-consciousness in the bright look she gave him. "Our careers are all going to keep step, Steve. Alan in the surgery, you in the laboratory, and me writing stories. My having this ridiculous money isn't going to make any difference about my working hard. But when the war's over," Griselle said, leaning back, her hands locked behind her head, her eyes on the heavy, dusty leaves of the apple tree, "when we can get bricks and lumber again, I'm going to do wonders for that ranch."

THERE was a long silence. "Steve," Griselle said, struck by a sudden thought, "I've thought several times of asking you this. My real name is Johansen. Would you change, if you were me?"

"In California," he said, "your name is whatever you sign yourself. I wouldn't change. You were legally adopted, weren't you? You were given the Mountjoy name?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then I wouldn't change, and start people speculating and talking."

"You quiet me down, Steve," Griselle said after a moment during which she had studied him with affectionate eyes. "And that's what the whole situation seems to need. Quieting down and not fussing; just a breathing space. Emma and I," she went on, "are clearing out the general's house. Mitzi wanted a few of the silver pieces, and I was only too glad to give them to her; they'd never fit a ranch. That made her feel a little better. Then I'm not going to live in the house, and she was glad of that."

"Why not live in the house?"

"Me?" Griselle asked, appalled. "Oh, I couldn't. It's to be sold, furnished, pretty much as it stands, if we can find a buyer. I never would want an establishment like that, Steve," she said, almost reproachfully.

"Well, I didn't know!" he said, laughing. "And I can't imagine," he added, "what objection Mitzi could find to your living there."

"Just—that she was mistress there and she doesn't want to see me in her place."

"I see. Well, perhaps that's natural enough," Stephen conceded.

"If I leave this—it's only four pages—will you have time to read it?" Griselle said, gathering the pages of her manuscript together.

"I certainly will."

She came down to his end of the table, laid the papers beside him, and leaned over his shoulder. The soft frill at her breast touched his cheek; the perfume, the warmth, the youngness of her were very close. A swift, oblique, smiling glance reached him from the dark-lashed eyes that were so near his own.

"What on earth is that—a map of the Balkans after the war?" she asked.

"No; it's the inside of an eye."

"Oh, now, Steve, don't tell me that all that machinery's inside one's head! It gives me the most horrible headache to think of it."

"It's all there." He looked at his drawing thoughtfully. And then suddenly, savagely, she was gripped and brought down close to him; suddenly his fierce voice was at her ear. "Do you think," he said measuredly, "that I am not human? Do you think for one instant that you can be here—talking with me—laughing with me—"

A silence. She was standing some distance from him now, her breath coming fast.

"I beg your pardon," said Stephen formally, his eyes on his work, his drawing pen making a fine touch or two on the paper. He did not look up. "I am very sorry," he went on. "I hope you'll forgive me."

"Oh, Steve, there's nothing to forgive!" she whispered breathlessly.

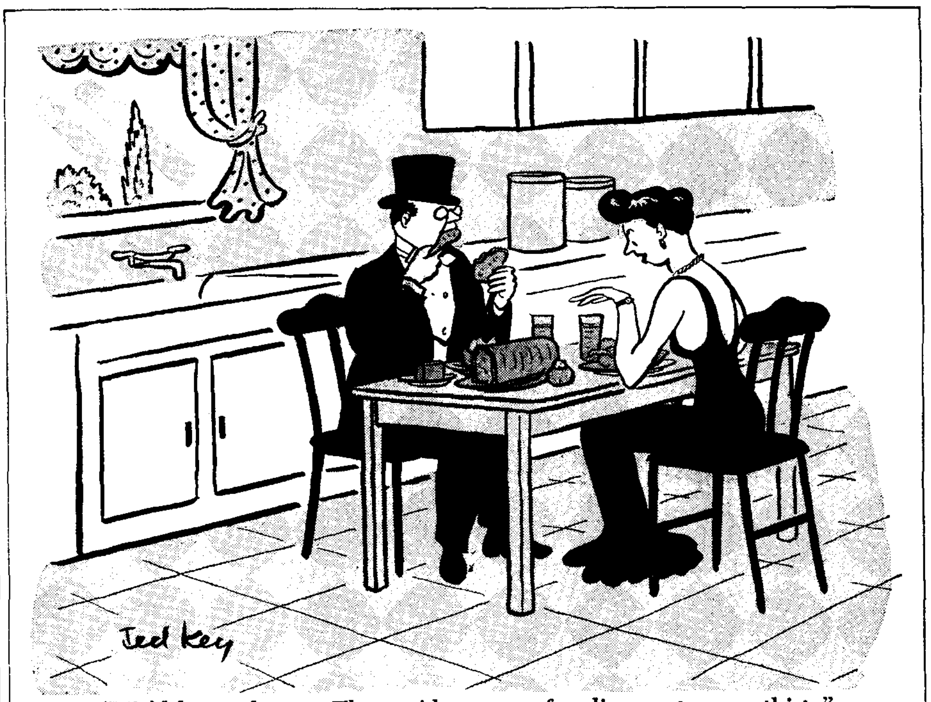
"How did you *think* it was?" he asked, busily working.

"I didn't—I don't think I thought—"

"Because I am crippled," he said firmly. "Well, one would like to be worthy of your consideration in the matter, even if it was only to anger you. You're going home?"

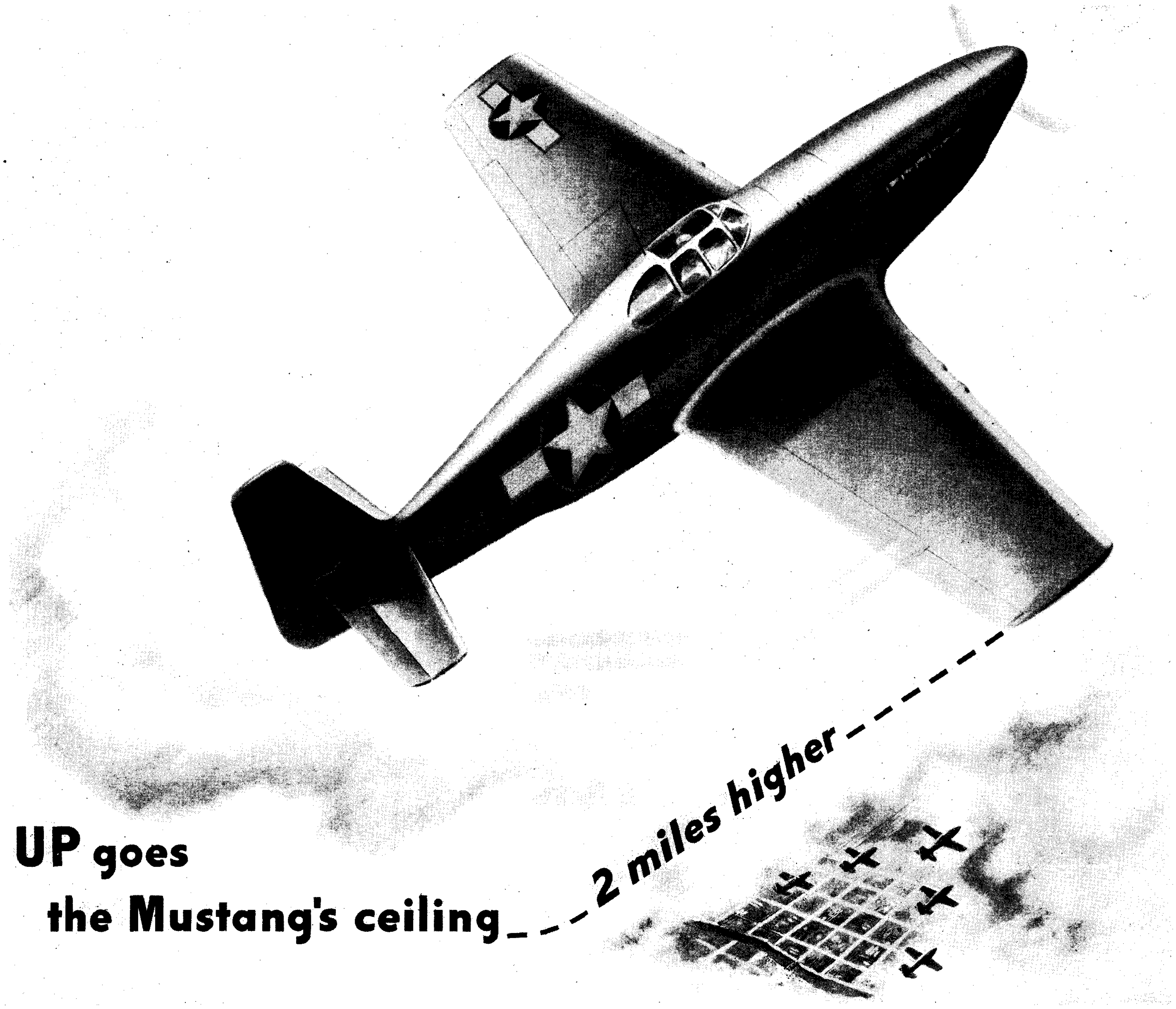
"Yes; I—I— Tell your mother I had to go," she said, reaching for his mother's name as for a protecting presence. She stood in the path for a second, fluttered, infinitely distressed, but he did not look up again, and after a faltered, "I'll see you soon," she turned and went away.

(To be concluded next week)



"We'd better hurry. They said to come for dinner at seven-thirty"

COLLIER'S TED KEY



UP goes the Mustang's ceiling – – – 2 miles higher – – – – – –

THE BOYS WHO'VE been flying the bullet-like North American Mustang say it's one of the Army's hottest fighters.

Time and again, though heavily outnumbered by the enemy, they've turned in spectacular box scores.

Imagine, then, what these hell-for-leather American fighter pilots are going to do when they get an even *hotter* Mustang—an even *swifter* Mustang—a Mustang they can push upstairs into the thin high air *farther* and *faster* than they ever could before.

And that's exactly what they're going to get!

For this superb plane is now being powered by the Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine, with a new supercharged surprise:

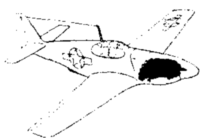
British and Packard engineers have found a way to skyrocket the Mustang 2 miles higher than its effective fighting ceiling used to be!

Two more miles of blue sky for Mustang pilots to fight in!

To make this possible, Packard has added engines for the Mustang to its mass-production output—another contribution to the finest fighting Air Force flyers in the world.

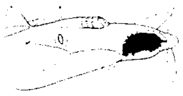
PACKARD **Precision-Built Power**

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

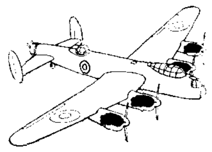


MUSTANG
fighter

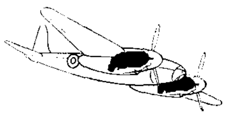
WARHAWK
fighter



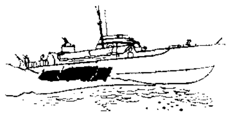
HURRICANE
fighter



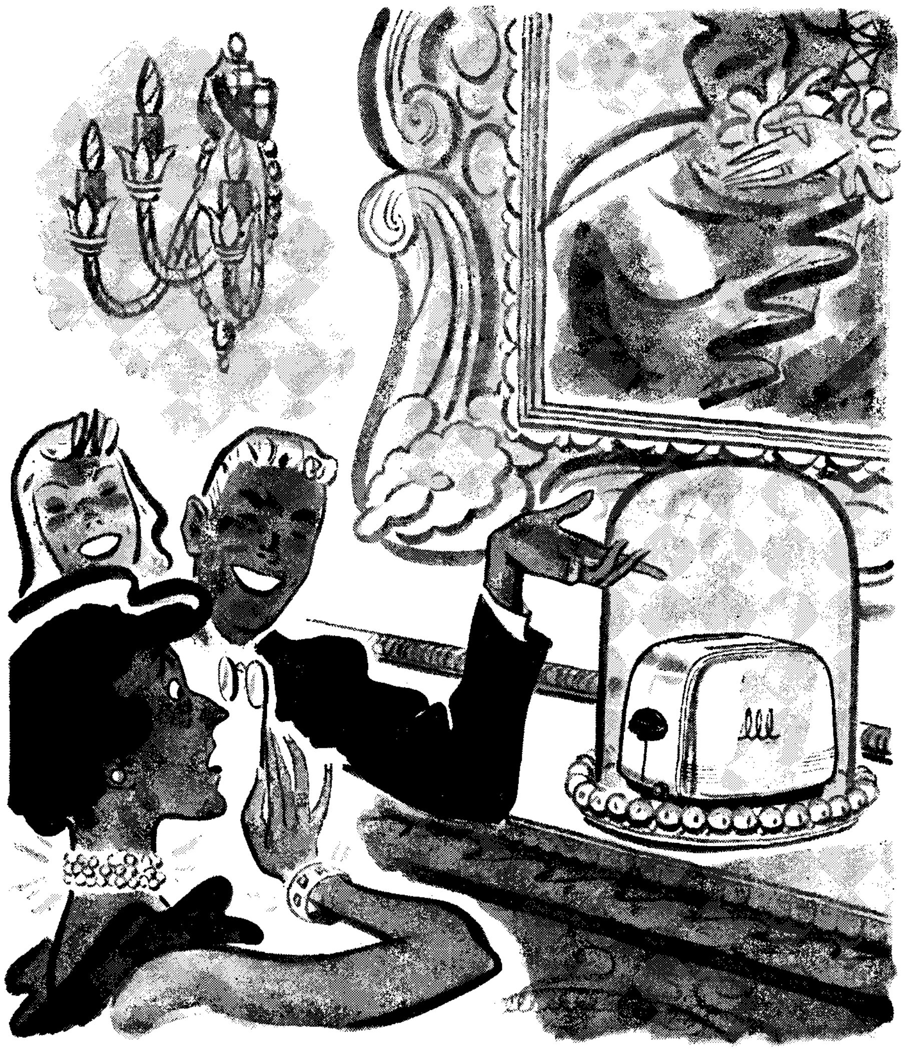
LANCASTER
bomber



MOSQUITO
fighter-bomber



NAVY
PT boats

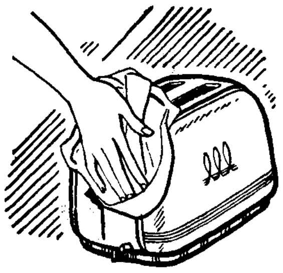


"WE KEEP IT HERE BETWEEN MEALS"

That's proper pride . . . and prudence. An irreplaceable possession like a *Toastmaster* toaster deserves to be cherished. Because—what would you do without it?

It's not merely the cheerfulness of *Toastmaster* toast for *breakfast*—popped up perfect every time, with no watching, turning, or burning. It's the way this delicious toast—bread in its most digestible form—"extends" scarce or rationed foods. Serve them on toast—on *Toastmaster* toast—and they'll look like more and taste like more.

We aren't making toasters now—ours is a full-time war job. So buy War Bonds instead. That's *everybody's* job this month—to put the Third War Loan over the top. *Back the attack—with War Bonds!*



SIMPLE CARE . . . FOR YEARS OF WEAR

Even a long-enduring *Toastmaster** toaster lasts longer and toasts better if well treated. Remove crumbs often. Don't risk damaging the heating elements by prying inside with a fork. Don't jerk the cord or coil it around the toaster while hot. Oil occasionally, unless you have one of our latest models. And see your dealer for repairs.

TOASTMASTER *toasters*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*"Toastmaster" is a registered trademark of McGraw Electric Company, Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Ill. Copyright 1943, McGraw Electric Co., manufacturers of Buss Electric Fuses, Clark Electric Water Heaters and Toastmaster Products.

The Destruction of Germany

Continued from page 15

ure to the shellacking of the submarine pens by the Eighth.

Loss statistics don't show that night raiding is safer than day raiding. Actually, at this writing, the percentages show a shade more havoc for the latter, but this has no useful relation to the job of winning the war. There's no such thing as "safe" or "safer" warfare. Inherently it is a business of death and wastage. What democratic war leaders can and do seek, however, is economy of life: that economy ("safety," if you will) is often best served by quick prodigality with equipment, material and human lives. Night and day bombings are safer than either method alone.

Many of the trappings of Fortresses and Liberators, needful in daytime, are useless at night. Yet scrapping them wouldn't make room for all their equivalent weight in bombs. Any keenly useful, high-performance airplane is too acutely designed for such versatility. Consider just three examples in the American heavies: armament, bomb sights and exhausts.

Each of our four-engine bombers carries nearly 2,000 pounds of ammunition for its guns, and the latter weigh more than 3,500 pounds, a total weight of active defensive equipment (not including armor) of nearly 3 tons. Left out, that could not be replaced by 3 additional tons of bombs without redesigning throughout the ship.

The insignificant weight saved by removing the bomb sight would be more than offset by the large weight of flares essential in area bombing. Night raids are commonly preceded by planes that drop target-marker flares. As much as a fifth of the total load of an R.A.F. night formation might be taken up by incendiaries and flares. Compared practically, the 8-ton possible load capacity of the Lancaster and the three tons of Fort isn't really a five-ton difference. The heavy-explosives-per-plane loading of a British raid is probably closer to 3 tons, the rest being taken up by flares and incendiaries. The load of each Yank plane is all heavy explosive bombs—the most useful on small, concentrated targets.

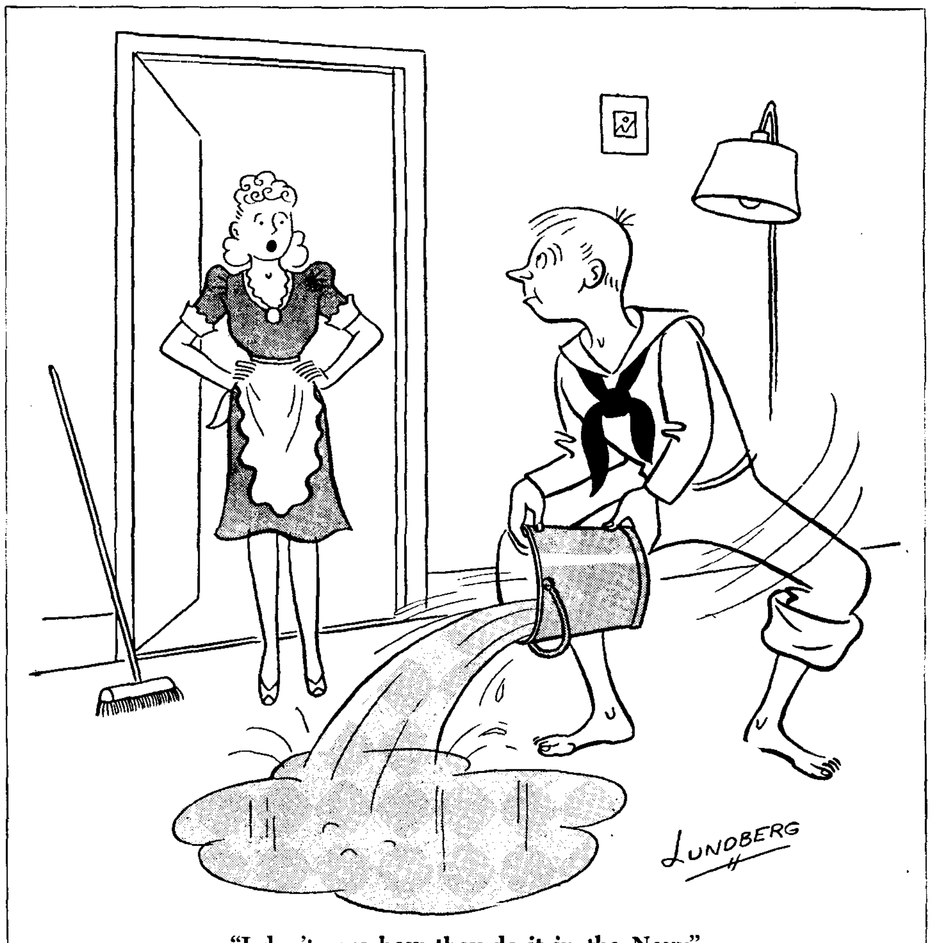
To maintain flight efficiency at the high altitudes from which they bomb, our heavies are equipped with turbosuperchargers. These are not customarily flame-dampened, and the exhausts make a spectacular glow in the dark—flaming torches for the benefit of flak gunners and night fighters. Corrective gear is heavy, takes hours to install, and affects performance. Nevertheless, it will be installed on some, so that approaches can be made by night for dawn bombing, or return trips homeward can be made in darkness after dusk assaults.

Retraining for Night Flying

As with the ships themselves, so with their crews. Ours are trained for day operations. They would have to be re-educated for night operations—not alone in bombing but in flying also. Frankly, English and North European night weather with its mists and clouds and vagaries is beyond the capabilities—without much additional training—of our young fliers schooled under the less tricky climate of the United States. Besides, there is a definite limit to the expansion of night operations. England is only so big. It takes nearly a minute to get off one bomber or land it. Nights have definite lengths and time must be consumed for rendezvous and flights to and from targets. Obviously the notch for night flying will come in R.A.F.-Eighth joint strength when for both to operate at night would choke England's air lanes and communications beyond safety, bring collisions and other operational losses.

Each member of a bomber crew is a specialist. To retrain ours to R.A.F. methods would take several months for each man. The upset would extend to home, compel a virtual revamping of our whole bomber training system.

Manifestly, to withdraw our Fortresses and Liberators from day operations and



COLLIER'S "I don't care *how* they do it in the Navy" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

To avoid the possibility of giving information to the enemy, illustration of the Torpedo Director, intended for this space, has been omitted.

◆ TORPEDO DIRECTOR

AUTOMOTIVE SPARK PLUG

NEVER in fighting history had aircraft done more damage to warships than U. S. torpedo bombers did in the great Battle of Midway. Most of the credit goes, of course, to the men who manned the planes. But, some of it belongs to the torpedo directors which enabled those men to "put the finger" on the enemy. Many of these devices are built by AC.

Torpedo directors are accurate because they are made with extreme precision, and *kept* in condition by trained technicians.

Trained Technician Service Awaits YOU

America's automotive repair men are *your* trained technicians. They stand ready, with the "know how," to help you prolong the usefulness of your car, truck, or tractor. They can give your spark plugs the cleaning and adjusting they must have regularly to make them last, to save gasoline, and to promote easy starting. They can also give expert service on the eight other AC products with which millions of vehicles are equipped. Thus, these men can help you save expense,—and conserve gasoline, oil, and tires.

Take a minute, won't you, to read the few details (below) of the care your AC products should receive? When replacement becomes necessary, select AC—and be sure of complete satisfaction.

Awarded to AC on September 2, 1942, and renewed on June 19, 1943, for outstanding achievement in producing for Victory.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in ten. Oxide coating collects on the plugs and causes them to misfire,—especially when the engine is working hard. Dirty plugs also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Under present slow driving conditions, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner increases gasoline consumption because it chokes down the flow of air into the carburetor. Your air cleaner should be rinsed whenever your car is lubricated.

FUEL PUMPS—Practically trouble free. But, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—Speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, and temperature gauge seldom need service. But, if they give trouble, have them cared for *at once.*

OIL FILTERS—Slow driving accelerates formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings, cause increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

BRING VICTORY QUICKER—BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS

How Skippy Jones helped me make Bombs for Berlin!

TIRED, JIM? TRY A TOOTSIE!

TIRED?

DISCOVER TOOTSIE ROLLS—FAVORITE CANDY OF TIRELESS YOUNGSTERS!

● To get extra energy for war-time days, take a tip from the kids! Pep up with delicious, chewy, chocolaty Tootsie Rolls!

Made with milk . . . enriched with energy-giving dextrose, Tootsie Rolls are real "action food"! A 5¢ Tootsie Roll contains more energy units than a man uses walking 3 miles!

Include Tootsie Rolls in your lunch box—eat them often. (If they're hard to get, remember—U. S. soldiers love them, too. We ship millions a month to the Army.) Get a Tootsie Roll today!

Tootsie Rolls Co. also makes these other fine food products

TOOTSIE FUDGE
TOOTSIE POPS
TOOTSIE TEMPTEES
TOOTSIE CARAMELS
TOOTSIE V-M*

* Vitamin-Mineral fortifier that makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls.

★ Still only 1¢ and 5¢

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

refit them for night sorties, and to remove Yank crews from combat and return them to training schools would constitute a disastrous hiatus in the total Anglo-American war effort. It would be a gift on a plate to the Luftwaffe. But, most serious, joined-forces bombing would insanely surrender the golden advantages of eruptions around the clock—the cold-blooded, ferocious, relentless mangling of the enemy in any one or more of each 24 hours. It would commit the unpardonable military error of failure to exploit a heaven-endowed superiority.

The Eighth Air Force, of itself alone in daylight bombing, has made three immensely useful contributions toward the final discomfiture of the Nazi machine:

First, it is the only United States fighting unit that has reached the body proper of Germany at all.

Yanks Over Germany

Second, early in this war I reported to you from Germany that Hans Schmitt's loyalty as war progressed would be endangered by only two things: heavy casualty lists and United States entry into the war. The Russians and the R.A.F. have notably arranged the former. The latter, Goebbels subverted for a long time with a fictional picture of American impotence. Military commentators assured the public that the United States, harassed by politics, isolationism and strikes, might give a little material and financial help to England but that Germans would never see Americans actually fighting.

All last year during the Eighth's battering of submarine pens Goebbels told Germans there were no Yank-manned American planes in Europe. Now the Fortresses and Liberators by the hundreds are swarming into German skies in broad daylight for German eyes to see. And to oppress German hearts.

Third, attrition of the Luftwaffe's fighters. This goes back to the hemisphere-defense plan of Yank heavies. Designed to protect themselves without fighter cover if necessary, they have tremendous firepower. A flight of 100 Fortresses of the latest type has 1,300 machine guns capable of firing 100,000 pounds of bullets—50 tons—per minute in its own defense. They fly in very tight, almost wing-kissing formation, literally a single maneuverable fort.

Latest figures show about 6 German fighters destroyed for every four-engined Yank. Merely as figures, these are not in our favor. In crews they mean 9 or 10 American specialists downed for every 6 German pilots. In money, the Germans can probably build 20 of their fighters for the price of one Fortress.

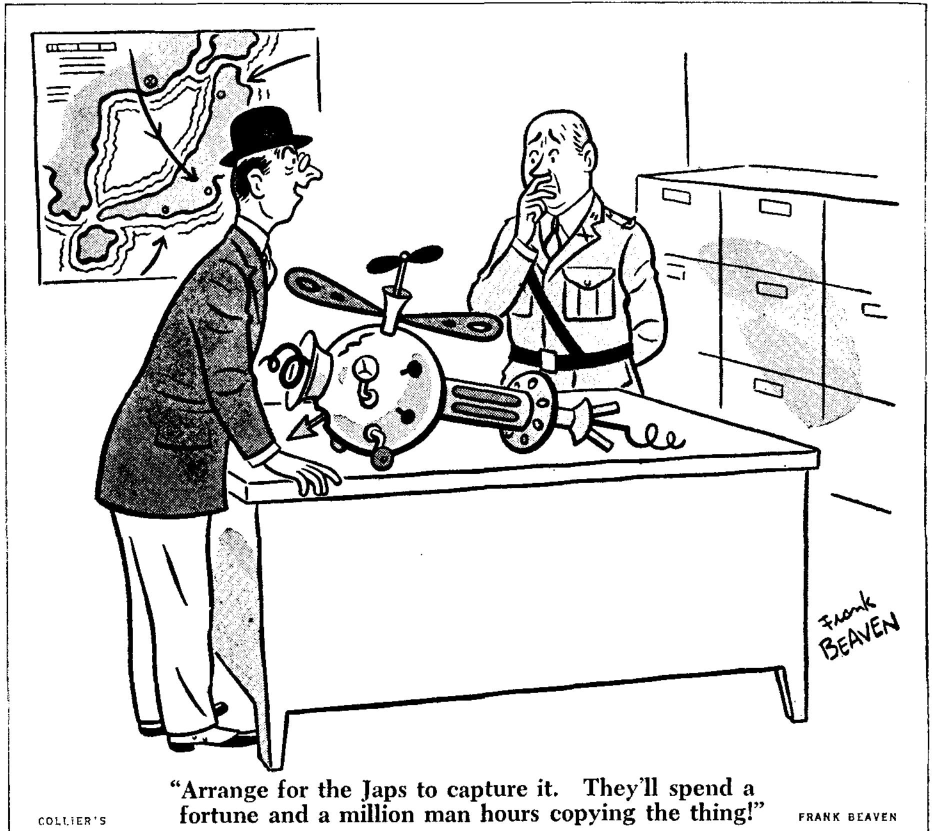
However, the overwhelming strength of American production redresses the balance in our favor. American industry works without fear of bombs. German industry struggles under the handicaps of a disorganized nation, constant raid interruptions, the killing of workmen. It is likely that for every German pilot dead in combat, scores of skilled aviation workers are killed in raids. So Germany cannot afford her losses, whereas we could afford ten times as many as we have. The Luftwaffe is compelled to come up and meet the American heavies, for home morale if for nothing else. Our crews say they do so with courage and resolution.

The Luftwaffe is trapped by the law of diminishing returns, with a battered home front that cannot keep up with its losses. This is the reason Allied casualties have been diminishing. So pressed is the Luftwaffe that its black-painted and thinly armored night fighters now go up with the sturdier day fighters against the Eighth.

Yet it is not the virtues of American heavies fighting alone, but the co-operation with the night-flying R.A.F. that counts most. In a sense they are like two knight-doctors working on Hitler's fetid dragon. The R.A.F., the anesthetist that slugs the body into unconsciousness and paralyzes it. Then the Eighth comes along and with surgical precision cuts off the limbs and extracts the poison fangs.

The R.A.F. does not bomb in formation. Every plane shifts for itself over the target. In their hundreds they confuse and spread the defenses, burn and crush and devastate the whole military or industrial area in hour-long earthquakes.

The Eighth Air Force bombs in formation, all letting go at the same instant at specific things like docks, small factories, airplane plants, hangars, utilities—targets too circumscribed to be found at night. A formation of say 100 Yank heavies will lay all its bombs from thirty thousand feet by this method within a circle the diameter of which is about the length of three football fields. The roar, the jar, the terror of hundreds of tons of heavy explosives going off in a single cataclysm in a space not much larger than



COLLIER'S

"Arrange for the Japs to capture it. They'll spend a fortune and a million man hours copying the thing!"

FRANK BEAVEN

SHORT CUT TO "KNOW HOW"

With time-saving, life-saving movies.... *outgrowth of* Kodak's *pioneer Teaching Films*.....the Army and Navy are giving millions the "know how" of war

HISTORICAL NOTE—Back in 1923, having perfected "safety" film—making classroom projection practical Kodak made available 16-mm. movie cameras and projectors . . . and shortly afterwards pioneered a program of teaching films for schools.

PUT YOURSELF in the boots of one of those young men at the Induction Center. You've been accepted for the Army or Navy. You know quite a lot about life—not so much about war.

What do you know about *this* war—of 2,000-horsepower aircraft motors . . . Bazookas . . . submarine detectors?

Our Army and Navy Commands realize this lack of experience. They know that you may go up against battle-wise troops or ship crews or flyers. You may have to fight in the toughest spots in all geography . . .

They have been through all this, done the worrying for you. They've got a system. It will turn you out a better man—more competent in the use of your weapons, abler to take care of yourself, readier for the sights and sounds of battle—than any "trainee" before you.

* * *

TRAINING FILMS—movies and slide films—are a great and growing part of the system. The Army and Navy have turned out literally thousands of these training films, and hundreds more are in production now.

Don't get the idea that you're just "going to the movies," though. These movies are different. Each movie teaches you how to do something—*do it exactly right.*

Maybe it's how to dig a foxhole. Or inflate a rubber life raft. Or take down and reassemble a 50-calibre machine gun. Or—bake a batch of bread.

You won't see all these thousands of films, naturally. Just those related to your job. But in an Army and Navy made up largely of "specialists," thousands of films are not too many. (Kodak is a major supplier of film for these pictures—one big reason civilians are not getting all the film they want.)

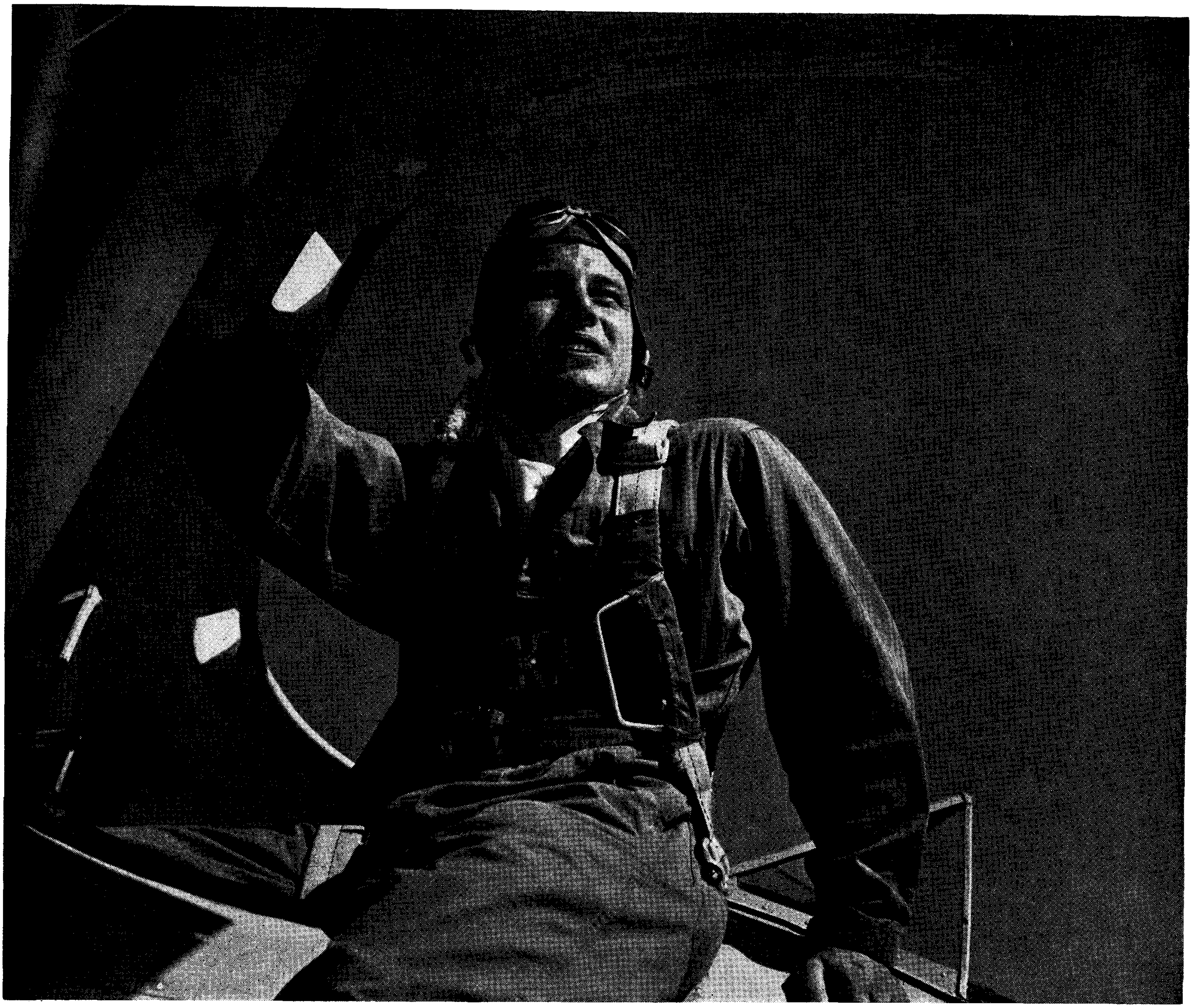
You'll see battle, in these training movies. You'll hear it. But not to thrill you—to make your new life and work "second nature" under all conditions. *You'll be hardened . . . ready to "dish it out and take it" . . . up to 40% sooner because of the training you'll get through Training Films.*

* * *

After this war is won, you—and the millions like you who have learned so much, so easily, through training films—are going to want your children to learn the Arts of Peace this way.

Teaching through motion pictures and slide film—steadily growing in importance during the twenty years since Kodak made its first teaching films—will really come into its own . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Serving human progress through Photography



Back the Attack—with War Bonds

Maybe he's your boy

He had waited anxiously for this moment. Then, early one morning, his instructor hopped out of the Boeing PT-17 Kaydet and casually waved this youngster off on his first solo.

He felt a chill, a sinking wave of uncertainty, and then excitement . . . the exultant climactic realization that "This is it!" He shoved the throttle ahead and for the first time in his life lifted up into the sky . . . on his own!

When he climbed out of the sturdy trainer, he glowed with expansive pride that even a self-consciously repressed smile couldn't hide. He was a *flier* now, and gloriously happy.

If you had been there, you'd have seen him give his Boeing Kaydet a friendly pat. For, like all fliers, he feels a real affection for the primary trainer that first lent him wings.

If your son, or brother, or that boy from down the street, is now in the Army or Navy flying services, chances are that he, too, received his first flight instruction in a Boeing designed and built airplane. For more Army and Navy pilots have gotten their initial training in Boeing primary trainers than in any other primary training plane. Boeing has delivered, all told, more than 7000 Boeing Kaydets to the U. S. Army, U. S. Navy, Great Britain, China, Canada, Mexico, Cuba and six South American republics. Expertly engineered, soundly constructed, they have contributed to the aviation training services' outstanding safety record.

Boeing Kaydets are built at Boeing's midwestern plant in Wichita, Kansas. Not as spectacular as their big brothers, the Flying Fortresses,* they are, nonetheless, built to the same unyielding standards of design, engineering and manufacture.

Boeing products have always exceeded the claims advanced for them. True today, it will be equally true of any product tomorrow . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS the Yankee Stadium is for you to imagine.

The R.A.F. is still dropping three or four times as many bomb-tons as the Eighth. The Eighth will catch up. But the present difference in tonnage is evened by the exactness, the intense focusing of the Americans' smaller deliveries. The R.A.F., for instance, could not have done the Rome job nor the Eighth that at Remscheid. For the first time in the history of airpower, complementary bombing was done on a mature scale upon the late city of Hamburg. That erstwhile greatest seaport of the Reich was the sixteenth largest city in the world, exceeded in size by only three American cities and second to Berlin in population. The late Essen was in the first 75 of the earth's great cities.

The ordeals of Hamburg and Essen are over for this war. Their lines in the atlas are blank. Soon, I think we can refer to the late Berlin—or Hanover or Bremen or Frankfort or Leipzig. Today there's surplus evidence—from aerial reconnaissance photos, from intelligence sources and from the "Rhine whine" seeping to neutrals—that human existence as we've known it is now utterly impossible when air force in great proportions is applied round the clock. If men continue to live in German cities listed on the Allied master plan for destruction they will have to crowd out the deepest-burrowing moles and worms.

Day-and-night bombing has many advantages, but the greatest of all is its theft of all ease and order and familiarity of daily life. Londoners knew that, although their nights would be tough, day would bring respite when the R.A.F. fighters cleaned the skies. Germans have no such assurance. They have neither day nor night—only the bleakness of unmeasurable time. Never to leave home and family in the morning knowing they'll be there that night. Never to know, when they start the day's work, if they'll be alive to finish it. Never to have complete rest. Never to be without fear. Never to be clean. Never to have normal, decent social contacts or comforts or recreations. Civilians never with time to rebuild what's knocked down, to put together what's been torn apart, to heal bodies that have been hurt. Soldiers and airmen alerted 24 hours every day, all victims of desperate weariness and the neurosis recognized by doctors of Europe as worse than the shell shock of the last war—they are "siren happy."

Our Air Corps now has left hemisphere defense far behind. We've high-altitude fighters. Soon we'll have heavy bombers capable of ranges and loads double, perhaps triple, those of the Fortresses and Liberators. Even the present heavies can be fixed with wing racks to carry three times as many bombs for special jobs. And our tactical commands are shoving the enemy's favorite weapon, the dive bomber, down his throat with a vengeance.

But war is the least predictable of the arts. There's never been an unanswerable weapon. Our airmen know the Germans may turn up a counter to day-and-night complementary bombing or to daylight precision bombing. They'll have to hurry.

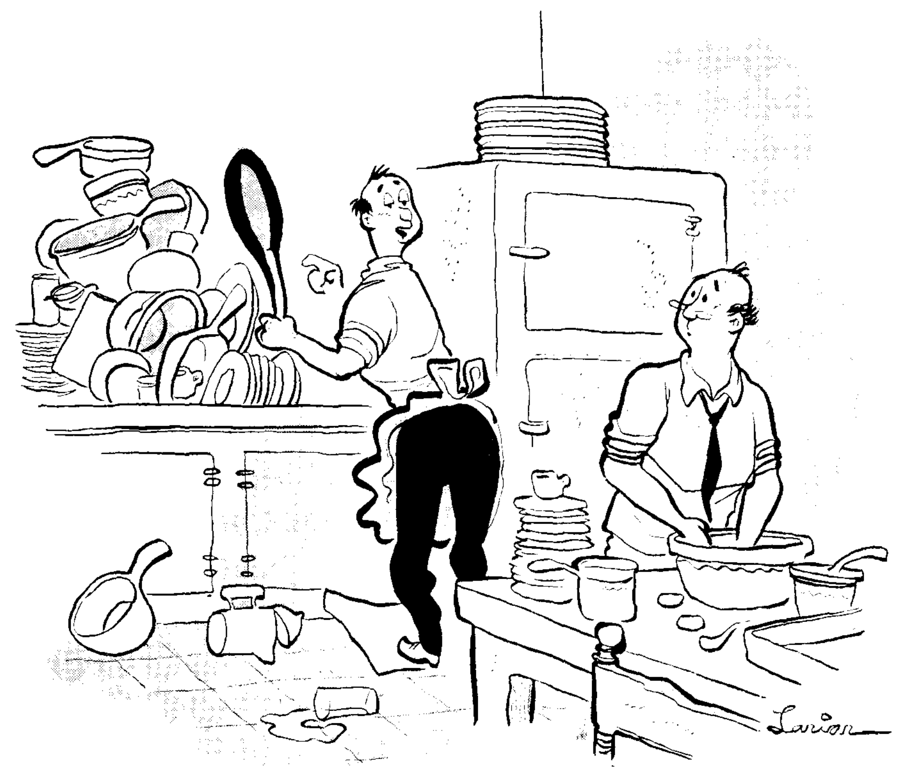
Berlin's numbered days as a real place upon the map promise something beyond an ultimate demonstration of the power of round-the-clock bombing. Berlin in modern times came to be more than the capital of Germany, more than the heart, brains and nerve center of the monster. It was the false-front showcase that Hitler erected upon rotten national morale left by the defeat and revolution of the last war and the inflationary years of aftermath. In it he displayed his successes and sold the Germans his bill of goods. The decayed foundations are still there and will be revealed when Berlin passes from reality into dust. Not only German courage but that most important thing, German hope, will then collapse.

Berlin Will Mark the End

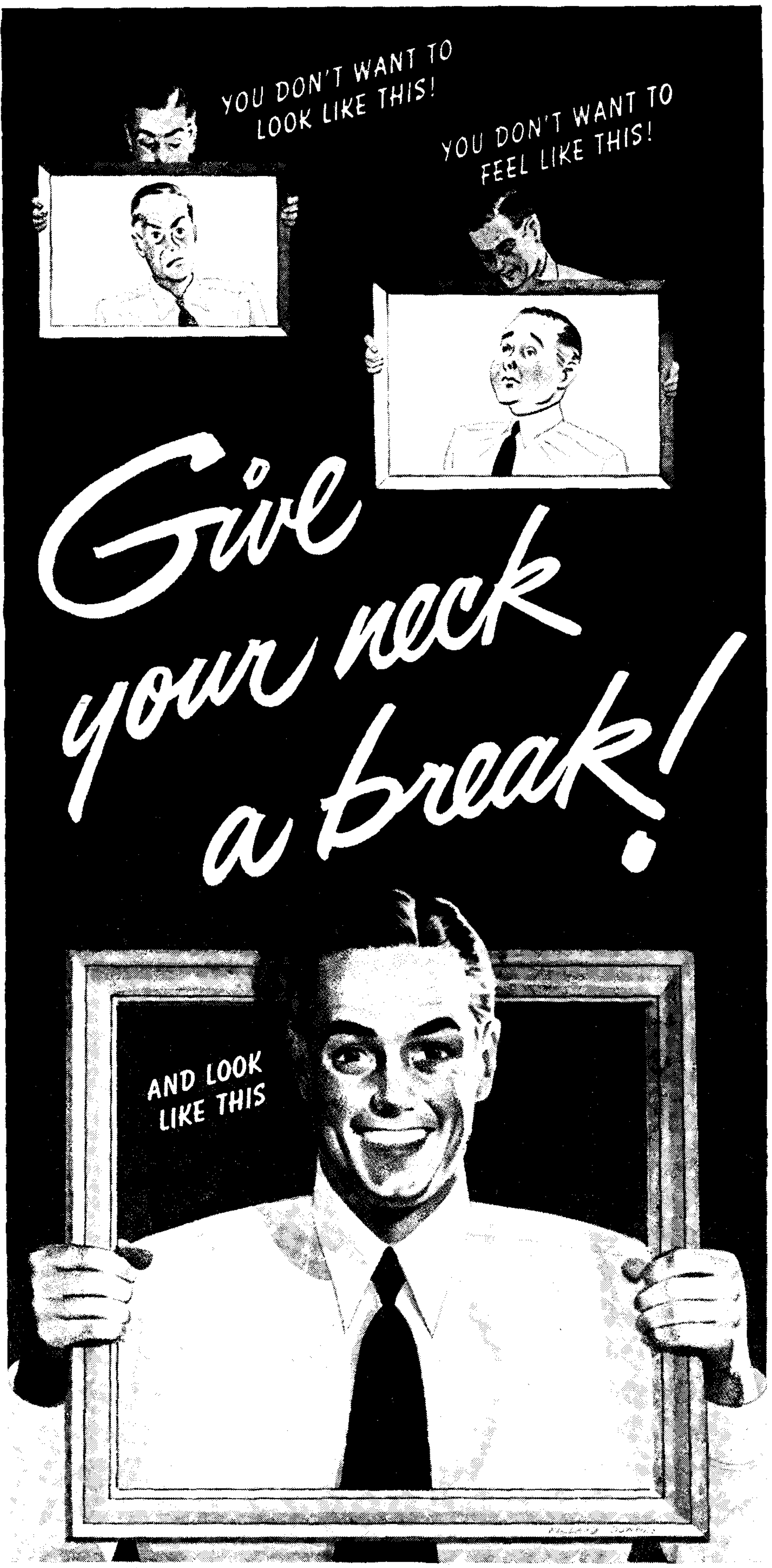
Based on what I know from years of work as a correspondent in Germany, from sitting in air-raid shelters with German people and being in the field with German soldiers, I am taking bets without qualifications, without "on the other hands" and "we shall sees," that with the end of Berlin will come the end of the Nazis. Whether it will also mean the end of the European war depends on diplomatic and political fronts as much as military.

And this bombing you are now seeing holds an even further promise. Killing of men has not stopped wars. The spectacle of utter devastation of a homeland might. That's the wish, at any rate, of your flying young men who are now visiting history's greatest reign of terror on Germany—where live the only people who'd really like to see the Eighth United States Air Force abandon daylight bombing.

THE END



COLLIER'S "What'll we need tonight besides the frying pan?" LAWRENCE LARIAR


YOU DON'T WANT TO LOOK LIKE THIS!
YOU DON'T WANT TO FEEL LIKE THIS!
Give your neck a break!
AND LOOK LIKE THIS

Only the Van Heusen Shirt has the famous Van Heusen collar *attached!*

1 *Smoo-ooth! Collar can't pucker—it's woven in one piece instead of usual three layers of cloth. Looks starched, is soft!*

2 *Like magic! Always folds right, irons perfectly, for the foldline's woven in. Keeps a clean curve around your neck.*

WHY sacrifice good looks for collar comfort? Van Heusen white shirts have *both*. Their collars can't wilt, can't wrinkle, *look* starched yet *need no starch!* They're woven—not just sewed but *woven*—to fit the human neck. Ask for Van Heusen Shirts—Sanforized, laundry-tested, in a wide variety of patterns and collar styles. Phillips-Jones Corp., New York.

Van Heusen Shirts, **$2.25** *and up*

Van Heusen Shirts

SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR

Married Ones Are Best

Continued from page 27

she had tucked casually under her collar. Rohr had time for just two fleeting thoughts. The first was: No wonder they call them fascinators! The other thought was a disgusted: And I'm supposed to be married!

"I'm so glad you've come," said Tiffany, holding out her hand. "Mary Ann has been living for this."

Rohr took her hand in his and noticed that it had a soft, crushable quality. Tiffany regarded him with frank but friendly appraisal. "You brothers must look as much alike as your names sound alike. I thought Raul was the married one. Now I find that *you* are the married one. But I must say that you look like the pictures of the single brother."

"If we hadn't been born two years apart," said Rohr, "they would have called us identical twins." From behind Tiffany, Mary Ann blew her brother a kiss and relaxed in her chair.

He again caught up the cap and beamed first at one girl and then the other. "Come on, you two," he said. "We'll go over to the Army-Navy Club and pick up someone for Mary Ann to waste her sweetness on. Then," catching Mary Ann's eye and ignoring its warning, "we'll go someplace for dinner."

It had been but little more than a month since Mary Ann, determined to be as close as possible to her two brothers while they were still on this continent, had followed them to the West Coast and taken a copywriting job in one of San Francisco's department stores. Seated at the next desk in the advertising department was Tiffany Russell. "Mary Ann Carson," Tiffany had repeated. "Mary Ann Carson. It seems to me there was a girl by that name at Wellesley."

"I thought I recognized you," cried Mary Ann joyfully. After that it was inevitable that when she moaned about the ghastly room she had found, "the only empty one in the city, I do believe," Tiffany had invited her to share her own small bright apartment on Nob Hill.

IN THE weeks that followed, their lives fell into a happy and congenial pattern. They rode up and down the San Francisco hills in the clattering cable cars. They lunched together at the Claridge or El Prado or went up Grant Avenue to Chinatown. They went to the Blood Donors' Center together and spent one evening a week at the Red Cross. They talked about school and shared their home and their confidences until the day that Mary Ann hung up the telephone receiver and said, "Tom and Bill Haskins are in town and I told them they could take us to dinner."

Tiffany's face had gone white. "I can't go with you, Mary Ann. I never go on blind dates."

"Phooey," said Mary Ann. "I can vouch for both of them. Good-looking, witty, Yale—known 'em since I was a kid. Now what more can you ask? Nothing blind about that."

"It doesn't matter," said Tiffany stubbornly. "I never go on any dates."

Mary Ann's nice gray eyes were thoughtful. After a moment she said, "They're tall. Both of them over six feet."

Tiffany's pallor gave way to an embarrassed flush. "I don't go on dates," she said flatly, and spinning about to her typewriter, wrote across the top of the page: "Polka dots are new this year." Then she x'd it out, muttering, "New, heck! They're old as the hills." She rolled the page farther up, wrote "polka dots" and then sat staring at the words. . . .

"You two wait here," said Rohr as he got out of the taxi in front of the Army-Navy Club, "while I go fishing."

"Bring me a tall blond," instructed Mary Ann, "with the face of a saint and the soul of a demon."

A few minutes later, Rohr found Hank Gleason dropping quarters in a slot machine. Although Hank in no way filled Mary Ann's specifications as to either face or soul, Rohr considered him particularly amenable to suggestion. "I have my sister and her roommate outside," he said. "How about joining us for dinner and perhaps a spot of dancing?"

Hank deposited a final quarter, pulled the lever and then gathered in the coins as they clattered down. "Just as I've begun to win," he moaned.

"Before we join the girls, I want to explain something." Rohr attempted nonchalance but found himself stammering a little over his words. "This may sound crazy but if the subject of my being married ever comes up, just take it in your stride."

"Congratulations, fella!" cried Hank.

He attempted some violent back-thumping, but Rohr dodged with a hasty, "No, no, you've got it wrong. I'm not married. Come on." He drew Hank toward the hall. "Mary Ann's got herself in some kind of a jam," he explained. "She told this friend of hers that I'm her married brother. So when I speak tenderly of my family you just look as if it were the natural thing. And while you're at it," he added, "remember you're coming along for Mary Ann. The blonde belongs to me."

"I don't get it," Hank admitted. "I've known blondes who were interested only in married men. But you're neither old enough nor rich enough, me lad."

When the two men climbed into the taxi, Rohr had an opportunity to see what Mary Ann had meant when she said that Tiffany froze in the presence of eligible men. She had been so gay and happy and alive when there were just the three of them. Now she sat quietly in the corner of the seat, her fingers pressed taut and stiff against her handbag, her eyes intent upon the tips of her slender shoes. In the restaurant she concentrated on the dancers, her contributions to the conversation limited strictly to an occasional yes or no. Then Rohr asked her to dance and made two discoveries—that she danced divinely and that she could again chat without restraint. Later in the evening, he asked, trying to sound more casual than curious, "Why wouldn't you dance with Hank when he asked you? He's a swell dancer."

"I didn't dare dance with him," explained Tiffany, her manner suddenly diffident. "I'd have been all stiff and jerky with self-consciousness."

"But you dance marvelously."

"With you I do," said Tiffany. "After all, I've gone to the best dancing schools in New York and Boston. Mother thought it might help but it didn't."

"Help what?"

"Me." After a moment she added, "Mother's the dainty, fluffy type. She was always a great belle. That's the reason it's been so hard for her."

"What has?" asked Rohr.

"Me," said Tiffany again, as if that were a completely adequate explanation.

The music stopped and the couples started drifting back to their tables. "Come on up to the bar," said Rohr. "Mary Ann no doubt wants to get Hank under her spell and, anyhow, I have to get this thing straight." They pushed their way up the steps and across the lounge. "Tell me," he said a few minutes later, looking over his glass into Tiffany's clear blue eyes. "What's the connection between the fact that your mother used to be a belle and the fact that you can dance with me but not with Hank?" Tiffany's eyes had a faraway look in them.

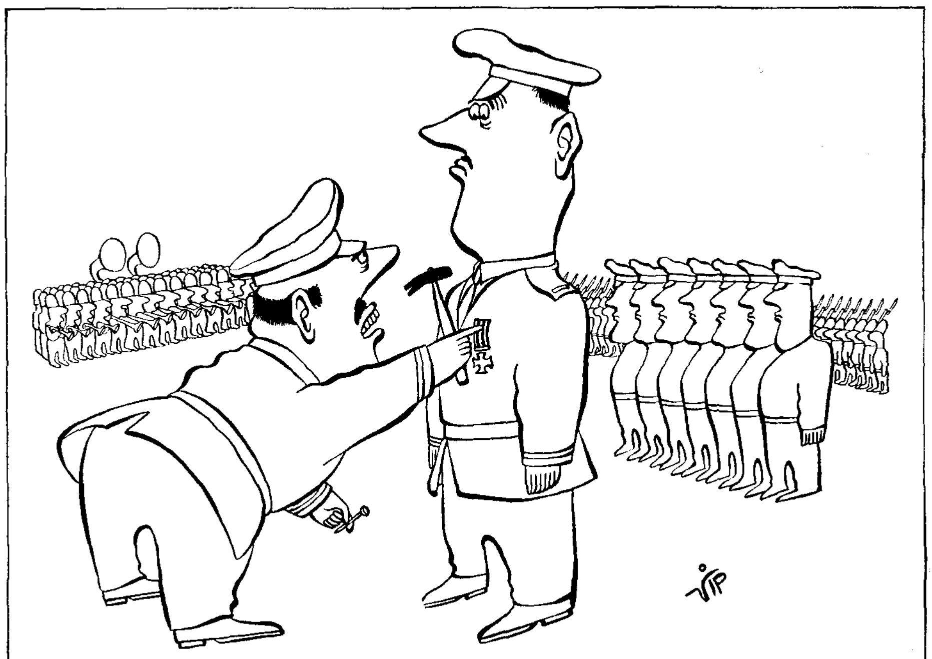
"Hank's single," she explained in such a low voice that he had to lean over to hear her words above the hubbub of the room. "*You* know that I'm not interested in you."

"That," said Rohr, "is what could be termed a devastating compliment." Tiffany laughed in a kind of happy embarrassment.

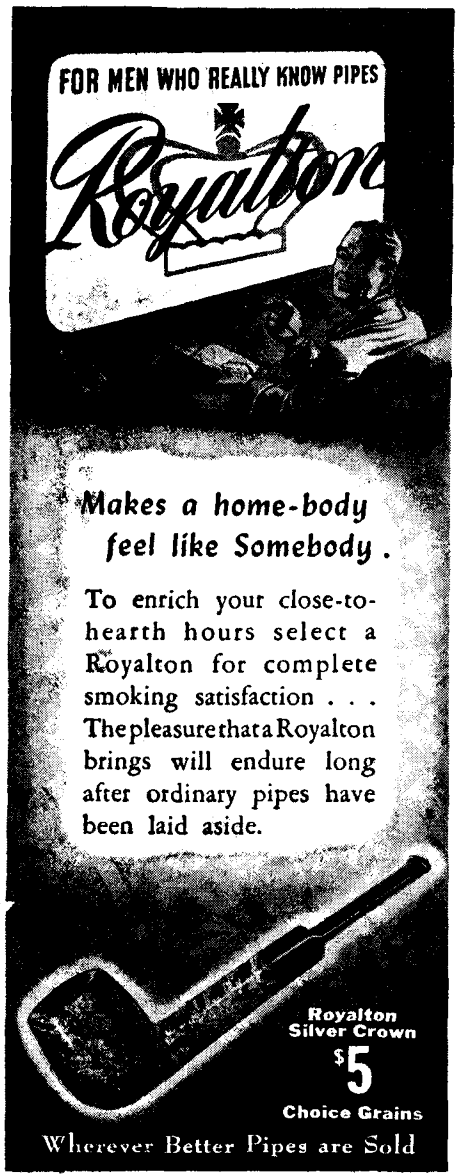
AS THE week wore on, it astonished Rohr to find how easily he fitted into his new role as his own brother. The fact that they had gone to the same college, been in the same business and lived in the same small Ohio town was a great help. He carefully kept Tiffany away from the places at which he was most likely to meet intimate friends and when forced to introduce her to anyone, he eased her away before conversation could become personal.

On the whole, he kept excellent track of his dual life although occasionally he was disconcerted to have Tiffany correct him on such intimate details as the exact age of his younger son.

Once Rohr said to Mary Ann, "How about whispering in Tiffany's ear that the slightest reference to my family leaves me devastated with homesickness? Tell her it's the better part of patriotism to ig-



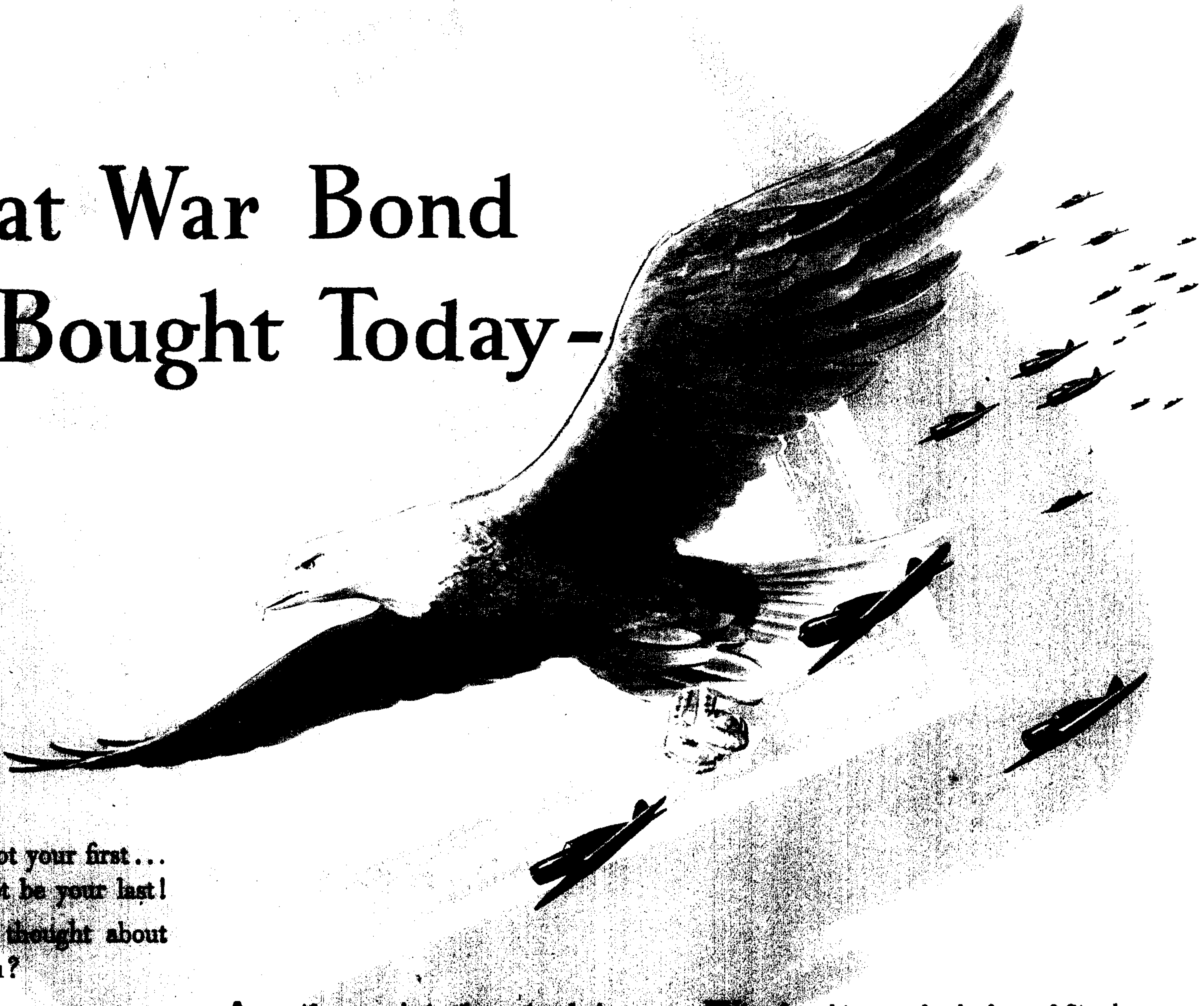
COLLIER'S "Would you hold that a second?" VIRGIL PARTCH


FOR MEN WHO REALLY KNOW PIPES
Royalton
Makes a home-body feel like Somebody.
To enrich your close-to-hearth hours select a Royalton for complete smoking satisfaction . . . The pleasure that a Royalton brings will endure long after ordinary pipes have been laid aside.
Royalton Silver Crown $5 Choice Grains
Wherever Better Pipes are Sold
© 1943, Henry, Leonard & Thomas, Inc., Ozone Pk., N. Y.

HEAR a world of sound through a MAICO
Small, light and easy to wear, yet enables hard of hearing person to carry on normal conversation at 20 feet — to hear even a whisper with loud noises cushioned.
Send name of relative, friend or your own name for a new experience in hearing. No obligation. Address Maico Co., Inc., Dept. 50-S, 2632 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis.
MAICO Vacuum Tube Hearing Aid
A product of the Maico Co. which provides 90% of America's precision hearing test equipment. Choice of ear physicians, hospitals, universities, clinics, airlines, U. S. Army and Navy.

EYES TIRED?
TWO DROPS
QUICK RELIEF
Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle—and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.
MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES
★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

That War Bond You Bought Today—

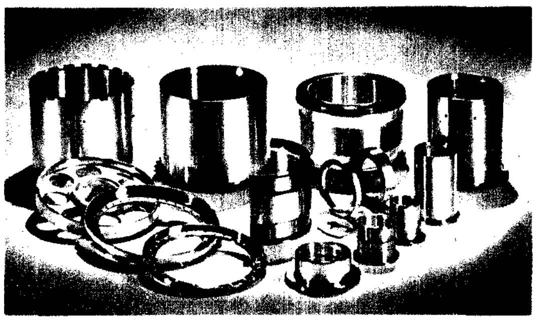


PROBABLY it was not your first... Certainly it will not be your last!

How much have you thought about the job it does for you?

It plays a leading part in the War's first essential—Victory! It contributes to the munitions and materiel for the men who fight for us. It helps satisfy your emotional longing to do your bit for the cause. It gives the thrill that makes you feel you belong to the War effort—the certitude, the assurance that, multiplied by all other War Bond buyers, yields the indefinable something we call "Morale."

But that War Bond does not stop there. It underwrites, through War purchases, development of products, essential in War, that will be converted to post-war uses no less essential. It is responsible for efforts that give new usefulness to basic raw materials.



A specific example is silver—jeweler's pet of antiquity, the base of coinage over the centuries. Metallurgists have found new essential uses for silver in the engine bearings which assure the functioning of war planes through all of the tremendous poundings, pressures, vibrations, strains and tortures that airplane engines must undergo. Silver, bonded to base metals through the Mallosil* Process developed by Mallory, has provided the solution where other metals failed. Silver-bonded bearings have loosed the shackles on engine performance and contributed no small share to the miracles performed by Allied airmen. Today virtually all high output warplane engines rely on silver-bonded bearings for all engine, reduction gear and supercharger bearings. Silver, indeed, has come into its own for new essential use.

What does this mean for the future? Simply this, Mallory Bearings have a new contribution to make to design engineers wherever precision bearings are needed for improved engine performance—in the air, on the road, in mill and factory. That can mean only higher standards at lower cost.

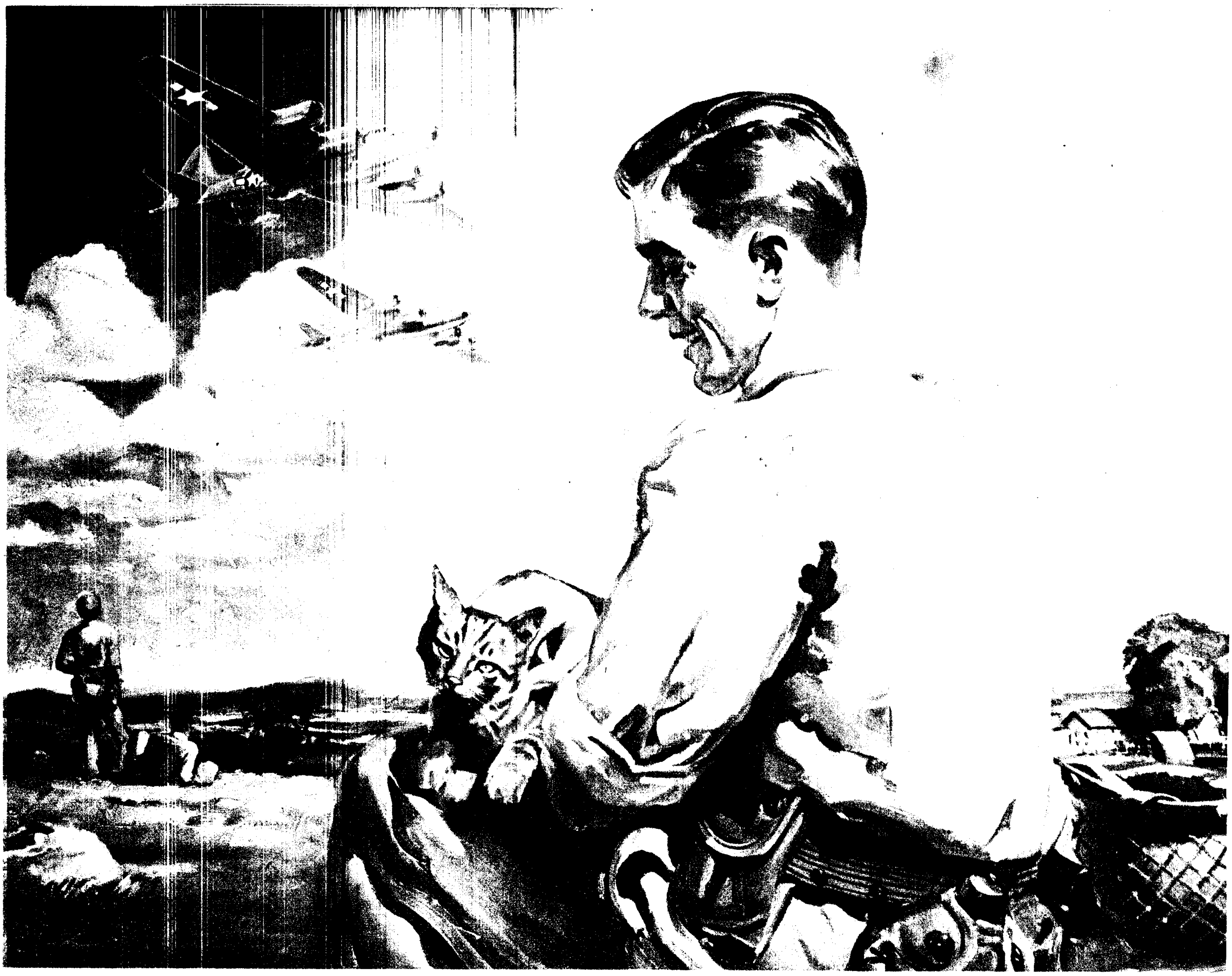
This is but one example. From the thousands of plants participating in war production, new progress is coming; in products, in techniques, in materials—improvements born of War effort but destined for conversion to the higher standards of living that make for mankind's greater happiness.

Buying that War Bond today makes you a responsible party in our Country's progress. You will want to buy another tomorrow.

P. R. MALLORY & CO., Inc.
INDIANAPOLIS 6 INDIANA

P. R. MALLORY & CO. Inc.
MALLORY SERVES THE AERONAUTICAL, AUTOMOTIVE, ELECTRICAL, GEOPHYSICAL, RADIO AND INDUSTRIAL FIELDS WITH ... RESISTANCE WELDING ELECTRODES NON-FERROUS ALLOYS, POWDER METALLURGY AND BI-METALS ... ELECTRICAL CONTACTS, ... THE MALLOSIL* PROCESS—BEARINGS ... SPECIALIZED PRECISION ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



© 1943, The Studebaker Corpor

"You purr just like those engines Dad builds!"

They're Studebaker-built Wright Cyclones for the famous Boeing Flying Fortress

SOLDIER HARRY RYAN and his father were fellow craftsmen in the Studebaker factory prior to Pearl Harbor.

They comprised one of the many father-and-son teams that have been a unique Studebaker institution since the business was founded in 1852.

Today, all over the world, large numbers of young men who once were Studebaker craftsmen, are engaged in using military equipment instead of building it.

In many instances, their fathers, and other older members of their families, are producing Flying Fortress engines, multiple-drive military trucks and other war matériel in the busy Studebaker plants.

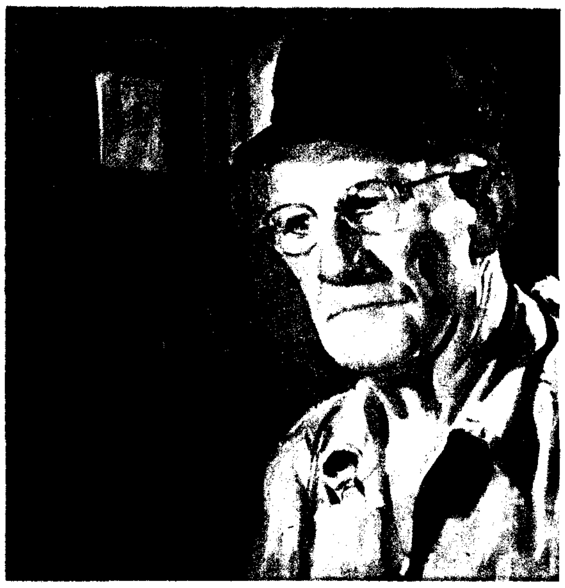
For generations, one family after another in Studebaker's home community has maintained a tradition of Studebaker employment. This has resulted in a quality of craftsmanship unmatched in the automotive world.

That craftsmanship is now being utilized to the limit, on behalf of our Nation and its Allies, in the production of large quantities of military equipment. And you may be sure that it will provide finer Studebaker motor cars and motor trucks than ever before for civilian use, after victory comes.

BUY
U. S. WAR
BONDS

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress, big multiple-drive military trucks and other vital war matériel



"Always give more than you promis

That Studebaker watchword has been faithfully
served for 20 years by craftsman Henry C. Ryan. Tod
he is helping to build Flying Fortress engines in
of Studebaker's aircraft engine plants. On some
too-distant tomorrow, he and his soldier son, Har
hope to be building Studebaker cars again for

nore the whole subject. And," he added, "will you please tell me how we're ever going to end this deception? Raul will turn up here some day and then you'll be in a pretty mess."

"I'll just say he's single," retorted Mary Ann. "And Tiffany will go and visit her cousin in Berkeley for a week."

"That's not exactly what I mean," said Rohr bitterly. "This is a tough spot for me."

One evening while Mary Ann was building up the morale of the Marines, Rohr and Tiffany climbed the steps to the Coit Tower on top of Telegraph Hill. All about them lay the bay and the city, the one a wide curving ribbon of fathomless black, the other a dark carpet sprinkled with San Francisco's dimmed-out wartime lights.

THEY sat down on the broad, shallow steps encircling the base of the tower and Rohr gradually swung the conversation to Tiffany's life in New York. "I suppose," he suggested casually, "that you're working out here for experience so that you can go back and get a job on Fifth Avenue."

She fell into his trap readily enough. "I'll never go back," she said. "I deliberately moved as far from New York as possible. But," she added, and there was a note of surprise in her voice, "I can think of it quite impersonally now."

"It's an impersonal place," agreed Rohr.

"Not when you've grown up in it. Not when you're part of a definite crowd. New York is just a small town except that there are more people to watch you fail."

Her tone indicated that this was not the moment for a flippant reply, but Rohr, his attention caught for the moment by a tiny light dodging across the bay, said absently, "Yes, you're obviously a complete flop." A moment later he put his arm about her and fished for a handkerchief. "Now, listen, baby, I wouldn't have said it except for its impossibility. Why don't you tell Uncle Rohr all about it?"

"It was mostly Mother." The words were muffled behind the handkerchief. "She wanted me to be the most popular deb in New York and from the time I could talk she was coaching me about what to say to boys and how to smile at them and how to be coquettish." A strangled laugh came from behind the square of linen. "Imagine me being coquettish at dancing school, looking down on the heads of all those nasty little boys. When I danced with the shortest ones, the others would say, 'Why don't you get a ladder?' "

He swung around bracing his elbow against the step above them, his long legs stretched out ahead. "I don't understand it, Tiffany. Here you are, a beautiful, clever, intelligent girl and you're letting a complex carried over from your early teens ruin your whole life."

"There was more to it than dancing school," said Tiffany. Her face was just a pale oval in the soft darkness but her voice betrayed her agitation. "Can't we forget it?" she asked. "I've decided what kind of life I'll be happiest living and I'm very nicely adjusted to it."

"You wouldn't deliberately cripple yourself physically," said Rohr. "Why cripple yourself psychologically?" To release her from a sense of scrutiny, he tilted his head back and looked at the stars. "I suppose you blame your mother for all this."

"Mother really wasn't to blame. She couldn't help it that I was just the wrong daughter for her. I finally persuaded her to let me go to a girls' college and in return I tried to live her kind of life during vacations. To please Mother, I tried to make the boys like me but the harder I tried, the more I scared them off. Then during my senior year, one of them started taking me out quite regularly. It was the first time anyone had ever asked me for even a second date and I was pathetically grateful."

"And what became of him?" asked Rohr.

"I went into the powder room at one of the hotels and overheard something I wasn't intended to hear. Or maybe," she added, her voice little more than a whisper, "I was intended to hear it. Don't make me tell you."

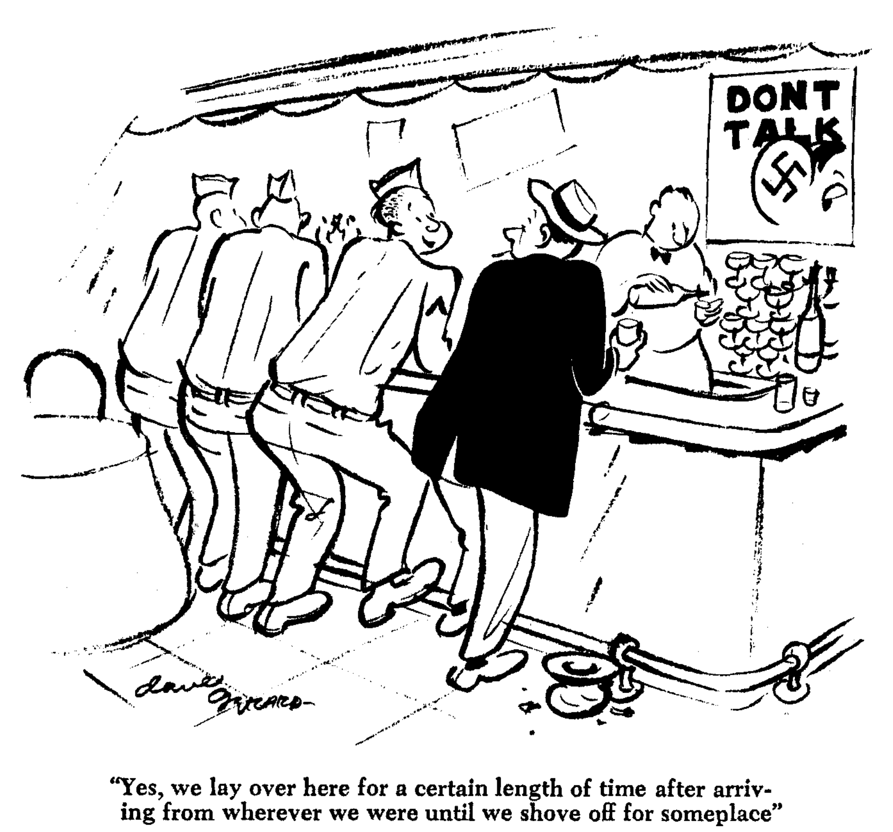
"Things are hardly ever as important after they've been honestly faced," said Rohr.

Tiffany took a deep breath like a swimmer about to plunge into cold water. "My father was paying his tuition for two years of postgraduate work."

Suppressing an impulse to take her in his arms, Rohr lighted a cigarette and inhaled deeply before he spoke: "So you came to San Francisco."

"Yes."

"You showed enough courage to walk out and make a new life for yourself. Why not make it a full life?"



"Yes, we lay over here for a certain length of time after arriving from wherever we were until we shove off for someplace"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

Tiffany looked away from him to the west where a string of amber lights spanned the Golden Gate. "Do you think you'll be sent some place in the Pacific?"

"Could be."

They were silent watching the searchlights which had come on about the horizon, their shafts relentlessly searching out a plane until they held it imprisoned in their converging beams. It was a startling reminder of the war. He said, "Someday you may see a convoy going out and weeks later you'll learn that I was part of it."

She stood up suddenly and turned her back upon the panorama before them, tilting her head upward as if she were looking at the tower. "Until now convoys have always seemed thrilling," she said, "but they're really terrifying, aren't they?"

Her abrupt movement and the quiver in her voice made him forget the plane in the lights. He sprang to his feet with the sudden urgent need to comfort her. The blond hair was on a level with his lips, and he put his arms about her and found that her shoulders had the same soft crushable quality that her hands had. There was just time to catch a hint of what it might be like to love Tiffany when she became a slim rod of steel in his arms. "Come," he said somewhat shakily, as he released her, "we'll go over to Julius' Castle and have a nightcap. Then I'll take you home."

THE next day over the telephone Rohr inquired of his sister in an embittered tone, "When a married man makes passes at a single girl, what does that make him?"

"A wolf."

"Then you two girls can entertain yourselves tonight," retorted Rohr. "I'm going out and eat Grandma."

He was, of course, waiting for them that evening when they left the store. "You'll never guess what I have." He patted the package under his arm affectionately.

"It's butcher-shop paper," said Mary Ann. "But it's probably wrapped around fish."

"A thick juicy steak," Rohr declared. "The hospitals are crowded with the women I had to knock down to get it."

"Much as I need some good red beef to stave off anemia," said Mary Ann, "this is my night at the USO. So you two will have to eat it by yourselves."

If Rohr had cherished any visions of Tiffany bustling about the kitchen and preparing a cozy meal, he was doomed to disappointment for, upon their arrival at the apartment, she took him out to the kitchen, made a sweeping gesture with her hand and said, "There it is and it's all yours."

"Oh!" He took a moment to adjust himself to the idea. "I'm cooking dinner, am I? Well, it's luck that steak is my specialty."

Rohr prepared the dinner that evening to a running accompaniment of underbreath comment which would have startled Tiffany if she had heard it. "This pretty little courting scene," he thought, "has the proper setting but the casting is in reverse." He snatched up the singing tea kettle and dumped some water onto the peas, muttering, "I think I've been had." I really should bake a pie, he decided as he sloshed the greens up and down in the sink, because if this scene is going to be authentic I need a daub of flour on my cheek. He rummaged around in the cupboard for the oil and vinegar. If that girl's sitting in the living room reading the newspaper, I'll shake her.

"Hey, Tiffany!" he shouted. "Do you have an apron?"

Tiffany returned to the kitchen and took an apron from the lowest drawer. "I suppose this is how you won Jane," she said.

"If anything makes me nervous," he said, "it's having people in my kitchen while I'm cooking. Will you please get out of here?"

After dinner, during which they dis-

Rely on
Reliance
YOU CAN'T TEAR THE FLY!
PAT. NO. 1845749

Extra Wear in Every Pair!

Pull as hard as you like, you won't rip or tear the fly on Reliance No-Tare Shorts. The amazing patented fly design takes care of that. It means longer, more comfortable wear. Choice of handsome stripes and colorings, and so moderately priced. That's why No-Tare Shorts are the choice of millions. Get the genuine—ask for Reliance No-Tare Shorts at good stores everywhere.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

212 W. Monroe St. • Chicago, Ill.
New York Offices: 200 Fifth Ave. • 1350 Broadway
MAKERS OF Big Yank Work Clothing
Aywon Shirts • Yankshire Coats • No-Tare Shorts
Universal Pajamas • Kay Whitney and Happy Home
Frocks • Yank Jr. Boys' Wear • Parachutes for Men
and Matériel

Reliance
NO★TARE

There is nothing better in the market
·BOTTLED IN BOND·
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC.,
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN·FORMAN·KENTUCKY

WN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY cussed the arts and sciences because Tiffany considered that intellectual conversation was stimulating to a married man, Rohr opened all the windows to chill the room and then built a fire in the fireplace to warm it up. "Cozy, what?" he asked, sprawling comfortably in his chair. "With a setup like this, marriage wouldn't be half bad."

The doorbell rang, two sharp urgent peals. "Who could that be?" Tiffany wondered. She went out in the hall and a moment later Rohr shot to his feet, for Jane's voice was saying, "Is Mary Ann here? I'm her sister-in-law, Jane Carson."

There was a confusion of greetings and a childish voice piped, "Does my Aunt Mary live here?" Then he heard Tiffany urge them to come in.

"Let me take the baby," she said; "you must be exhausted from carrying him. Mary Ann isn't here, but," she added, as if offering a priceless treasure, "Rohr is."

"Why, how nice," said Raul's wife in a cordial sister-in-law voice.

Rohr reflected that he was here only because going out the window would be certain suicide. "Offense is the best defense," he murmured and dashed into the hall exclaiming, "Jane, darling! How are you?"

"Dead," said Jane and submitted to his kiss. "Why didn't somebody meet me? I wired Mary Ann when I left Chicago."

"The telegram never reached her," said Tiffany. She had taken the baby out of Jane's arms and was holding him against her shoulder. "Mary Ann will be surprised to see you," she added and led the way into the living room.

"I don't know why she should be," said Jane. "She wrote me to get here before Raul does and he arrives tomorrow morning."

Tiffany turned to Rohr. "Mary Ann's been keeping this as a surprise for you," she exclaimed.

"So she has, the little devil," Rohr agreed. He was not looking pleasantly surprised. Tiffany glanced from him to Jane, and Rohr saw the question in her eyes. Does she suspect, he wondered, or does she think we are prospective candidates for Reno? He picked up Raul, Junior, praying that the child would confine his remarks to the weather, and said, "These youngsters had better get to bed immediately. Mary Ann probably has some hotel room reserved and is keeping that a secret too. You can take over the apartment, Jane, and the two girls can go to the hotel later." He herded them toward the bedroom, hoping he was doing a convincing act as the masterful family man. "You brought more luggage than that didie bag, didn't you?" he asked.

"It's at the station."

"Come on, Tiffany, we'll grab a taxi and go down and get it."

Tiffany looked at him in astonishment. "You don't need me," she said.

Rohr disappeared into the hall and came back a moment later with her coat. "Come on," he insisted. "Jane'll get along better alone with the children. They always act up in front of strangers." He held the coat for her and managed to wink at Jane over her shoulder.

"Sure," said Jane, remembering that she too had once been single. "Go along with him. I won't be fit for human companionship for a while anyhow."

"It seems so inhospitable," protested Tiffany as Rohr eased her toward the hall.

THEY had reached the front door and Rohr was drawing a great deep breath of relief when Raul, Junior, called out in his baby treble, "Uncle Rohr, when is my daddy coming here?"

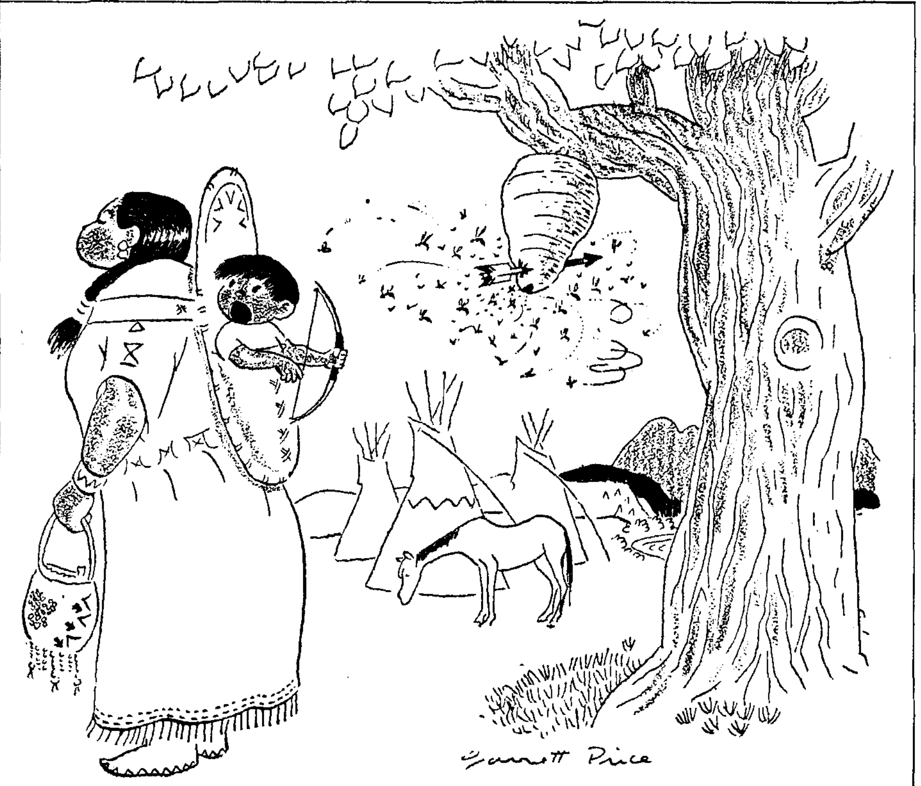
"That does it," said Rohr. He opened the door, pushed a paralyzed Tiffany through it and closed it behind him. "Now, young lady," he said severely, as if the whole thing were her fault, "you and I are going to have a long talk."

Half an hour later, once again on the steps of the Coit Tower, Rohr said furiously, "How much longer do you expect me to keep up this monologue? What do you think this is, a Senate filibuster? I've told you how it happened. I've told you that I didn't intend to go through with it until you walked into the room and I fell in love with you on sight—" he broke off suddenly. The spotlights had come on again searching for a plane, and they watched them in silence. "I don't know," said Rohr, after a while in a voice that was suddenly quiet, "but it seems to me you're doing an awful lot of thinking about Tiffany and not much about Rohr. There's a war to fight and this may be my last leave—" He let the words trail off. Just then, her hand slipped into his.

"I don't know what to say," she whispered, "because I haven't had any practice."

"Say yes," said Rohr.

THE END

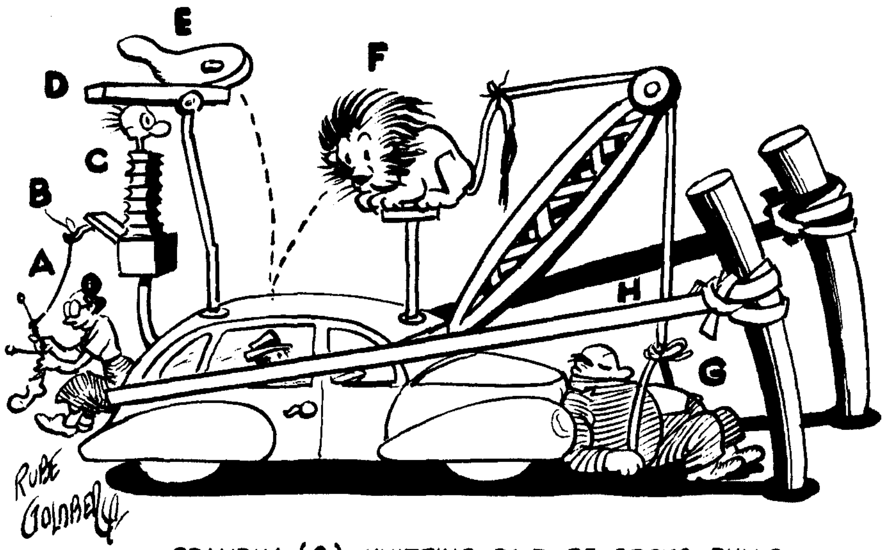


"Run, Ma—run for my life!"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

DON'T WASTE GAS!

SAYS RUBE GOLDBERG



GRANDMA (A), KNITTING PAIR OF SOCKS, PULLS LATCH (B), CAUSING JACK-IN-THE-BOX (C) TO POP OUT AND HIT TEETER — BOARD (D), DROPPING LARGE STEAK (E) ON TOP OF CAR — LION (F) DIVES FOR STEAK, LIFTING 300-POUND GENTLEMAN (G) AND ALLOWING POWERFUL SLING-SHOT (H) TO PROPEL CAR AHEAD — IF YOU CAN'T GET A STEAK, STAY HOME AND BUY WAR BONDS INSTEAD, SO OUR BOYS CAN BRING HOME THE BACON.

Save gas for fighting engines... keep your car in condition by sounding your Z for PENNZOIL

How Oil Can Save Gasoline

Only about *one* of every four gallons of gas you use actually moves your car. The rest is "wasted" overcoming air resistance and friction and in producing heat.

If sludge causes piston rings to leak and valves to stick, additional power is lost. Under today's conditions, only the best oil can resist sludge formations so your engine will stay clean and easy on gas.

PennZoil is refined from pure Pennsylvania oil especially to reduce friction and engine deposits. It helps you get every possible mile out of that vital fourth gallon of gas. Next time, specify PennZoil—and be sure to sound your Z!

DON'T WAIT FOR BELTS TO BREAK!

On most cars, a broken fan belt stops the water pump and generator. Engines overheat and batteries run down. Maintaining proper tension and keeping belts free from oil will lengthen their life.

Write for "Keep Your Car Alive" —16 pages of facts and pictures devoted to preserving your car for the duration. Address Dept. AC, The Pennzoil Co., Oil City, Pa.

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

Member Penn Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2

*Registered Trade-mark

PENNZOIL* GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

THE Wild Bunch

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

The Story Thus Far:

MARY GOODNIGHT runs away from her Oregon home with Theo McSween, a ne'er-do-well. She dies a few months later in Nevada, after being abused and deserted by the scoundrel.

Learning of what has happened, Mary's brother, Frank, vows that he will kill McSween, if he can find him. He rides to Sherman City, where Niles Brand, his best friend and a former suitor of Mary's, tells him that McSween is somewhere in the near-by hill country.

Shortly after his arrival, Goodnight meets two girls: Rosalia Lind, an orphan, who owns Sherman City's one hotel; and Virginia Overman. Virginia's father, Hugh Overman, is the proprietor of a prosperous ranch, "The Sun." He and his friends—the "hill crowd"—are at war with the "desert crowd"—other cattlemen led by a man named Harry Ide.

Through the friendly offices of Virginia, Goodnight gets a job at "Sun." Then comes a series of tragedies. Someone—some hidden killer—shoots Niles Brand, wounds him badly. Hugh Overman is shot to death, under mysterious circumstances. *And Goodnight gets his man*—cornering McSween in a neighboring town, he shoots the fellow, kills him. . . .

With her father dead, Virginia Overman needs a reliable man to help her run the ranch. Believing that Goodnight is strong, dependable, she makes him her foreman. Whereupon "Boston Bill" Royal, a leader of the hill crowd, who hates Goodnight, makes a secret deal with Harry Ide—he and the leader of Sun's enemies agree not to molest each other in any way. . . .

Niles Brand is killed—someone, apparently mistaking him for Goodnight, shoots him. Suspecting that Rosalia (whom Boston Bill regards as his property) knows who murdered his friend, Goodnight interrogates her. The girl refuses to name the assassin.

Feeling sure that Boston Bill was behind the killing, Goodnight makes an unsuccessful attempt to force him into fighting a gun duel. But Virginia Overman protects him. So—fed up with the whole business—Goodnight leaves the ranch.

Losing no time, Boston Bill assembles some of his associates, follows him. Goodnight rides slowly. The country (in the near-by Owlhorns) grows more and more rugged. He reaches the edge of a precipice. Stopping his horse, he gazes down into a canyon. The canyon is deep; its bottom is covered by night shadows.

V

A PATHWAY dropped along the face of the precipice at a breakneck angle, running lower and lower until Goodnight could no longer see its course. From the look of it, he judged it had not been recently used and possibly was nothing more than a foothold cut out by deer.

There was undoubtedly a better way of moving off this ridge. One end of it was probably anchored against the Owlhorns, providing him with a level route; but it grew darker and he wished a sheltered spot for his camp. So, not altogether free of doubt, he tipped the horse over the brink of the precipice into the descending ledge.

The cliff was rock and earth, with some vegetation clinging to it; the trail was no more than three or four feet wide, sometimes tightening against the cliff and causing him to foul his leg against the outcrop of rock. The horse was both tired and doubtful and frequently stopped, to be pressed on by a touch of the spurs. The pathway at places pitched downward so steeply that the horse's front feet slid along the loose rubble, and the farther it dropped the blacker it became until there was no view above Goodnight and no view below.

He had gone about three hundred feet when the horse stopped and would no longer advance. He waited for the horse to move; he waited a full two minutes and then, knowing that something stood in the way, he slid carefully to the ground—crowded between horse and canyon wall—and moved forward. He got down on his hands and knees and used his hands for exploring; he felt the slide of rock and soil which, coming from the cliff, blocked the trail entirely.

It took him half an hour to clear the barrier, and when he was through, his fingers bruised and raw, he estimated he had scooped aside a pile of dirt five feet long and three feet wide. Catching up the reins, he let the horse take its time, and again descended.

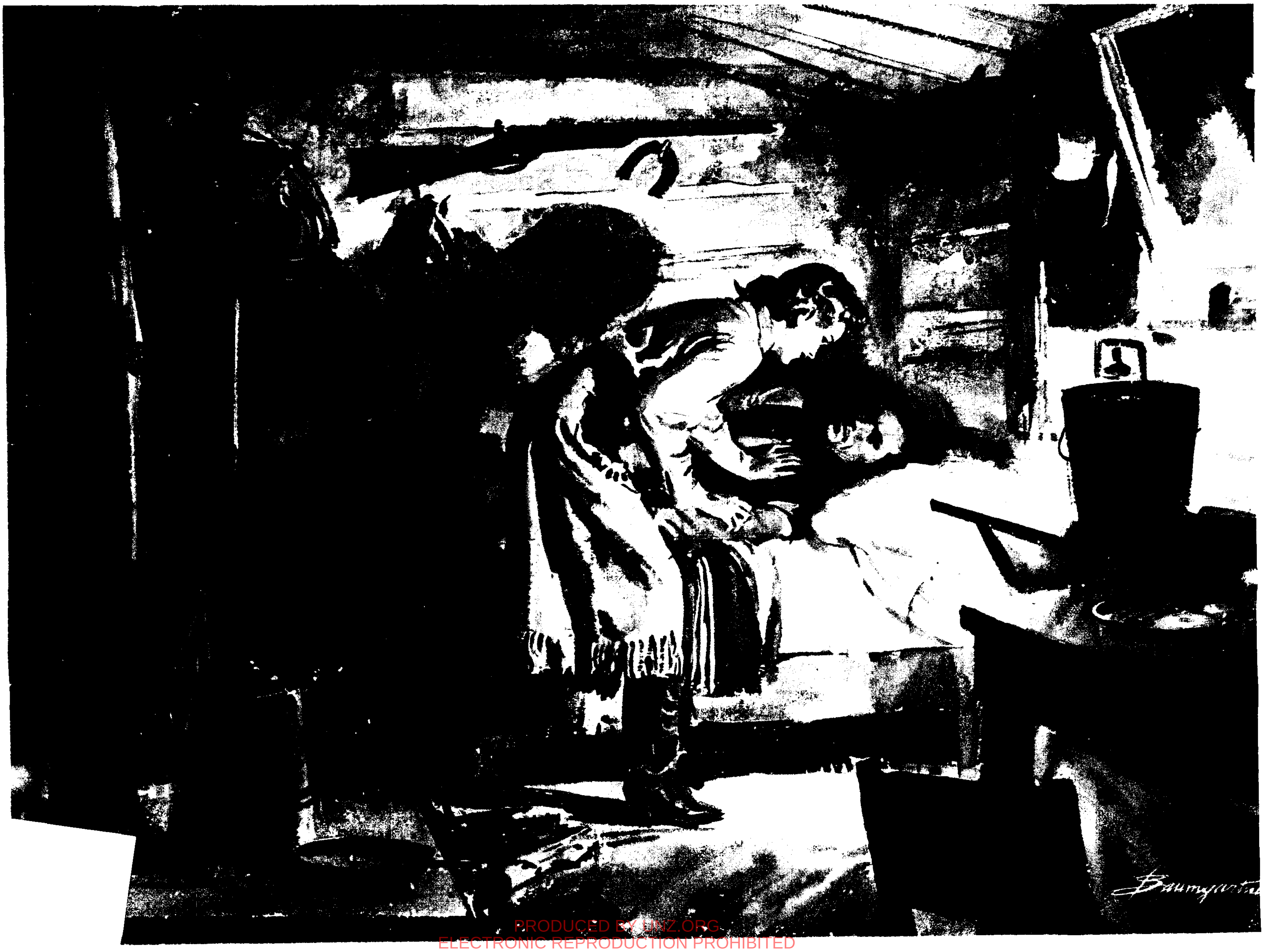
There was water flowing at the bottom of the canyon; the cold dampness of it began to rise to him and the sound of it strengthened.

He had been walking with a short forward step, surer of himself as the bottom of the canyon appeared nearer; he took one more step and, without warning, found no trail to meet him and lost his balance and dropped forward into emptiness.

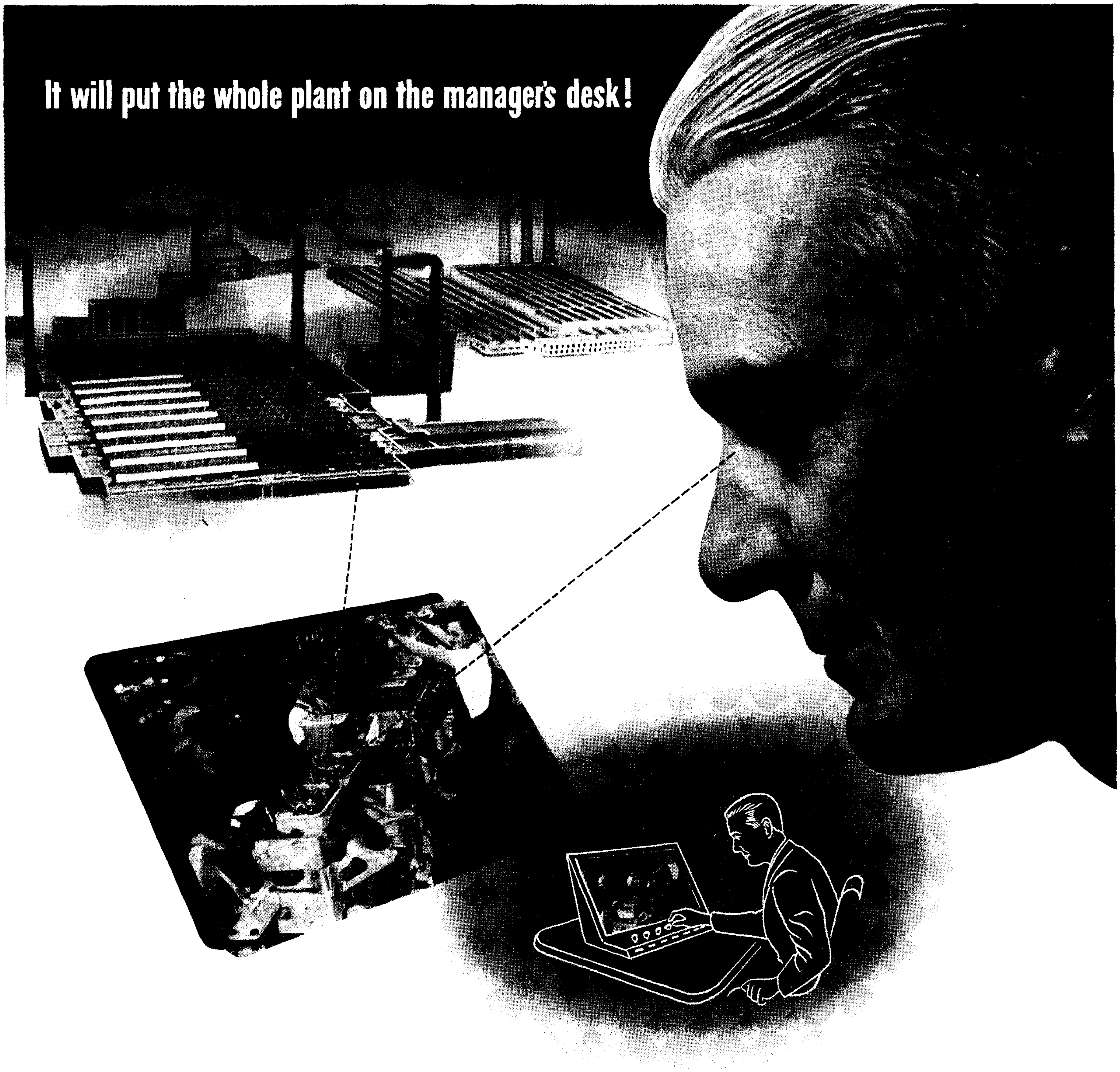
He had been lightly holding the reins. As he lost his balance his grip tightened upon them and as he swung forward, one foot still on the trail, the weight of his fall stuck hard on reins and horse; the horse took that pressure with an alarmed upward fling of his head, hauling Goodnight upward. He whipped himself around, grasping the reins with his free hand and, with this double hold, he swung outward into space and downward. His other foot slid off the trail and he dropped until his chest scraped the edge of the rocks; the horse, alarmed, moved backward, this action dragging Goodnight along the sharp edge of the rocks and sawing at his ribs. He got one elbow hooked over the rim; he let go the reins completely and anchored himself now with both elbows. He hung there, feeling a moment's sharp pain in his chest, his feet digging against the wall of the canyon and finding poor support. He kicked at the wall with his toes; he moved them up and down and found lodgment for one toe. He lifted himself gently, his elbows taking the strain from the insecure foothold, and he gathered his strength, made an upward lunge and crawled back to the trail and rolled and sat upright.

He still had the cigarette in his teeth, the

Goodnight heard his name called and felt a hand flat on his chest. He opened his eyes and saw Virginia bending over him. "Supper's ready," she said



It will put the whole plant on the manager's desk!



It may be miles from the plant manager's office to his most distant buildings, but it won't take a second for television to *show* him the production line in Building N, the mold problem in the foundry or the design change developed in the engineers' office.

Television equipment located in each department — and a receiving set on his desk . . . the manager's whole plant will be right in his office!

This is only one of the many unique possibilities of the magic of television. Industry and education, medicine and merchandising, science and entertainment—all will use it widely in the better world we're fighting for.

It is 17 short years since Farnsworth, pioneer in electronic television, first demonstrated the kind of television which today has brought clear images, colors and speed, and that waits only peace to establish itself as one of America's next great industries.

The results of Farnsworth's many years' pioneering in television and radio are now applied entirely to military equipment. Our extensive factories, well-equipped laboratories, our thousands of skilled workers, trained in the precision manufacture of the superlative Capehart Phonograph-Radio, are building highly technical electronic equipment for all our fighting forces.

When peace comes, Farnsworth television and radio equipment — including the superb Capehart — will be better because of what we've learned in war work . . . and much closer will be the day of home television . . . when you will *see* news made in world affairs, in sports, science, art and entertainment, on a television screen in your own home.

Help bring peace and Victory closer. Buy the War Bonds that buy America's winning weapons.

Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana Farnsworth Radio and Television Transmitters and Receivers; Aircraft Radio Equipment; Farnsworth Dissector Tube; the Capehart, the Capehart-Panamuse; the Farnsworth Phonograph-Radio.

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION

PRODUCT OF

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION

Style-wise men prefer

SUGAR *and* SPICE* $1

"EVERYTHING THAT'S NICE IN A TIE"

muted colors • powdery texture • easy to knot

P.S.

TO THE LADY who shops for that war-busy man. You've always been his best critic. Be his best friend as well. When you're buying his ties — remember to ask for Sugar and Spice.

Ask the man with an eye for style what he looks for in a tie. Soft tones that blend . . . wrinkle-resistance that keeps it looking new . . . draping quality — and a knot that doesn't slip. You'll find all these essentials for good taste and good looks in Sugar and Spice. Join the group of well-dressed men who make it their choice always. Featured at leading stores.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1943 Superba Cravats

SUPERBA CRAVATS • Rochester, New York scattered grains of tobacco half down his throat. He strangled on them and his coughing reminded him of the beating he had taken in his chest. He got to his feet. He said, "Coley," calling the horse. He couldn't see the horse and he took a step onward until he brushed its muzzle. He ran a hand back along its neck. He said, "All right—all right. Stand fast." He drew a deep breath and was relieved.

He walked back to the break in the trail, shuffling his feet until he reached the edge; he got down on his knees and stretched his arm outward and touched nothing. He sat back a moment, drawing a long breath, and then he flattened on his belly and inched forward until he teetered on the edge of the break like a balanced board, and reached out again, and again touched nothing. That was a five-foot stretch; the gap was wider.

He sat back, defeated and full of exasperation. He drew in a huge breath and let it go. He got a handful of small rocks and dropped them one by one over the edge of the trail, listening to the strike they made against the canyon bottom. He tried to visualize the distance but had no great luck. As a final resort he pulled out a match, struck it and cupped his hands so that the light would shine upon the break in the trail.

It was better than a ten-foot gap. But he saw something else which gave him heart; the break had taken away the outer half of the pathway, leaving an inner shelf of about two feet or so in width snugged against the cliff's face.

The light died out, leaving him hopeful in one respect: He himself could cross over. What troubled him was the situation of the horse. He doubted if it would stand on this narrow ledge all during the night without attempting to turn and so come to disaster. That meant a try at the ledge. He figured the girth of the horse against the width of the ledge and came to the conclusion that, with some luck, the passage might be accomplished.

He rose and tackled the ledge, testing it for footing. He walked back, running his hands along the face. He struck an outstanding rock and stopped and dug it out and threw it into the pit; he crawled back to the horse, removed the saddle and carried it over the break, there dumping it, and came back again to catch up the reins. He paused a moment, thinking of the depth below. It seemed to be a full fifty-foot fall. "Well, Coley," he said, "this is the jack pot." He led the horse forward, holding to the extreme end of the reins. He got halfway out upon the ledge and pulled.

COLEY was a sure-footed brute, made wary by his experiences. He came up to the break and stopped there. Goodnight came up to him and laid a hand on his neck. "Coley," he said, "you got to gamble once in a while. Don't be a fool." He backed onto the ledge, hauling suggestively at the reins.

Coley took another step and hit firm footing and came forward. Goodnight held the reins firm until he figured Coley's hind feet had reached the ledge. Then he let them sag so that the horse might drop its head and see the trail. Coley thrust its muzzle downward, breathing against the ground. It placed a forefoot ahead like a weary old man unsure of his bones, and advanced the other front foot. Goodnight heard Coley's flanks drag along the rock face and he spoke gently, to check Coley from panic: "You're halfway. Stretch out your neck and you're across." Suddenly Coley's near hind foot, too near the edge, slid downward and the horse made a lunge that carried it all the way across to firm ground. The surge caught Goodnight off balance. He jumped away, stumbled and fell. He got up again and went forward. Coley had stopped and was trembling.

Goodnight led the horse downward, taking his steps with caution. Hunger rolled around his belly, growling, and he was very tired. Somewhere in the night new sounds lifted and fell away and lifted again, barely clearing the increasing rush of the river. He halted, waiting and listening. Somewhere men were talking and as he swung his head the sound came clearest from above him. He could see nothing, but the murmur broke and ran on in idle fragments, and presently died.

He thought, "Echoes from the river," and moved cautiously downgrade again. The trail played out through gravel and chunks of rock to the river's edge. The river's surface had a thin glow. The gravel churned under his feet and his horse stumbled and stopped, dead-beat. He pulled it on, coming to better footing. Here he unsaddled again, put hobbles on the horse and rolled up in the saddle blanket. He felt a continuing ache in his chest, but he was almost instantly asleep.

NOT more than five minutes after he crossed the small creek in the earlier afternoon, Jack Babb and Monroe Mullans came up the creek on a scout, having been sent out by Boston Bill. They cut the fresh damp tracks of Goodnight's horse on the trail. Babb said, "I'll wait here. You go back and bring 'em up."

Boston Bill arrived with the main party an hour afterward and immediately pushed uptrail, following Goodnight's clear prints.

When Goodnight woke, at gray dawn, he heard a clean, distinct shout, hollowly echoing. Looking upward he discovered a man standing at the lip of the trail, four hundred feet away. The man brought a rifle to his shoulder and fired, the bullet striking wide of Goodnight's position.

His horse was twenty feet from him at the moment. Beyond stood a loose board structure, an abandoned cabin. Goodnight made a run for his horse, unsnapped the hobbles and led it back toward the house. A bullet broke ground ahead of him, and a third one splintered the side of the house wall as he jumped through the doorway, leading the horse inside. He made one more run to seize up his saddle and blanket.

Goodnight hauled the horse well inside the shack and swiftly saddled it.

A volley crashed down, crackling through the roof and raising the floor's long-collected dust. Goodnight caught the reins in his left hand, slapped the horse out through the door and went up into the saddle. He was twenty feet from the shanty, rushing up a small meadow beside the river, when the party's firing swung over and began to reach for him.

The distance was four hundred feet and most of the firing was from revolvers, which were not meant for long-range work. But there were some rifles searching him out and coming close upon him. He veered in until he scraped the edge of the cliff. Then looking back and up, he found himself sheltered.

He stopped and studied his situation and looked about him. The canyon made a long slow turn into darker country. The right-hand wall remained sheer as far as he could see it; across the river the rough shoulders of a ridge came down in heavy folds of timber and rock. It was a rough slope but a passable one, once he crossed the river.

The river itself, freshly born in these hills, was small and shallow and fast; he put the horse over the meadow and into the water and at once heard the renewal of gunfire. He pointed Coley upstream for better footing and felt the current break hard against the animal's legs; at the halfway point the water began to push against Coley's barrel and chest and a bullet struck the stream close by with a gurgling echo. Coley struggled with the slippery rocks, came to a full pause to gain its balance, and moved on again, working

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

"The Blend of Experience"

Your assurance of Good Taste
P&T
1840
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

NEW WAY TO FIGHT ATHLETE'S FOOT

MEDICAL SCIENCE has made important advances recently in fighting Athlete's Foot. It is now known that the fungus organisms which cause the disease cannot live under certain *alkaline* conditions, and may thrive in shoe linings—as well as on feet—causing danger of re-infection.

Based on new scientific knowledge, a new Mennen product—Quinsana (a fungicidal powder)—is producing sensational results. Records kept of thousands of persons show that Athlete's Foot infection disappeared in practically all cases after only 30 days treatment with Quinsana. You can get Quinsana now in drug and department stores throughout the U. S.

2-WAY TREATMENT

Use Quinsana on feet daily to help prevent and relieve infection. Most common symptoms of Athlete's Foot are cracks and peeling between toes; mild infection may suddenly progress to more serious form. Inflammation may mean germ infection; see physician or chiropodist.

Shake Quinsana into shoes every day to absorb moisture, thereby reducing chances of re-infection from this source. Being a powder, Quinsana is conveniently used in the shoes as well as on feet.

MENNEN
QUINSANA
QUINSANA
A MENNEN PRODUCT

Only 50¢. Use Quinsana daily as a protective measure as well as for relief. It is also excellent for excessive perspiration and foot odor.

Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco

through the shallows to dry land. Across a narrow beach stood the foot of the ridge, with its timber. Toward it Goodnight rushed. Gaining the shelter of pines he stopped and dismounted.

Boston Bill's party was against the side of the cliff, coming single-file and slowly down the reverse pitches of the trail. He counted eight men, spaced out and moving with caution; and although it was at a considerable distance, he recognized the high shape of Bill in the lead. He noticed that one man remained on the rim, guarding the party as it descended.

He pulled his rifle from its boot and crouched down, steadying the gun beside a pine trunk. He made a guess as to distance and elevation and drew a thoughtful sight on the marksman. He waited, and took up the trigger's slack, and waited until he had the marksman's shoulders in the notch of his sights, and let go. He saw the marksman roll back out of sight.

He pulled down his rifle and went back to his horse. He put away the gun and stepped to the saddle, turning to the rough hill. He found a kind of footing and moved forward until outcrop stopped him; and found another short passable vista and pushed forward. In this manner he worked himself two or three hundred feet up the side of the ridge before stopping. Now looking below him he caught sight of Boston Bill and the party at the mine house. They had halted.

He fought his way over some of the roughest footing he had ever seen. He had to dismount and lead the horse, breaking through vine undergrowth, circling great masses of fallen rock and soil, skirting logs lying breast-high before him.

THIS was the way of it for half an hour. Presently some kind of a glen made a wrinkle in the ravine's side, forming a long chute; Goodnight took to it and made better time, and eventually came upon an area of bald, worn rock. He passed around chunks of rock two stories high and discovered a trail winding between worn walls of like rock. Turning the corner of such a rock he came upon a small campfire burning.

He stopped at once and looked about him and saw nothing, but he knew that somewhere around one corner or another of this massive boulder patch a man stood and held a gun against him. He knew that because of the frying pan beside the fire and the blackened can with hot coffee steaming in it. He stood still in front of his horse, feeling his danger. He said in his easy voice, "All right."

He heard a scrape behind him, he heard boots slide forward over the solid rock floor. A man went by him, slowly swinging—a young man with a sharp, pointed face pinched sharp with the shadow of hunting and being hunted. He had a gun in his arm but a moment later, considering Goodnight closely, he put the gun back in his holster. He pointed at the fire. "Those fish are ready to eat. Go ahead and eat 'em."

"A drink of coffee is all I've got time for," said Goodnight.

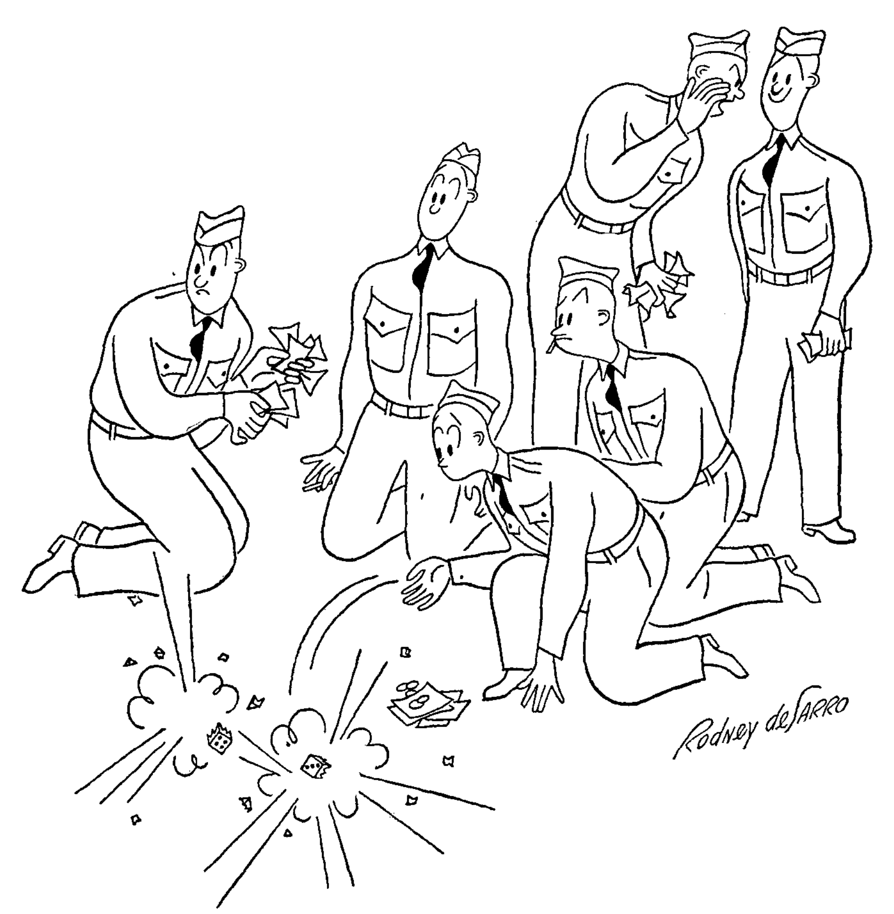
"Why?" said the young man. "That outfit won't ever get up this way. Go ahead and eat my breakfast. I been livin' easy for the last month. I ain't hungry."

Goodnight walked to the fire and squatted before it. He dragged the coffee can aside, saw another can near by, and poured himself a drink. He took it down in noisy swallows, hot as it was. He looked at the fish and bacon lying crisp in the pan and he pulled out his pocketknife and went to work. The young man crouched across the fire from him, watching with amusement. "I remember when I was that hungry. But I found this spot and I been livin' fine ever since. Fish in the river, venison for the lookin'. Rabbit any old time. I never lived so well in my life. That fish taste all right?"

"Fine," said Goodnight.

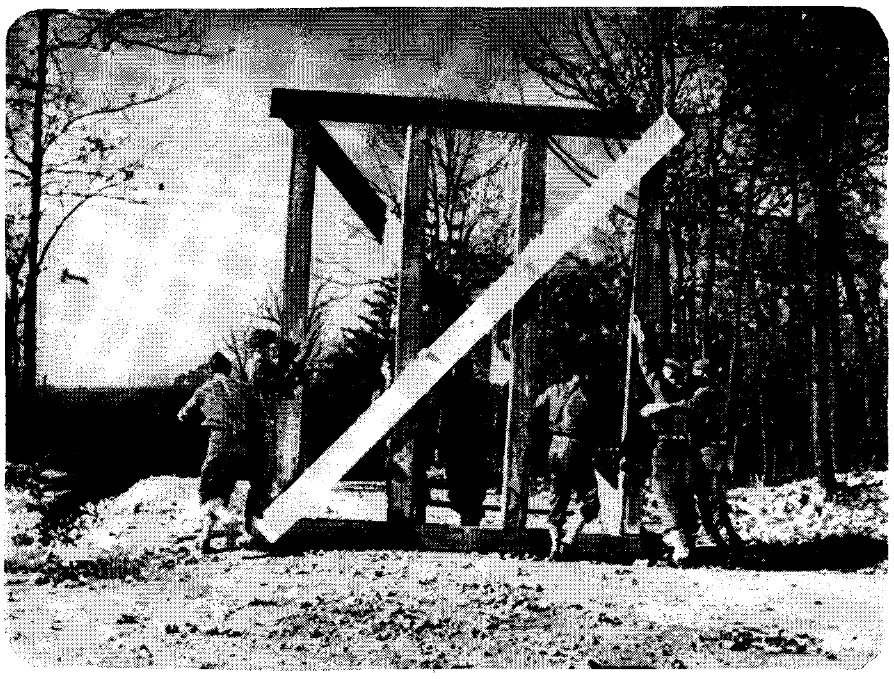
"Yeah," said the young man. "You can't beat this place. It is a funny thing. A man gets in trouble. All wound around with grief and disaster. Hunted like a dog. Can't ride without watchin', can't sleep without one eye open. Can't walk down a street. So he says if he ever gets to a place where he can just relax and never worry, then he'll be happy and never move again. Yeah. This is the place. I can hear anything come, half a mile away. Don't suppose more than four men have ever found this spot in couple hundred years. Why, it's perfect."

"Should be wonderful," said Goodnight. He sat back to roll a cigarette; he relished



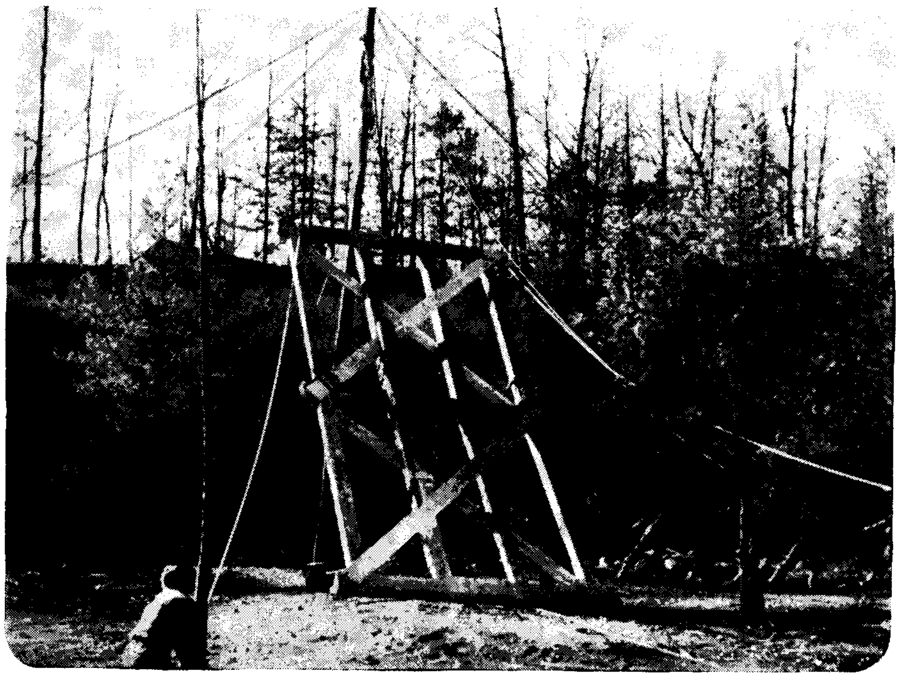
COLLIER'S "What the heck did you load them with?" RODNEY DE SARRO

They learned to build a bridge by sitting in the dark

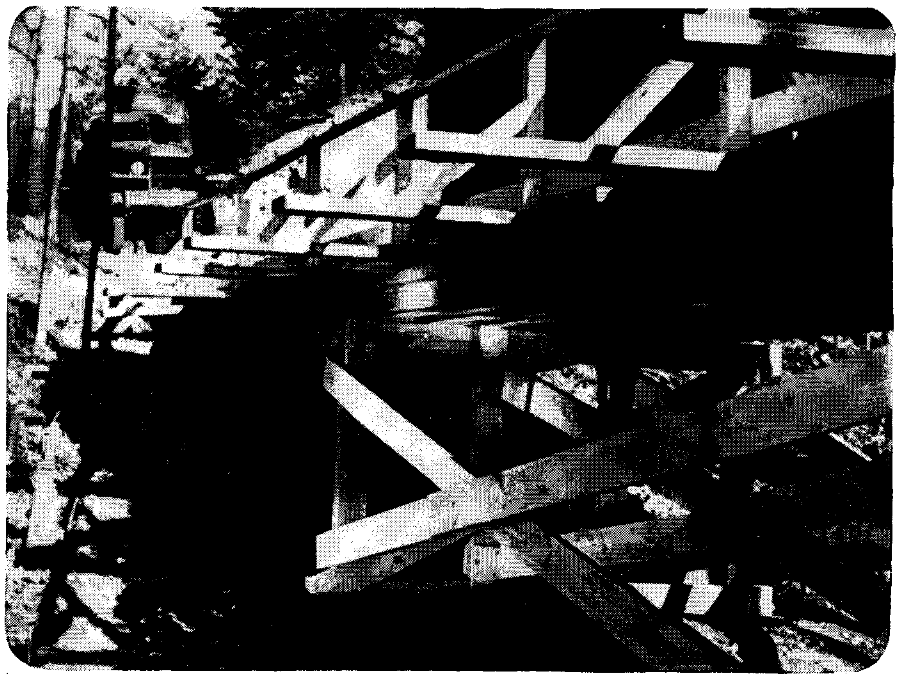


1. Soldiers build small trestle to be carried to its position at the bridge site.

U. S. SIGNAL CORPS PHOTOS



2. High trestle for bridge is too heavy for lifting, so a derrick is rigged.



3. Portion of completed bridge strong enough to support trucks, or light tanks.

THIS IS THE REMARKABLE story of thirty-six green men . . .

. . . a bridge

. . . and a 40-minute movie seen in the dark.

The thirty-six green men had had only three weeks of Army training, *none* of it in Engineering work. But they were shown a Signal Corps training film titled: "*How To Build A Timber Trestle Bridge.*"

They saw the movie *once*.

Then they were given a Sergeant who had never built a timber trestle bridge, and they were taken out into the country and told to build a bridge.

What happened?

Here's the answer in a direct quotation from their Engineer Major:

> "In three and a half hours they had completed a 45-foot timber trestle bridge which is as good as any I've ever seen. If that isn't an argument for training films, I'll eat one."

Well, that's the way the whole Army feels about the Signal Corps and its magnificent training pictures. Engineers . . . Infantry . . . Armored Divisions . . . Tank Destroyers . . . they all use moving pictures made by the U. S. Army Signal Corps.

The men who make the training films don't win many medals or often get cited for heroism. But their pictures are helping to make our men *better-informed* and *better-trained* — the *hardest-hitting* Army the United States has ever had!

Note to Camera Users:

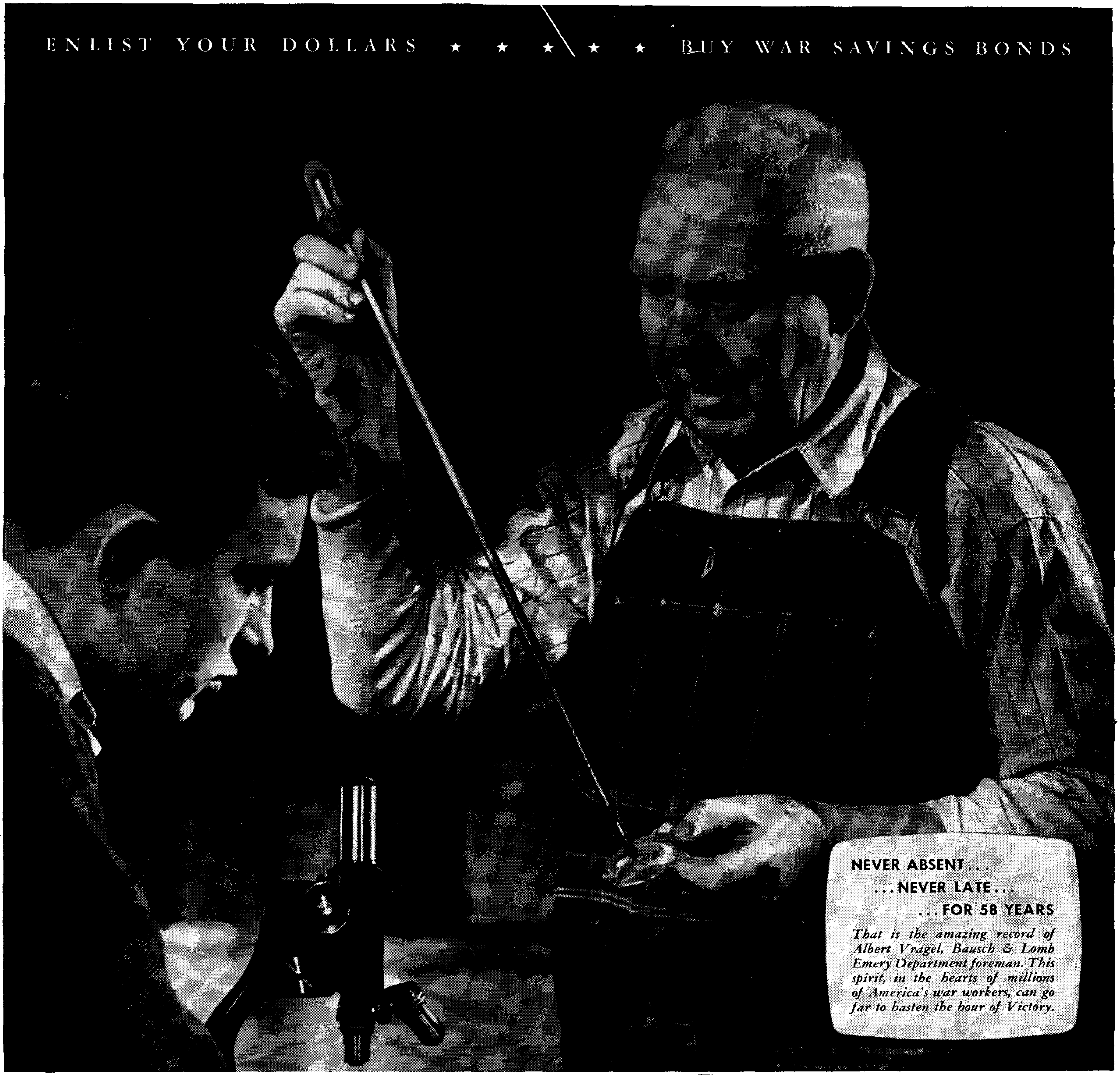
Agfa Ansco supplies a greater percentage of its film direct to the government than does any other photographic manufacturer.

In fact, almost three-quarters of our total production goes to the government and war industries.

So, if you find temporary shortages of your favorite Agfa Ansco Film, remember where it's going—and what it's doing. We're sure you'll understand.

Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y.

Agfa Ansco – Keep your eye on Ansco – first with the finest


ENLIST YOUR DOLLARS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS

NEVER ABSENT . . .
. . . NEVER LATE . . .
. . . FOR 58 YEARS

That is the amazing record of Albert Vragel, Bausch & Lomb Emery Department foreman. This spirit, in the hearts of millions of America's war workers, can go far to hasten the hour of Victory.

Knowing how...and Showing how

ARMY E NAVY

Building optical instruments is a job for skills built on experience. Bausch & Lomb has the skills, and the experience. Albert Vragel, emery expert, is one of 39 men and women who, with 50 years or more at Bausch & Lomb, have helped America through three wars. They are part of the remarkable organization known as the Early Settlers—the Bausch & Lomb 25-year-service club—whose 518 members alone represent collectively more than 22,000 years of specialized experience.

Such experience is irreplaceable today. It indicates why Bausch & Lomb was ready, when war clouds gathered over Europe, to supply the United Nations with the optical instruments of war. It provides the "know-how," too, to meet ever-increasing production demands, by training thousands of new workers . . . for our own plant and plants of other manufacturers, to whom we have made available Bausch & Lomb specifications, methods and experience for production of certain military optical instruments. Bausch & Lomb experience, skills and facilities are devoted today to the production of range finders, binoculars, anti-aircraft height finders—to the tools of modern war. After Victory, these resources will lead in the interpretation of optical science to the needs of a finer new world.

BAUSCH & LOMB
OPTICAL CO. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1853

AN AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION PRODUCING OPTICAL GLASS AND INSTRUMENTS FOR MILITARY USE, EDUCATION, RESEARCH, INDUSTRY AND EYESIGHT CORRECTION

the smoke, and the food sent its warmth and its energy through him. Sunlight moved overhead. Presently heat would pour full down into this rocky cup. "This place gets hot, doesn't it?"

"Around ten o'clock," said the young man, "I move up to my parlor in the trees. Cool there. I sleep here at night. Sleep there durin' the day. Never found anything like it."

He rose and vanished around the corner of a rock. Goodnight, lying back relaxed, heard him scuffle around the top of the rock, thirty feet above; and heard his voice: "They on your trail serious?"

"That's right."

"They ain't in much of a hurry," said the young man. "Well, here comes a couple more men from the lower end of the canyon. I'll just watch 'em a while."

GOODNIGHT threw the rest of the coffee on the fire, killing the flame. He dropped on his shoulders and drew a hat over his face, grateful for the rest and for the chance to do a little thinking. So far he had been on the run to clear himself of the weight Boston Bill could bring against him, well knowing he could not buck the man's whole outfit. All he wished was a straight chance at Bill, an even encounter. He wanted nothing more, and would have nothing less. It was another obligation in his life, like the obligation to satisfy his sister's memory.

The young man came off the rock, into sight. He squatted on his heels, made cheerful by this break in a long day. "They've started up the canyon. It'll be two-three hours before they get out of it. Ain't a decent trail short of five miles from here."

"Where will the trail lead them?"

The young man swung his arm to the east. "Up there is an old Indian trail over the summit. They'll come up the canyon and strike it. Then they can either go over the mountains, or turn and follow the trail back to the main road, ten miles off. That's another way of going over the mountains. Or of going back to Roselle and Sherman City." He dropped back on an elbow, content with the day. "But they won't ever find a way of gettin' here. There ain't any way." He gave Goodnight a hopeful look. "How'd you like beans and biscuits for supper—with a side dish of fried rabbit?"

Goodnight rose. He walked to his horse and tried the cinch, and tightened it. "I am obliged," he said. "And I wish you luck."

The young man's face dropped. He got to his feet. He said, "Anything excitin'? Maybe I can get in on this?"

"Thought this place pleased you," said Goodnight.

The young man drew a heavy breath. He lost his cheerfulness. "It's a wonderful place. But I'm sick of it. If I got to stay here and talk to myself any longer I'll go crazy."

"Safe here," Goodnight reminded him. "No worries."

"I know—I know," grumbled the young man. "But you're in trouble, ain't you? You could use help, it looks like. Take me along."

"I could use help," agreed Goodnight. "But I won't take you. If you came with me you'd be slammin' the door on your cell for good. You want a life of this business? You think it's fun?"

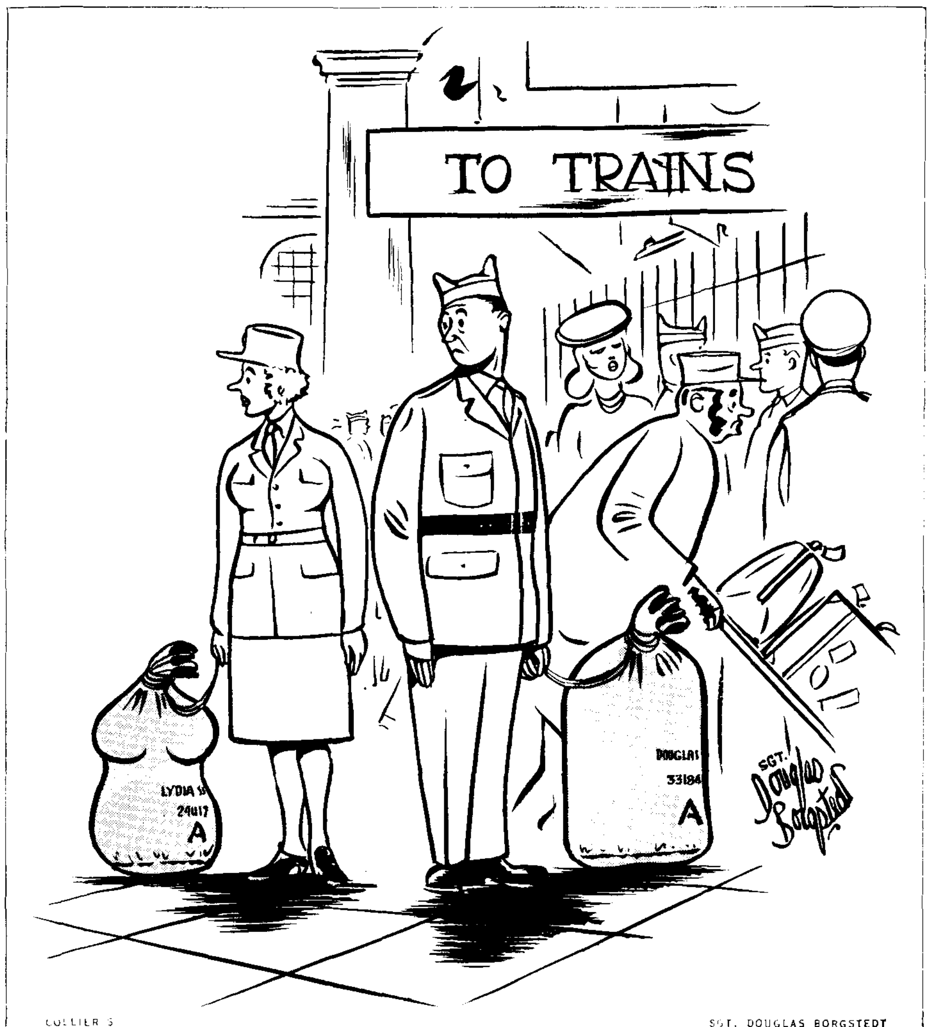
"I'll do all right," said the young man.

"Like now?" said Goodnight, and watched the young man's eyes show uncertainty. He stepped into the saddle, looking down. "The finest thing I know of," he said, pressing home his point, "is for a man to be able to ride into a strange town, go inside a restaurant and sit down with his back to the door, drinking his coffee without worrying what's behind him. How long you been in this hole?"

"Twenty-four days, at seven o'clock tonight."

"Twenty-four days of misery. If you're smart you'll ride over the hill and a long way from here. You'll find an outfit and you'll stick there until the smell of smoke wears off. Then you'll be out of prison for good."

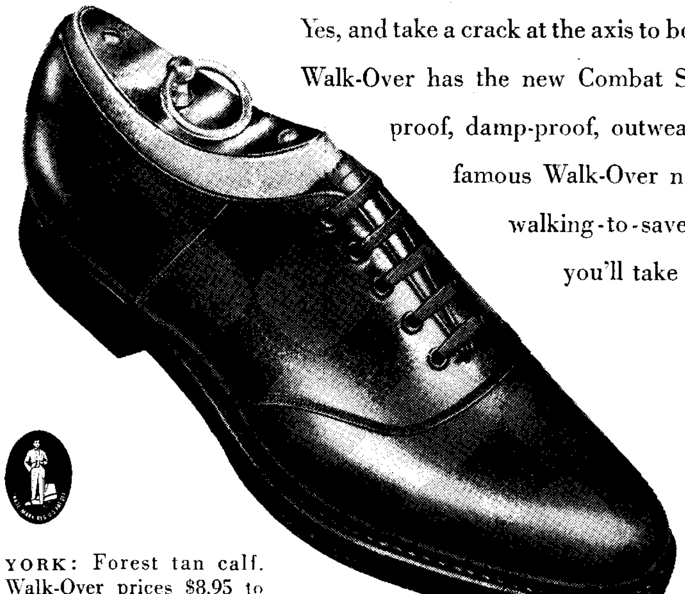
He rode over the rock floor of the bowl, turned a corner and put the young man behind him. Two hours of riding brought him to a trail—the old Indian trail men-



COLLIER'S SGT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

WALK·OVER
COMBAT SOLES

Blitz your way through blizzards, rain, mud. Yes, and take a crack at the axis to boot. This rugged Walk-Over has the new Combat Sole that's cold-proof, damp-proof, outwears leather. And famous Walk-Over natural-fit makes walking-to-save-gas something you'll take in your stride.



YORK: Forest tan calf. Walk-Over prices $8.95 to $12.95. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

NOT QUITE REGULAR?

TRY THIS HEALTH DRINK FIRST

Juice of 1 lemon · in glass of water · first thing on arising

Has a natural laxative effect for most people, and it aids digestion, supplies needed vitamins, builds resistance, too!

Here's a surprisingly simple way to avoid the usual harsh laxatives.

Most people find the juice of 1 lemon in a glass of water, taken *first thing on arising,* is all they need to insure prompt, normal elimination—*gently*. And lemon and water is *good* for you.

Lemons Build Health! Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They're the only known source of vitamin P (*citrin*) and supply valuable amounts of B_1. They alkalinize—aid digestion. Millions *not* troubled with constipation take lemon and water daily just as a *health builder.*

Why not keep regular with this refreshing morning drink that builds health too? Try it ten days, first thing on arising—see if you don't benefit!

P. S.—LEMON & SODA • Some prefer juice of 1 lemon in half glass water with ¼ to ½ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as the foaming quiets.

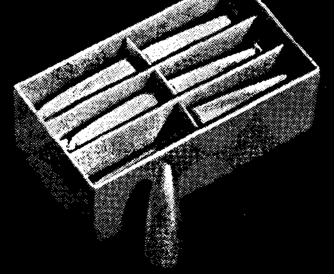
California Sunkist

Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

...first thing on arising

TO RELIEVE
THE DISTRESS OF
SIMPLE PILES



UNGUENTINE*
RECTAL CONES

The makers of Unguentine offer a nationally recognized product—*Unguentine Rectal Cones*—to relieve the burning pain and discomfort of simple piles or hemorrhoids.

Millions of *Unguentine Rectal Cones* have been sold . . . because they help bring quick relief . . . help guard against infection . . . and promote healing. *Try a package of 12 Unguentine Rectal Cones*—and if you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Guarantee: Your druggist will refund your full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

Norwich*
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
By the Makers of *Unguentine

FOR
DRY SCALP
AND
DULL HAIR
USE
JERIS
HAIR OIL
MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED YEARLY

QUICK RELIEF
FOR
SUMMER
TEETHING

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums

tioned by the young man, and this trail Bill's party had taken. Something had hurried Bill at this point, the hoofprints showing a deeper bite in the earth.

Goodnight paused a moment to debate the proposition. If he delayed he lost them. If he took to the trail he ran the risk of being ambushed. It was one of those quick decisions, ended immediately. He turned into the trail and set his horse to a canter along a series of little curves and up-and-down pitches.

He had his mind entirely on this business and still, from time to time, the thought of the young man came back to him, to worry him; and then other thoughts came quickly, and quickly left him—of Niles, of McSween, of his sister, of older days that had been pleasant. Of Virginia Overman. That thought with its recollection of her face and her voice and her quiet smile stayed longest. It was still with him when, rounding a bend, he came upon a horse and a man dismounted and sitting with his back to a tree.

Goodnight pulled up to avoid a collision with the horse, and as he pulled up he saw the seated man make a half-hearted effort toward his gun, touch the butt and then drop his hand away. Goodnight waited, not bothering to draw; for he noticed the sick set of the man's face and the purple coloring of his lips. This, he remembered, was one of Bill's men. He recognized the face.

"What's up?"

The man shook his head. He pressed a hand against his heart and a distinct fear came to his eyes. "Too much for me. Too much climbin'. Never happened before."

"They left you here?"

"I guess," said the man, "they're in a hurry."

"A hurry for what?"

The man looked up at him, once his enemy, once pressing him for the kill. This man looked up at him, wiped clean of the desire by the slow ticking of his heart, too sick to feel hatred. He had reached for his gun and then, as a gesture of something no longer important, he had dropped his arm. "To swing around and box you in," he said.

GOODNIGHT said, "Where's a good way to Roselle?"

The man motioned along the trail. "It comes into the Roselle road." He stopped speaking and again put a hand over his heart, and fright showed on him clearly. He struggled through it and murmured, "Whut you think I can do for this?"

"Fall back and rest—and sleep," said Goodnight. "And hope you wake." He crowded by the man's horse, intending to go on. But he stopped and he got down and unsaddled the other horse and took off the blanket. He laid out the blanket on the ground; he took the man by the armpits and shifted him to the blanket. "Lie back," he said, and hauled off the man's boots. "If I had some water I'd leave it. Good luck."

"Don't go," said the man, fear full in his voice. "Don't go." Then he shook his head and said dully, "Never mind."

Goodnight returned to his horse. From the saddle he looked back. The man's eyes were on him; the man held them open, as though afraid that if he closed them he would die. He held on, bitterly afraid. He shook his head. "Funny thing. You're the same as any other man. Why was I in the pack that chased you?"

"I'll send somebody back, when I reach a ranch."

The man gave Goodnight a bleak look. "Who'd come?" he asked. "Who'd give a durn?" He turned his head away and his voice echoed the futile feeling, the faith that was gone, the wreckage that could never be repaired: "You're the first man to give me a hand in many years. I'm older than you, ain't I?"

"Yes, you are," Goodnight replied.

"This is no good," said the man. "This business you and me are in. Look at me and see what it comes to. We're livin' like dogs and this is a dog's end. Take a look at me. It'll happen to you. Better get out."

"So long," said Goodnight and rode on.

He had lost time and now went along the trail with less caution. The trail grew broader and better; and presently fell into a road which came upgrade and passed before him on its way over the Owlhorns. It was, he believed, the same road which touched Roselle and Sun Ranch on its way down to Sherman City. Boston Bill's party had swung into it, going downgrade.

That outfit was by now a quarter hour ahead of him and presumably still in motion; and since he had no other plan than to keep within sound or sight of Bill, he set out upon the road, following Bill's tracks.

The sun had now swung low and the timber was taking on its early shadows, its first night stillness. Suddenly out of the timber, hard by him, he heard a voice—a woman's voice—speak to him in soft urgence:

"Frank. Turn and come here. Hurry."

He looked directly to his left, from which direction the voice had come, and saw nothing. He wheeled and ran in, swinging right and left around the pines. The root system of a capsized pine made a bulwark before him, and when he turned it he discovered Virginia Overman waiting there on her horse.

"Bill's just ahead of you," she said.

"I know that."

She looked at him with a swift, sharpened interest. She turned her head. She called, "Ned," and waited. Goodnight heard an echo break behind him, and swung about to find the long, black-whiskered Ned Tower move into sight, walking. Tower gave him a short sizing-up, not speaking. The girl said, to Goodnight, "Did you see his outfit?"

"Yes."

"How many did he have with him?"

"Ten or so."

"He passed here with nine," she said.

"He's got more men than that scattered around," said Tower. He paused, and placed his suspecting glance back to Goodnight. "If he was chasin' you," commented Tower, "how you come to be chasin' him now?"

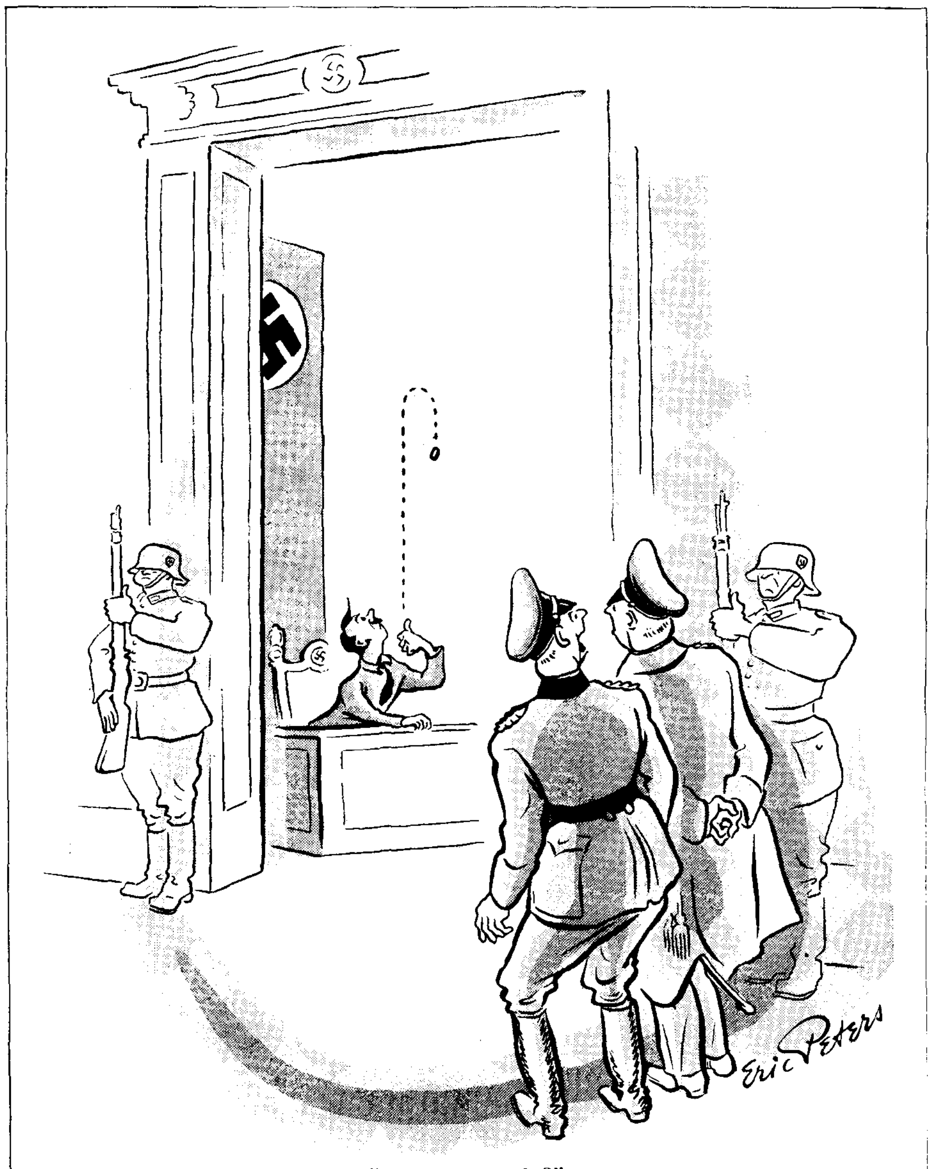
GOODNIGHT gave the man a still glance; the preceding twenty-four hours had wearied him and he was hungry and in no tractable frame of mind. He rolled himself a smoke, making no answer. The girl, meanwhile, had been debating something in her own mind, and now said to Tower, "Better drift down toward Roselle. I think he'll stop there to eat." She started to say something else, checked it, and later added, "Keep an eye on them, Ned."

He nodded and moved away. Before disappearing, he swung, speaking again to Goodnight, "You comin' along?"

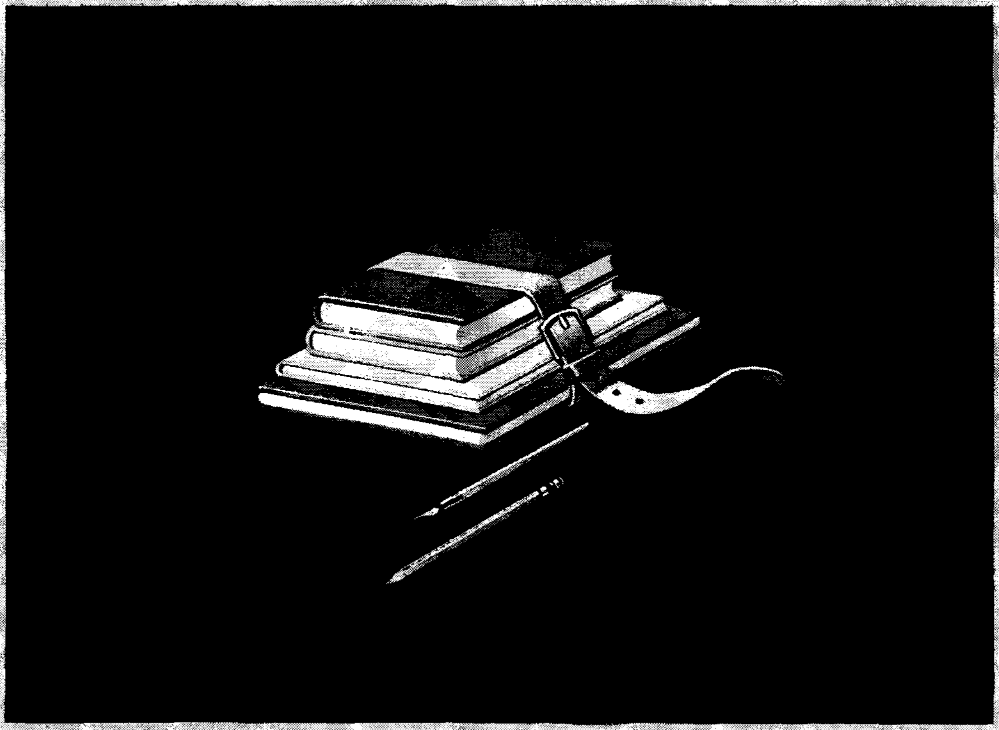
The girl quickly spoke for Goodnight: "We'll follow later." She watched Tower go; she turned and looked at Goodnight with a full, light expression. She smiled and the smile went warm into him. She kept her eyes on him, open and silently promising, and her lips were broad with the weight of her thoughts. She was beautiful to him, a poised and deep woman slow to awake and slow to give; but once awake and once willing to give she glowed and was beautiful.

"I have not slept at all, thinking of you. I have been through the hills, scattering a dozen men on your trail. Then we came back here, hoping. I guess we felt the same thing Bill did—that you'd come here to eat."

There was movement around him, in



COLLIER'S "Intuition again?" ERIC PETERS



TOMORROW'S *Children*

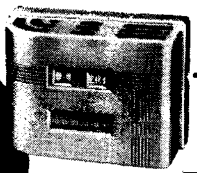
The new generation, at home or in school, will soon benefit directly from research and experiment in automatic temperature control now going on in the laboratories and test rooms of Minneapolis-Honeywell. For example, there will be available M-H sectional control for every home, so that bedrooms, amusement or play rooms, etc., can be maintained at health or economy temperatures, according to their use. There will also be available M-H individual control for apartments, a great step forward in the protection of health and comfort. There is a hint, too, from our laboratories and our "all weather" house, of a new M-H Thermostat employing electronic means to provide ideal temperature and effortless control — a bright promise for the health and sturdy growth of Tomorrow's Children. Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., 2720 Fourth Avenue S., Minneapolis 8, Minnesota . . . In Canada: Toronto, Ontario . . . In Europe: London, England, and Stockholm, Sweden . . .

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL

TEMPERATURE CONTROLS

ARMY E NAVY



the Chronotherm

THE NEW CLOCK
THERMOSTAT THAT
SAVES FUEL.

STILL BEING SHIPPED

Due to wartime demand for vital ingredients by our armed forces there's *less* A·1 Sauce for civilians nowadays. But there's *some, and don't you forget it!*

Keep asking for A·1 Sauce. It'll be along from time to time—to add mouth-watering flavor to your meals. *Send for free recipe booklet. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.*

The DASH that makes the DISH

BELL
WATERPROOF

No. EB 124—Sturdy, 15 jewel, anti-magnetic waterproof watch precision tested for accuracy. Non-breakable crystal, waterproof strap, radium dial and hands, stainless steel back. SHOCK RESISTANT. $34.75

No. EB 121 — Same watch with sweep second hand. $39.75

Attractively Boxed. Price incl. Fed. Tax.

POSTAGE PREPAID ● MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet "EB"

BELL WATCH COMPANY

Time-Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, 20, N. Y.

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..
DON'T LET EXTRA WALKING GET YOU "DOWN AT THE HEEL". GET EXTRA WEAR WITH HOOD RUBBER HEELS
SUPREX
ASK FOR HOOD
RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

the farther reaches of the forest. He heard horses move and he had a sharp look and saw motion in brief flashes. "Who's here?"

"Ned's got a few men with him. We'll go toward Roselle later. You come with me."

She swung away, heading into the forest with confidence. In a short distance she picked up a trail and went with it, downgrade across a creek and upgrade over a small ridge. The sun had dropped and the shadows turned steadily blacker and the visibility lessened until he saw only the shape of the girl and her horse before him. In a general way it seemed to him they were dropping from the high point of the hills; and presently they reached a meadow and crossed it and came upon a cabin. She said, "One of Sun's line cabins," and got down and went inside.

HE REMAINED in the saddle, looking back at the meadow's edges. She had lighted a lantern and he heard her rattle the lid of the cabin's stove. The lantern's light came through the doorway, touching him; he pulled aside, so long on the alert that he was dissatisfied now. Smoke lifted from the chimney, its smell curling through the night. She came out, curious at his delay.

"Nobody will come this way," she said. Her voice had a ring to it. He listened to its sureness, its confidence. He thought, "She is used to authority, she is used to being obeyed." But he was suddenly tired into his bones and he dropped from the saddle and moved inside the house. The fire had caught hold and added heat to the small room. There was a dirt floor, and a bed against one side of the cabin; there was a soapbox on the wall and some supplies in it. This line cabin, he judged, was in use through the season. He saw an empty bucket and he said, "Where's the water?"

"Lie down and sleep until I call you."

He obeyed her. The night and the day had caught up with him and when he lay back on the bed—on its lumpy, straw-filled tick—he shut his eyes and thought of the man upon the trail, dying or now dead. The memory troubled him and he thought: "I've got to tell somebody about that." He heard the girl lift the bucket and he heard her leave the cabin. He meant to rise and do that chore for her but he thought: "I'll do it in a minute."

He heard his name called and called again. He felt a hand flat on his chest and he opened his eyes and found her standing above him, bent over, her eyes and her mouth close to him. "Supper's ready."

He said, "Fell asleep," and rose and was ashamed. She had walked somewhere for the water. She had cooked a meal. He sat down at the table before biscuits, fried potatoes, bacon and coffee. He drank the coffee first, badly in need of it. She refilled his cup, then sat opposite him, her chin cupped in her hands, her elbows propped on the table, her smile steady on him and her glance sharp in its survey.

"You slept hard. The print of the straw is on your face. I should have let you sleep longer. Didn't you get any rest last night?"

"Not much."

"Where were you?"

"Bottom of a canyon. By a little river. By the bunkhouse of an old mine."

"The Glory mine," she said. "Was Bill following?"

"Yes," he said. "He followed."

"Were you shot at?"

"They were poor at it," he said.

Her eyes hardened and her lips crept together, making a line. "I made a mistake, Frank. I should have let you alone when you had your chance with him on Sun. I should not have interfered. When he started after you with his outfit I knew what I had done. I'm sorry."

"The time will come again," he said.

She had a strong jaw for a woman. He saw it set, and wondered about that. But presently her face softened. She dropped her eyes, gravely speaking: "The last hours have been the worst in my life. I never ceased to think about you. I have missed you."

He looked at her, surprised at the change. He said, "I'm the same man you said was just another candidate for the wild bunch."

She shook her head. "I know I said it. And I felt it. I do not feel it now. How can I tell you when the change happened? I do not know."

He said, "What have you got started now? What's this Ned Tower doing?"

"By now he's waiting outside Roselle, keeping watch."

He said, "I thought Bill was the man you needed to help you against Harry Ide."

"I once thought that, too."

"How many men with Tower?"

She paused on the edge of her answer. She watched him closely for a moment, then turned back to the stove to catch the coffeepot. She filled his tin cup. "I don't know how many he got together."

He said, "I'll drift down there and lend a hand."

"Ned will have enough," she said.

He listened to the answer and found it strange. "I don't make this out. What does Tower figure to do?"

"Break up Bill's bunch. Once and for all, and forever."

"My understanding was," he said, "that these hill ranchers got along well enough with Bill. What's made them turn righteous, after he's supplied them with prairie cattle for a year or two?"

She said, "They were his friends as long as he knew where to stay. When he forgot that, they turned."

She was offering him nothing. She answered his questions in her even, short manner, explaining nothing extra. He sat before her, watching the strength of her face, its resolution and its will; and it seemed to him that she gave him what he wanted to know only as a favor and not as a right; that even then she questioned his right to ask. But her small smile remained.

"Who got them started against him?"

"I did," she said. "As soon as he left Sun, following you." She added, very softly: "I changed my mind about him, Frank, because of you."

"This was the man," he said, "you depended on to keep Harry Ide away."

She drew a breath, a deep breath, and let it fall. Her smile pinched out and he realized she was impatient with him. "Listen to me," she said. "He has his ambitions. If he helped me against Harry Ide, he wished payment. There's only one way of paying him—to marry him and give him Sun. He would take nothing less; and he would at least take Sun if I refused to marry him." She paused, showing her small irritation at the need of this explanation. But she went on: "To be honest with you, I once thought of marrying him. I once saw admirable things in him. You changed that. When you faced him, he broke before my eyes. In that room. When you offered to fight, I stepped between you two to stop a killing, not for any love. He had changed to a poorer man, with less in him, in that moment."

"You're takin' a chance of a killing now," he pointed out. "How do you think it will go at Roselle when they begin to shoot?"

She looked at him with her resolution showing around her mouth. "He went after you and meant to kill you. I would no longer try to save him. He must be driven out. Otherwise he'll stay by and hunt you again."

He had his own irritation, and rose. "I'll take care of my own quarrels," he said.

She stood up with him, watching him tensely as he moved over the room. "You are rather proud," she observed. "I apologized for interfering the other day. Do I have to apologize again?"

"You like to run your own affairs," he said. "So do I. Now it's time to ride on. But how will you get back to Sun?"

"You'll take me," she said.

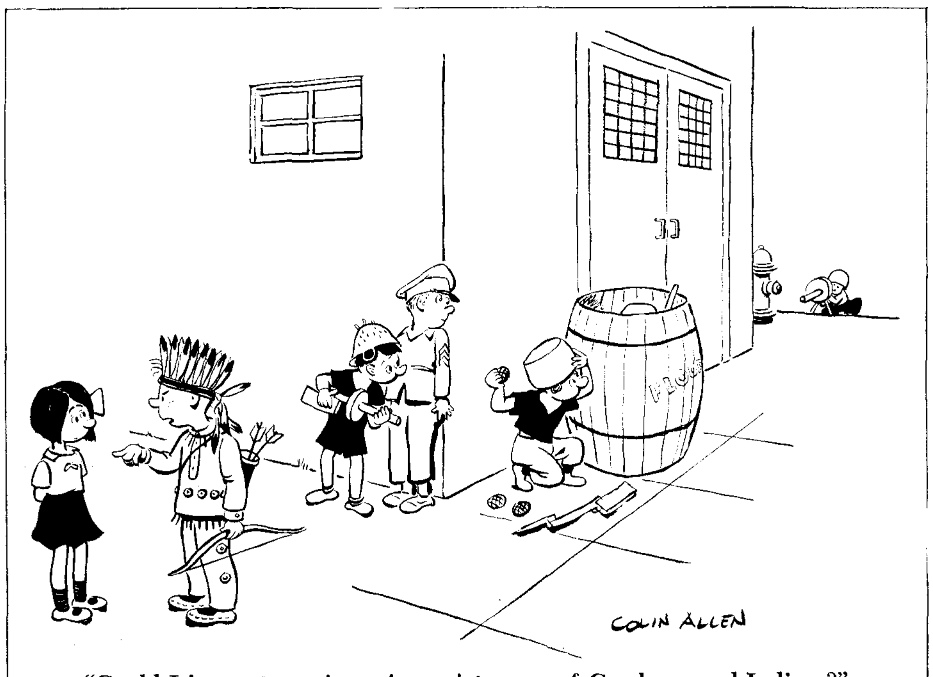
"I'm going to Roselle."

"Nothing will happen until you get back there," she said. But she had never ceased to watch him with her strained expression: and when he lighted his cigarette and looked at her he discovered she seemed ready to cry. The look was on her, and that look softened and made her beautiful again, so that everything he thought about her returned in full flood, and he desired her as he had before. He told himself, "I'm the biggest fool alive. I *want* her." But he said aloud, "Let's get started."

When they left the cabin she turned to the left, which seemed wrong to him. "Better take the Roselle road until we reach town, then circle it. But keep on the road."

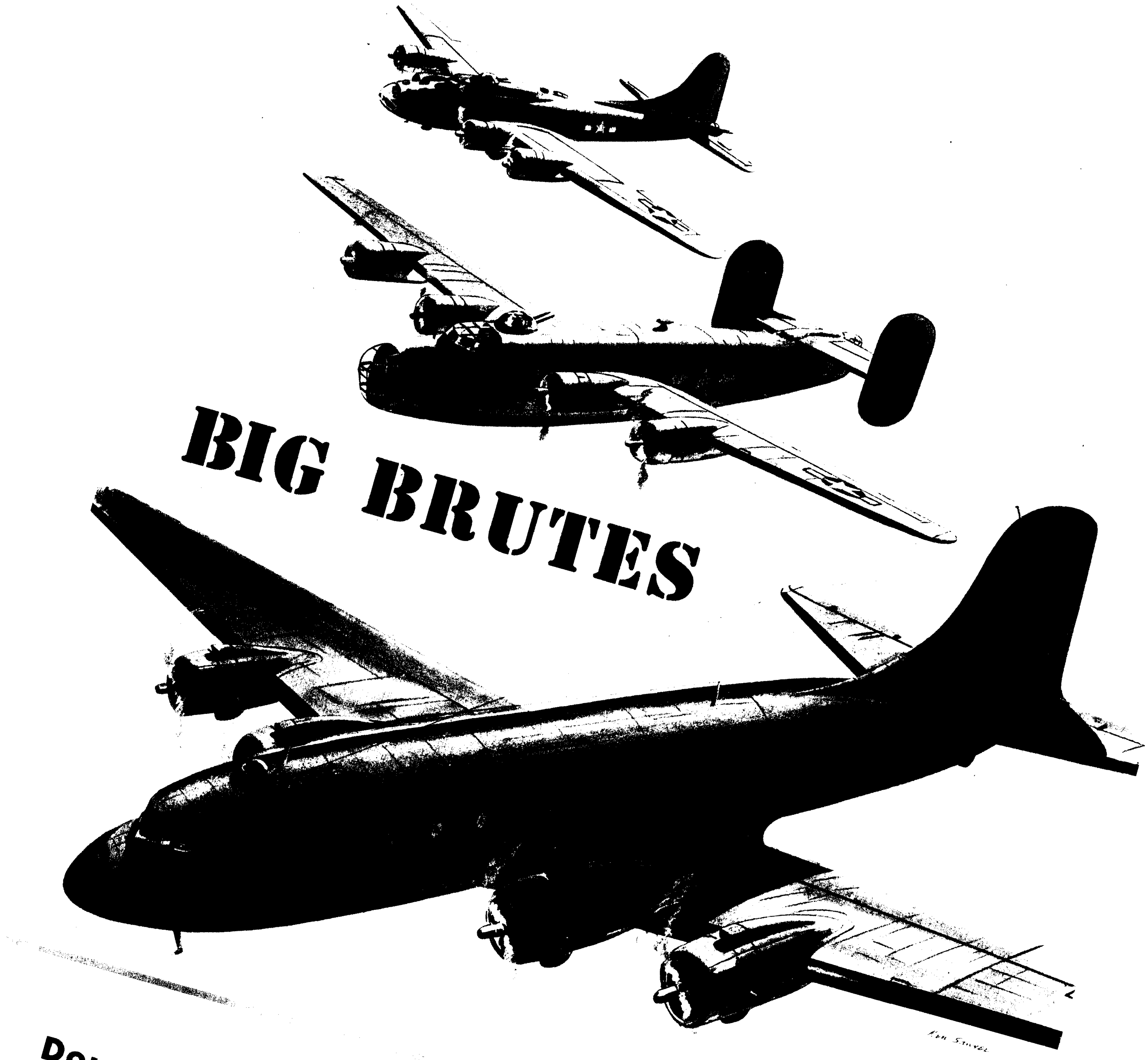
"I know a shorter trail," she told him, and led away.

BOSTON BILL and his seven men rode into Roselle at sunset and put up before the saloon. Bill said, "He left Sun without any supplies. A night and a day will starve him out. He won't go back to Sun because he'll be afraid of running into us. Sherman City is too long a haul for a



"Could I interest you in a nice quiet game of Cowboys and Indians?"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN



Douglas Builds All Three

When United Nations air strategy called for concentration on heavy bombers and transports, only Douglas was chosen to produce all three current 4-engine types: Douglas' own C-54 Skymaster Combat Transport (bottom), the B-24 Liberator Bomber and the Flying Fortress. Douglas production of "big brutes" has been on schedule or ahead of schedule, in addition to fabulous output of more other types of aircraft than any other manufacturer.

DOUGLAS

Douglas Aircraft Co., Santa Monica, Calif.
LONG BEACH, EL SEGUNDO, and DAGGETT, CALIF.
TULSA, OKLAHOMA OKLAHOMA CITY CHICAGO

3rd WAR LOAN
BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

Save Your Pride with Simoniz!

Make Your Car Look New . . . *and Save Its "After Victory" Value!*

Why drive a dull discolored car? Embarrassing . . . yes, but it is costing you money, too. The longer you put off Simonizing the less your car brings on a trade-in when Victory comes. So start now! It's easy to make your car sparkle like new again with the amazing Simoniz Kleener. Then the famous Simoniz keeps the finish beautiful. Gives you more pleasure per "rationed" mile. Protects and preserves the enamel. Besides, the less you drive the more the finish needs Simonizing. Get Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car today.

The Simoniz Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

Liquid
SIMONIZ KLEENER
SIMONIZ
MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE

hungry man, and he'll be too suspicious of the hill ranches to drop in at one of them. He'll come here." He started to leave the saddle, and then changed his mind. "If we leave the horses here he'll spot 'em and know we're waiting for him."

He led the group around to the back side of the empty building—that same building in which Goodnight and McSween had had their fight. He rode into the building with his outfit. "Good place," he said and left his horse and walked to the saloon.

The bunch stood around the saloon, drinking up a sharp thirst, and later crowded into the back room for supper. It was dark then and Boston Bill thought about setting out a guard. "He'll scout the town very carefully before he comes in. We'll have to lay low. Rex, you go out and keep an eye peeled."

AFTERWARD the rest of the bunch returned to the front part of the saloon. Boston Bill's attention was caught by the side window which had no curtain. He said to the barkeep: "Cover that with something."

Some of the group started a poker game while the others sat idly by. Jem Soders laid himself out on the floor and fell asleep. The barkeep came back with a blanket and nailed it across the window.

The echo of other riders came on in dull rhythm and presently four new men of Bill's outfit arrived. He said, "Put your horses across the street in that empty building," and watched them go out. He rested the small of his back against the corner of the bar, looking at the card game. One of the men began to sing to himself, making an odd noise. Bill said sharply, "Cut it out. You can be heard outside." He turned and placed his elbows on the bar and poured himself a drink. He drank the whisky at one swallow. He said irritably to the barkeep, "Nothing as rotten as this." More of his crowd had drifted in, so that the room was comfortably full. Some of the late-comers went by him, into the little dining room. Jem Soders was sound asleep and snoring. Lane Brazee, who was most alert of this outfit, looked up from the poker game.

"No use all of us waitin'. I'm goin' to turn in. We stay here?"

"We stay until he comes."

"Ed ought to be limpin' in pretty soon."

Ed was the one fallen back on the trail with the bad heart. Boston Bill shook his head. "That lad's dead by now. I've seen that happen before. His mouth was blue."

"Maybe somebody ought to go back."

"He's better off dead," said Boston Bill. "Lane, you better go out and relieve Rex. I think—"

He looked at the open doorway and saw a man walk slowly across it and disappear. "I think he'll crawl in before much longer. I'm going to stay up."

The passage of the first man had not caught his attention, for he had thought it one of his own men. But another man came into the doorway's square and turned and stopped and looked at the crowd a moment; and that man said, "Hello, Bill," and whipped out his gun and fired.

Boston Bill whirled aside from the bar as the bullet struck. He saw Harry Ide back away from the door into the blackness and he shouted to his own men, "Get away from that lamp," and watched them rise and swing in immediate confusion. He drew and killed the lamp with a shot; and at the same moment a full volley crashed in through the door, and somebody yelled in the darkness, and the whole side of the house shook as another blast of gunfire tore through the window that had been covered with the blanket. He called, "Drop!" as he whirled and dropped behind the bar.

Boston Bill dropped full length on the floor behind the bar and heard the splintering of the wood above him as the bullets of Harry Ide's party crashed into the saloon room, through the front door and through the side window. The glass of the window shattered and dropped, chairs and tables went down in the violence of his own outfit rushing for the back room and for the rear door. All these men were near the bar's end trying to get into the small room and slugging and cursing one another as they jammed together. He heard one of his men die; he heard death come as a rough, tearing impact of lead through clothes and bone and flesh, followed by a grunt and a sigh. The man fell against the bar and slid around it, dropping across Boston Bill's legs.

He had a creepy feeling about it and a small moment of panic that made him roll and jerk his feet away; he kicked at the man, feeling the soft, dull flesh give and roll back. He crawled farther along the bar, keeping well down, using his forearms to drag himself.

The firing swung around. It seemed no longer to be pouring through the front door; it seemed to be smashing against the back end of the house, toward which his outfit fought their way. The thing was terrible. It was a savage destruction that shook him to the very roots of his courage. Lead flailed through wall and room, making a sieve of the house; he heard more men yell and drop, he heard them race back from the rear, run over the saloon room and jump out the front door—and he heard them cry as they were hit. Nothing in all his imagination was like this. He lay flat, not so much frightened as cowed by the inhuman execution of an idea. He said to himself distantly, "Nobody could do a thing like this. Nobody."

Every muscle in him was so tight that he began to ache; his big leg muscles of his front thigh were cramped. His mind was very clear, very sharp; he heard every sound in magnified importance. He followed the fight and the shifting of Harry Ide's attack with his ears and he thought now of one thing alone, his own survival. Ide intended to wipe out the wild bunch, but Ide wanted him more than he wanted the others. Ide would search every corner of Roselle, break down every door, pour lead into every black corner in search of him. He thought, "Why should he do it? There was room for both of us. We could have gotten along."

THE barkeep had been behind the bar at the commencement of shooting, but had apparently slipped away. That made Boston Bill think of this room quite carefully, visualizing it, and then he remembered there was another door leading from the far end of the bar directly into the kitchen. Boston Bill rose to his hands and knees and crawled on.

One palm came full and flat down upon a ragged splinter of glass and the weight of his shoulders plunged the splinter deep into his hand. He sat back, gritting his teeth together and seized the end of the splinter and pulled it out. Blood gushed warmly into his palm; he untied his neckpiece and wrapped it around his palm, closing his fingers on it, and got to his feet and moved forward. His hands found the doorframe; the door stood open.

He dropped again, crawling into the kitchen. He heard somebody breathing heavily, not far away; he heard two people breathing—the barkeep and his wife, he supposed. He crawled on, listening to some of Harry Ide's men run fast and clumsy down the outer wall of the house, toward the front. He heard voices sharp calling out on the street, and once again the shooting boiled up on that side. He crawled over the floor, striking a table and going around it. He reached a wall, noting the dull patch of a window above him. He explored the wall with his hand until he found a door's knob. Opening the door, he drew back and waited.

(To be concluded next week)

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

Back to school or off to war . . .
College course or Signal Corps
Wearing Socks that fit the part
Snugger ankles . . . really smart . . .
The girls all vying for selection—
That's Westminster Sock perfection.

Be a model—be a star—
Remember Sir, where'er you are
It pays to keep your ankles neat . . .
To be well "socked" is not effete.
So buy Westminsters by the box
And wear America's Finer Socks.

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

Fisherman's Luck

Continued from page 16

his chart. His coal-black eyes were twinkling fiercer than ever now. "You are to proceed to sea on detached duty. Locate and sink her." And he went on with a dry grimace of ironic humor. "It would be well if you could rejoin us in time for the Gilbert Islands operation. I need the Warrin badly. We sail tomorrow at dawn."

Commander Stark looked at the chart with his unsmiling, level gray eyes. The circled area was a matter of hundreds of thousands of square miles of sea. He looked quickly up at his admiral again. He knew that man well. The affection they all had for him had battle roots, and roots like that live deep. He understood that fantastic orders like that were tough old Blister Barnham's way of letting you know this was something that couldn't be helped; you did what tasks were needed with whatever was best at hand, no matter how impossible it seemed. It had happened before, in grimmer days. In Philippine Islands waters, and in the Java Sea. You remembered that, when Admiral Barnham spoke like this. That's why the commander nodded, faintly smiling.

"I may be an hour or two late," he said quietly. "Is there anything further, sir?"

A LOUD grunt issued from somewhere deep in Barnham's chest to indicate profound and affectionate approval.

"I can't spare a cruiser," he said. "As a matter of fact, I can't spare you. But the Warrin is the only destroyer of her class I've got. So your eight five-inchers will have to do—if you ever find her. None of our air patrols report anything like a raider in these waters, so she's thoroughly disguised. Converted cargo ship, most likely. Captain Fenworth on the Old Man's staff has pieced her probable movements together from odd reports of missing merchant ships, sighted wreckage, and the devil only knows what else.

"Jones has plotted Captain Fenworth's guesswork on the chart here. I know Fen. He's a wizard at stuff like this. He says she's been knocking off sailing ships, 'way off the convoy routes. But he ties the mine field off North Cape and this one here"—Barnham poked the chart with his thumb—"to her. They were too many, he thinks, for the operation of a mine-laying sub. So he puts her in this area—unless she's already flown the coop. You go find her, Dan."

"Any description of what she looks like?" Commander Stark asked mildly. "From survivors, I mean."

The admiral grunted, "Three were picked up in a half-filled smallboat off the Kermadecs yesterday. Riddled with machine-gun bullet holes. The men, I mean. One of them was barely alive, mumbling something before he died. It's in Fen's report. There are no survivors!" Barnham growled with finality.

"Oh," said Daniel Stark, and the gentle grayness started fading from his eyes. They began to glitter a hot, hard blue. "Oh," he said, "I see."

"Do you? Well, here. Take a copy of Fenworth's report. It took hours to decode those pages. And you better take Jonesy's chart."

"May I make a signal to the Warrin, sir? Tommy can have her hove short by the time I get aboard."

The admiral nodded, grinning appreciatively. "Jonesy will take care of it. . . . Captain Laney, will you see this firecracker to the gangway? He seems in a hurry to leave."

So the U.S.S. Paul Warrin left her anchorage and put to sea in the afternoon watch, spoiling the skipper's fun. Instead of fishing, here they were swinging southward under a hot white sun through lazy cobalt swells, with a funny look in the Old Man's eyes as if he were chewing on something the flavor of which he didn't much like. And he didn't. That was plain by the three frowning lines between his craggy brows as he stood in the sea room where his officers were still poring over the plotted chart like men over a newfangled puzzle to which they had lost the instruction page.

"I've laid the courses to cover the indicated area," Lieutenant Manning, the navigator, was saying. "It's just plain potluck, sir. We could stumble around here for weeks. The devil only knows where that brute is running now."

"If I was the Jap," snapped Tompkin, the executive, "I'd be tailing it south as fast as my wheel would turn. That's what I'd do."

"Why, Tommy?" asked Commander Daniel Stark.

"Because she probably came out of Java, painted and rigged like one of our merchant ships, with her battery disguised and a 'tween-deck full of mines to sow. Well, sir, if I was in command of a cruise like that, with luck enough to get as far as this and lay a mine field off North Cape at night without getting blown to hell, I'd drop south for forty pretty quick and hightail for the mainland coast. I'd want to pop the rest of those mines into Frisco harbor channel water, or maybe off the Canal. And then couldn't Radio Tokyo howl! That stunt would be worth while."

"I concur in that, Tommy. If I was the Jap, that's what I'd do, too."

"Then we're on a wild-goose chase, sir! And missing the Gilbert show besides. I wish—"

"But suppose she isn't a Jap at all?" mused Commander Stark aloud. "That would be a good stunt, too."

The executive looked at his skipper with a sharp, quick twist of his head. So did the others. They thought such a notion a little bit daft. But they had seen that odd glint in their captain's eyes before. So they said nothing, patiently listening.

"You will observe, gentlemen," he went on quietly, "that the three windjammers reported overdue and considered lost by enemy action were on the sailing track between Cape Town and Sydney. Fenworth assumes it's a Jap surface raider out of Java. So does Admiral Barnham. But suppose she didn't come out of the Sundra Strait at all? Suppose she broke through the North Sea patrols?"

"YOU mean she's German?" the Warrin's navigator gasped.

"They did it last time, Joe. Ships like Dresden, Moewe, Wolf. They raised particular hell. This time they slaughter the crews after they take to the boats."

"That," growled the executive, "could just as well be Japs."

"But by Fenworth's report, there was one poor devil still alive in that boat off the Kermadecs. If it was a Jap he saw machine-gunning him, I think that's what he'd remember best before he died. Yet instead he was mumbling something that sounded like, 'Hungry-looking lot.' " The skipper frowned, repeating that phrase to test it. "Hungry-looking," he said again.

"Well, they *would* be," growled Tompkin, not taking much stock in such fantastic reasoning, "if they came down the North and South Atlantic to get around to here. But it doesn't make sense, sir. They'd duck into Sumatra or Java for Jap fuel and stores if—"

"I don't think so, Tommy." The skipper slowly shook his head. "It would spoil a very spectacular show if they got any help at all from their Jap ally. But

Ah-h-h!... that wonderful BRIGGS!
BRIGGS
PIPE MIXTURE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

If you stop one happy-looking pipe-smoker after another, and ask what's the tobacco that gives them such bliss, chances are they'll all say: "Briggs." Good reason, too! For Briggs is cask-mellowed for years—longer than many costly blends—and every slow month adds to its rich, tender flavor. But don't just sniff that heavenly aroma enviously—treat yourself to Briggs *today!*

The Smoke with a Smile

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

A Rum so Fine
ONE QUART
PRODUCT OF WEST INDIES PUERTO RICO
Riondo
DISTILLED PUERTO RICAN RUM
DISTILLED AT CAMUY, P.R. BOTTLED AT ARECIBO, P.R. BY BARCELO MARQUES & CO. S. EN C.
86 PROOF
Riondo GOLD LABEL Rum

YOU CAN SIP IT STRAIGHT LIKE A LIQUEUR

A Tip from the Tropics: For the perfect after-dinner drink, serve Riondo Gold Label Rum. It's so light, flavorful and fine in bouquet that you can sip it straight like a liqueur. And don't forget this finest rum from Puerto Rico always makes the finest rum drinks.

PUERTO RICO'S FINEST RUM

86 PROOF • GOLD LABEL OR WHITE LABEL • SOMERSET IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK

A PRIME ESSENTIAL...

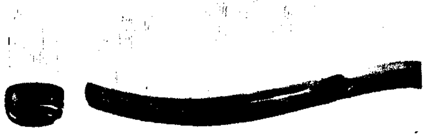
Give real thought to its selection!

The better the toothbrush, the better you clean your teeth—the better you protect your health and brighten your smile. As any dentist will tell you, a brush of the right size and shape to fit your individual needs is of paramount importance. Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft gives you a choice of such brushes—each properly designed, each offering the many exclusive advantages of "EXTON" brand bristling: longer life, more thorough tooth cleansing!

Dr. West's
Miracle-Tuft
HARD
Dr. West's
Miracle-Tuft
The only brush with
'EXTON' brand bristling

IN ADDITION TO THE FAMOUS REGULAR SHAPE, DR. WEST'S NOW OFFERS

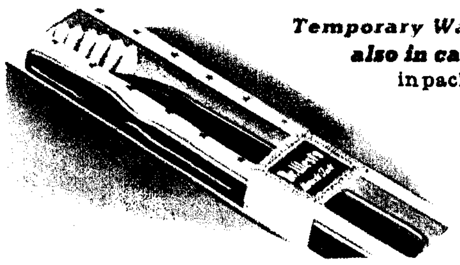
Two Great 2-Row Brushes



"PROFESSIONAL" A smaller brush-head in the famous Dr. West's double-convex design—a brush that is preferred by many.

"ORO" Designed at the request of leading dental specialists. The shape many dentists recommend for cleaning and massage.

Copr. 1943 by Weco Products Company



*Temporary Wartime Package. **Miracle-Tuft now also in cartons—50¢.*** No change in quality, only in package. Great numbers of our famous glass tubes have been enlisted to carry medicines and serums to our fighting men. That's why many Miracle-Tuft Toothbrushes are now packed in cartons.

if a Nazi raider came steaming safely into Batavia *after* all her mines were laid and plenty of damage done—in the heart of the Jap theater of war at that!—think what it would mean. The diplomatic and propaganda effect is tremendous! German heroic naval strength aiding the Japanese partner from halfway round the world. Wouldn't Berlin and Goebbels howl! That's why I think she refueled northeast of St. Paul Rock where that cross is marked on the chart. She probably caught that Dutch tanker solo there. I think Fenworth is right. She's still in this area. But I don't believe she's a Jap."

"Nazi or Jap," the gunnery officer drawled, "it's just a target to me." He was a Texas man, and he loved the Warrin's doubled five-inch rifles. Those pets of his didn't care, either. All Guns wanted was something to see through his director telescopes. "What difference does it make," he wanted to know, "just so long as we stumble on to her?"

"I don't like to stumble, Guns," said Commander Daniel Stark. "It wastes entirely too much time."

The skipper meant he, too, wanted to throw some bricks at the Jap up Gilbert way, with Barnham's cruiser force, instead of plowing the ocean on an endless patrol. That's why he gnawed this thing. He thought he knew who the enemy was. He could calculate his purpose and his needs. What he wanted now was an estimate of where that brute would have to go. That was the key piece to the jigsaw puzzle and he worried it doggedly. He was still gnawing at it toward dusk on the Warrin's bridge when the lookout in the starboard wing sighted a floating speck on the wine-dark sea. The skipper put his glasses on the bearing at once.

"Right ten degrees rudder. Steer for that bit of wood, Quartermaster." He let the binoculars drop against his chest. "All engines ahead one third."

There was all sorts of wreckage floating the ocean nowadays. Sometimes it told you things. But this was an oval bit of wood with a hole pierced through its center, nothing more. The skipper examined it carefully. It bore no identifying mark. Still it made him frown. Manning, the navigator, looked at it and gave his judgment at once.

"Wooden float from a smallboat's life line, sir. Might even be from one of the boats of that ship she sank off the Kermadecs."

"Yes." The skipper's frown grew more intense. "Looks large. It must have been a good-sized boat."

IN THE rapidly failing light Commander Stark stood idly hefting that bit of wood while the Warrin swung south again on her long patrol. Against the gray steel battle dodger, his face looked stern as the sudden darkness fell. He remained where he was, hearing the gun crews on the foredeck closing up for the night while the noise of the sea grew loud. He heard the changing of the watch. Frowning severely, he turned on his heel to have another look at the chart.

The navigator, marking a tiny cross and circling it, said carelessly, "That lifeline float made a pretty long drift, sir, from the Kermadecs to here."

The skipper looked at him quickly, looked down at the wooden thing he still held in his hand and then tossed it to the transom. His finger stabbed the chart. Suddenly his eyes began to glow.

"I am hauling her to the eastward," he said. "Lay off an accurate course to Minerva Reefs."

"Minerva Reefs? Good Lord, sir, that—"

"And the time to run it, Joe. At full speed." Commander Stark was already in the wing, calling sharply, "Left rudder! Bring her one-two-o degrees. All engines ahead full!"

The Warrin swung her head. Her blowers lifted their discreet humming to a strong, deep whine. A great slice of ocean splattered the foredeck as the ship heeled down. And the commander's eyes looked strangely blue when Lieutenant Manning made his report.

"We will be close against dangerous water at twenty-two-thirty hours, sir." He didn't like it. He spoke with a navigator's professional anxiety at shoal water and coral reefs. "We should have moonlight shortly," he went on, taking some comfort in that. "Course ninety-six, sir, PGC."

"Make it so. Pass the word for general quarters. And get coffee around to all hands."

THE Warrin knifed eastward. Moonrise revealed her dark, lean hull low against the water, her bows carving great steeps of ocean that shattered into acres of foam. She set her fantail down. A boiling wall pursued her astern, and the wind against her halyards made a loud, wild song. She was rushing full tilt toward Minerva Reefs, the skipper peering forward with the hot, hard glitter in his eyes. That's all Manning could tell the executive when Tompkin wanted to know what the devil the Old Man was up to now.

"You go ask him, Tom."

But Tompkin didn't. He knew better. When the skipper looked like that you asked him nothing. You just held on. And they did, excitement and the buzz of speculation spinning through the ship while the piece of a moon drifted higher in a star-bejeweled sky. All Manning wanted now was to dodge the coral reefs. He peered anxiously ahead for a sign of white water, almost hoping he had missed his calculations. But he hadn't. And neither had Daniel Stark.

"Ship, sir! Dead ahead!" the talker cried suddenly.

Manning's eyes went wide. Moments later she could be seen from the Warrin's bridge, black against a moonlit sky, a large innocent-looking freight ship with her after booms swung out. What was she doing in a place like this? With her boats in the water besides! They must have sighted the Warrin over there. The boats were scurrying back into the shadow of the freight ship's hull. Then suddenly her upper bulwarks seemed to collapse, slamming down against her iron sides. When that hinged camouflage fell away, the snouts of naval rifles glittered black. A swastika snapped to her truck. Disguise for her was useless now, and she knew it. In that moment Lieutenant Manning had an instant's sight of Commander Daniel Stark. He seemed taller than ever. He appeared to be smiling, but his eyes were fierce.

"Range one five double o!" They were already calling their calculations from the Warrin's director tower. "Scale four eight!"

"Right standard rudder." The skipper's voice was amazingly calm as he swung the Warrin to bring all her guns to bear. "Commence firing, Mr. Smilax."

Instantly all four of the Warrin's doubled turrets slammed out flame and thunder. The ship rocked steeply, staggered with concussion and rushed on. Just then the trapped raider let go her battery of five-point-nines. Orange spear-flames stabbed the night, smoke belching after.

"Up two hundred," the director droned. "Right one two."

The enemy fire was long. They heard the shell shrieks keening overhead. But Guns had his correction now. He wanted a target and here it was. He made the most of it. The Warrin's second salvo roared. Two geysers alone spat up from the shoals of the ocean over there. The other shells struck, great bursts of fire splashing from the target's decks.

"Hit! No change!"

The enemy's second salvo winked. Ragged. She was badly hit, but the water spouts leaped close. Shell fragments rained the Warrin's foredeck but her guns were blazing now at rapid fire. Over there a great sheet of orange flame suddenly drowned the raider's afterdeck. The explosions crept forward in deafening, thunderous roars.

"Her mines are going off," said Commander Daniel Stark.

They were. The whole ship disintegrated while he watched. Sheeted in fountains of flame, she lifted broken parts of herself clear of the water like a smashed cardboard box while the columns of smoke and fire leaped skyward, towering over her. The Warrin's twinned guns still nosed the sky, drooling smoke. But they were silent. Her searchlights slashed on. Fingering the water, their light beams picked up a few floating bodies in their purple pools. They weren't Japs. They were Nazis. And they were dead. Five minutes had passed. The action off Minerva Reefs was closed.

Lieutenant Manning was frowning in amazement at oval bits of wood he saw floating amid the debris. He thought it odd. They looked familiar to him. He meant to call them to the skipper's attention, but just then he heard that man's quiet voice:

"You had better shape a course for the Kandavu Light, Joe. We haven't much time to waste."

So the Warrin came home in time after all, although no one expected she would, least of all Blister Barnham, who flew his flag in Fresno. The cruiser force was standing toward the hazy north in column when the Warrin showed her signal against the first gray light of dawn.

"Warrin mission accomplished," it made. "Proceeding to station."

She came up from the south to join that famous fleet rendezvous, her bows slicing white water from a wine-dark sea. On her bridge Commander Stark looked tired, but his eyes were a gentle gray. If it weren't for that, the executive would have asked him nothing. But, seeing it, he thought the sign was good and, besides, he could contain his amazed curiosity no longer.

"Would you call it fisherman's luck, sir?" he ventured to ask. "Or did you have that brute on a string?"

"No, Tommy. She just couldn't be anywhere else."

"Oh," said Tompkin with a dry asperity. "I see."

The skipper smiled at the tone of Lieutenant Commander Tompkin's voice. "If I was correct in assuming the raider to be German," he explained, "her two great needs would be fuel and food. But she captured a Dutch tanker near St. Paul Rock. So she had fuel. Then where would she get food, and lots of it? The need was urgent. They were a hungry-looking lot. That wooden float we picked up wasn't from a boat's life line at all. It was a seine float. I've seen lots of them on the hook off the Massachusetts Cape.

"Well, if someone in the raider dropped a float like that overboard, they must have been overhauling seine nets. That meant they intended to fish. Where would she fish to supply a complement of between two and three hundred men? In shoal water, of course. You need shoal water to take fish in quantity with seine nets, Tom. Well, look at the chart. In this entire area the only isolated shoal to suit her purpose would be Minerva Reefs. So I went there. And there she was."

"Just like that!" grinned Lieutenant Commander Tompkin. "No wonder they sing about Fisherman Dan."

"Do they?" the skipper asked with disarming innocence.

"Of course, sir! Haven't you ever heard them?"

"Well, yes. I have, Tom. The words aren't bad. But the melody is—"

"You like it?" Tompkin asked with swift eagerness. "I plucked it out myself, you know. On the banjo, sir."

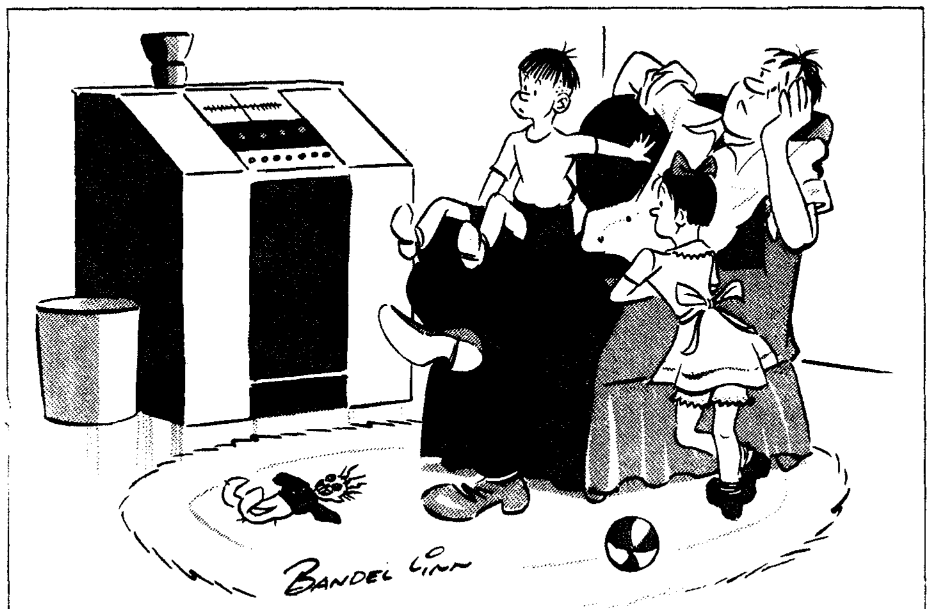
UNDER the skipper's craggy brows, his gray eyes twinkled with a dry New England humor. He was just about to tell his executive officer what he really thought of his musical accomplishments. But the signal P.O. saved that amateur artist's pride in time.

"Signal from Flag, sir," the signal P.O. called to the bridge. "Admiral Barnham's Fresno makes, 'Where the hell did you find her?'"

Commander Daniel Stark watched the Warrin slip neatly to her station on the flank of the cruiser force before he turned his head toward the signal bridge. His gentle eyes were smiling when he called his answering signal. It consisted of a single word.

"Fishing," he said.

THE END



"... although the Army is noncommittal on the subject. Draft officials said that it was unlikely that any father would be drafted before October first or possibly by Christmas. Representative Snodgrass pointed out that this view was widely held, and he himself felt that pre-Pearl Harbor fathers would be inducted in a matter of days. Some observers felt that fathers would not be drafted before June of 1944, but the Washington Star, in a copyrighted interview, quoted Senator Schultz as saying we could expect big news on this subject at tomorrow's press conference"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

"I'VE A SIMPLE PLAN FOR WARTIME MARKETING"

Says Mrs. Violet Bjong, of Ardmore, Pennsylvania as told to Frances Blackwood, Home Economics Editor of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin and author of the book, "Mrs. England Goes On Living"

"You'll like my way of marketing . . . these wartime days. 'Flexible' shopping, I call it. For example, in choosing a main-course dish, I'll buy meat, poultry or fish . . . eggs or cheese . . . packaged, glassed or canned foods . . . whichever is most plentiful and offers me the best buy. I like this way of marketing . . . because it lets me choose to please my family's taste and serve sound nourishment, too.

"Of course, I have the advantage of shopping at my A&P Super Market where the variety is so abundant and the selection so generous. In the six big food departments I can always find wholesome, nutritious favorites . . . all of them offering inspiration for good meals. They also offer me wise, wartime thrift . . . as important as the savings I make on gasoline, tires and time by shopping for my foods at my A&P 'Super'."

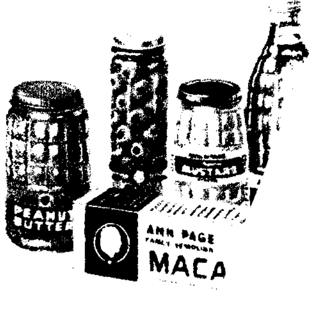
● **VIOLET and LEO BJONG** are real Americans in every sense of the word. Violet believes in economy . . . designs and makes all clothes for herself and her children, Leona, 5 years old, and Leo, 12 months old . . . saves metal and fats for the Government . . . belongs to Ardmore's Women's Club. Husband Leo is project engineer for the Bendix Aviation Company. Violet has shopped at A&P . . . ever since she's been married . . . over a period of 9 years . . . finds that common sense can overcome all rationing obstacles.

● **WARTIME WORK** poses no problems for Leo Bjong who solves aeronautical questions for the Bendix Aviation Company during the day . . . finds relaxation at his basement workbench after hours. "It's easy to work hard if you can eat hearty," says Leo. "My wife takes very good care of that department."

● **"I SHOP** twice a week at my A&P Super Market," comments Mrs. Violet Bjong. "With two children, time is important to me . . . and I save time by shopping at A&P where I can get everything I need quickly. I read labels . . . get the most for my money. I guess that's why I buy Ann Page Foods. They offer splendid quality . . . and grand thrift."

WARTIME MEALS NEED THESE FINE FOODS

North, South, East and West . . . smart housewives rely on the name "Ann Page" to identify fine foods. Of course, some of the items in this quality line have gone to war . . . but there are still many ready to make your meals more appetizing, more nourishing. Whenever you go marketing at your A&P "Super", be guided by the exclusive Ann Page Foods. Let them guide you to high quality at money-saving prices.



ANN PAGE FOODS
America's Pantry Favorites

A&P
ESTABLISHED 1859

*Save up to 25%** ON MANY FI

**Many A&P brands (sold only at A&P) ings up to 25% compared to prices us other nationally known products of com These savings are yours because A&P t things direct from their source to yo necessary in-between expenses cut*

33 Ann Page Foods
Eight O'Clock, Red Circle and Bokar Coffees
Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and "Dated" Donuts
Marvel "Enriched" Bread
Nectar and Our Own Teas

A&P C
7 S
H
and

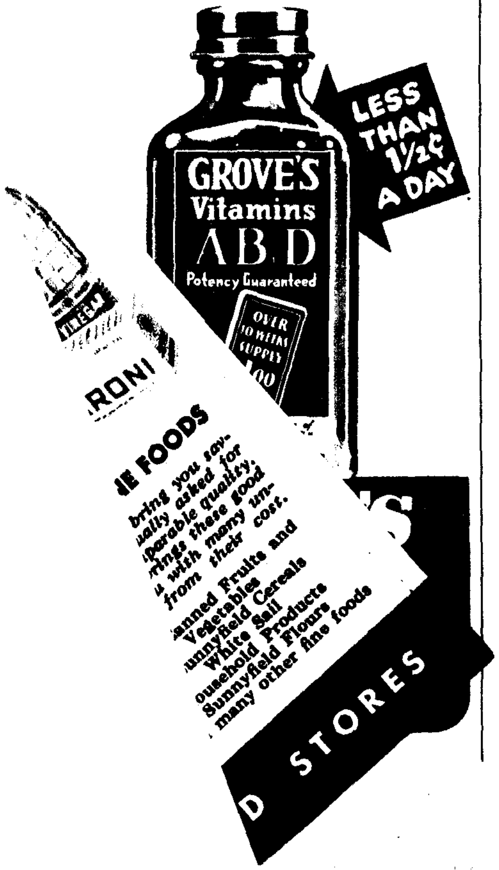
SOLD ONLY AT A&P FOO

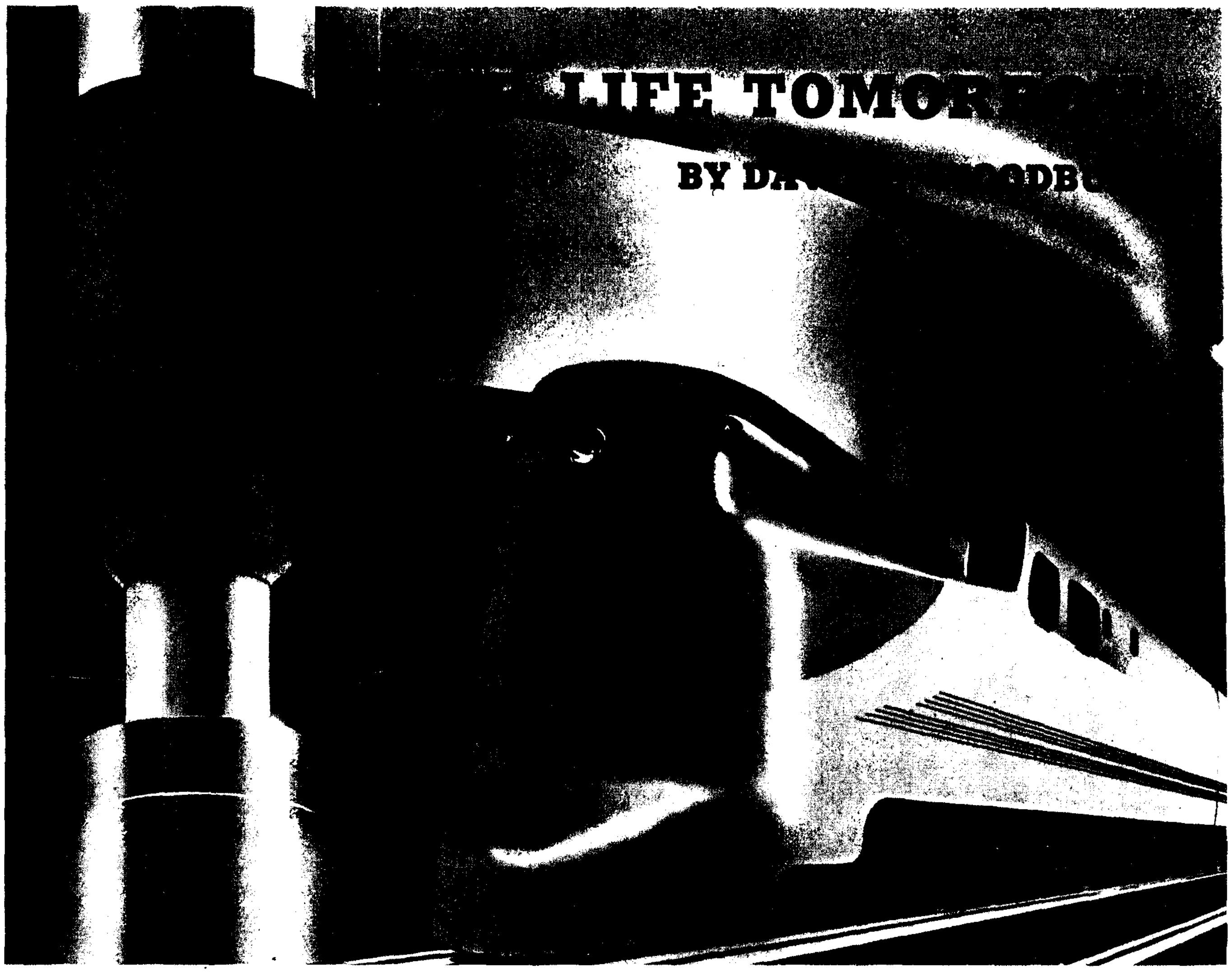
GROVE'S
Vitamins

A family affair

GIVE YOUR FAMILY THE PROTECTIVE BENEFITS OF GROVE'S A B_1 D VITAMINS!

Vitamin deficiency can steal unsuspected upon *any* member of the family, regardless of age. Thousands today guard against dangers of A B_1 D vitamin deficiency with GROVE'S Vitamins . . . get their full daily protective requirements of these three wonderful vitamins in just *one* easy-to-take GROVE'S capsule. A and D, precious "cod-liver oil" vitamins, for body resistance . . . to maintain strong bones and teeth, healthy skin; *plus* a valuable *health-bonus* of essential B_1, to help guard against dietary nervous disorders, loss of appetite, lowered pep. So amazingly economical, too! Over two weeks' supply—only 25c. Actually, less than 1¼c a day in the large-size $1.00 Bottle. Unit for unit, no better quality AB_1D vitamins at *any* price. Start today with GROVE'S A B_1 D Vitamins!





KENNETH W. THOMPSON

Streamliners Will Not Gallop

It is a far cry from the unswerving steadiness of a big gun in a careening tank to the smooth relaxation of a passenger on a limited train. Yet the same magic hand that has held American weapons leveled at the enemy in Africa will cushion the bumps for railroad travelers of the future. So joltless will be the ride that patrons of the club car can balance their drinks on the arms of their chairs without spilling them.

The gyrostabilizer is the mechanism that will hold gun platforms steady, as Allied tanks lurch across Europe toward Berlin. Railroad men are eying it with delight, for they see it in use in tomorrow's superspeed streamliners. A stabilizer, they say, can be installed in each car so as to prevent the gallop and bounce that inevitably arises when lightweight cars are hauled over the best track at eighty to a hundred miles an hour. The effortless, stabilized ride will ban fatigue from the longest journey and assure sound sleep at night. It will also protect the roadbed from the impact of the bucking cars, thus saving substantial amounts for maintenance.

Plastics' Biggest Job

The ever-growing family of plastics will soon cease to be a group of substitutes for other materials, and will become a basic raw material as fundamental as lumber or iron. In endless combinations with woods, metals and fabrics, it will create a brand-new structural element capable of as many variations as steel.

Plastic-impregnated cloth, for instance, becomes a rigid substance that can be molded into shapes impossible to wood or metal. It will have the strength of iron and the lightness of paper without the limitations of either. A revolutionary kind of lumber will be made of wood or fiberboard, laminated and held together with a plastic which is both a binder and a waterproofing agent. From this lumber, boats can be made in one piece. Plastic-coated aluminum and magnesium will produce a sheet metal with the strength of steel in a featherweight product that cannot rust or corrode.

Plastic chemists of the future will establish consulting services for architects and structural engineers. When a knotty problem of design or manufacture comes up, they will create the exact combination of plastic and other basic materials that will give the special properties desired. It will be a revolution as spectacular as the advance from the stone age to the age of bronze.

Supermagnets for Medicine

Tomorrow's doctors will have a powerful new tool for removing foreign bodies caught in the windpipe or lodged in the stomach, when "alnico" magnets become available for emergency medical operations. The spectacular recovery of a small padlock from a child's stomach with a tiny magnet of this material has already made headlines. Your future dread that your child will swallow nails or tacks or inhale bits of steel will be set at rest when you know that your physician can retrieve such objects without a dangerous operation.

The new alloy, already mentioned in these columns, derives its great magnetic power from a unique molecular structure that permits it to retain magnetism far better than does steel. It will have many important applications in electrical apparatus but none so revolutionary as its use in medicine. Tiny magnets of special shapes will be devised to remove steel splinters from the eye, fragments from the body cavities, and especially bullets and shrapnel from flesh wounds both in war and peace.

A plastic-and-plywood piano will bring you a new standard in musical instruments. It will weigh hundreds of pounds less than present pianos do but will have the rich, vibrant tone of the finest grand.

No More Radio Static

Radio fans are soon to inherit a wor where static will be silenced forever. N longer will their favorite programs l blotted out by the snapping and poppi of distant thunderstorms or the buzz of sparking refrigerator. The "radio stat neutralizer," now emerging from the lab ratory in foolproof form, will filter kinds of electrical strays from the recei ing set without interfering with the broa cast signal itself.

Chalk up one more triumph for ele tronic tubes, now becoming so "intel gent" that they can receive the rad signals you want to hear while eliminati the loudest static, even that which tries sneak through on broadcast wave length

The device will be so compact that will be built into every set. Its first u will be to cut out ignition interferen in fighter plane radios. Later, it will b come a special boon in every househol where electrical noisemakers like sha ers and egg beaters now put the radio o of business altogether.

Rosin, in a new polymerized form, wi be an important ingredient in soap. It wi improve the suds, increase solubility an cut down to almost nothing the sneezi nuisance in soap powders.

Photography Will Escape Temperature

After the war, you will have phot graphic chemicals that do not need to b used at a single critical temperature. De velopers, hardeners and fixing baths wi operate equally well between 68 and 10 degrees, so that you will no longer be slave to the photographic thermometer.

Designed for use with our invadin forces in tropical countries, the new sol tions will save many an amateur fro turning out poor results in warm cl mates or hot weather. They will als speed up the work of professionals wh now have to depend on accurate tempera ture control for commercial results. ★★

AFTER THIS WAR . . . An Ever READY America!

By **L. B. ICELY, President**

BUT for the grace of God, and the protecting breadth of our oceans, *we* might have been another France, another Poland, or another Greece.

With this fearful lesson on the value of preparedness still fresh in mind, let us here and now *resolve*, as a nation, that *never again* shall America be caught physically unprepared and untrained.

Our national purpose in this war is to help establish worldwide peace and freedom.

But—let us resolve that *from this war on*, America shall be *a physically fit, ever ready people.*

First—let us see that our returning fighters are *kept* in good condition, through participation in organized sports and vigorous games, to form the nucleus of the new, *physically fit* America.

Through compulsory Physical Training in our schools, colleges and universities, let us train *all* of America's youth, from the beginning, to be robust, strong and adept in the skills and agilities that football, basketball, baseball, tennis, boxing, and other American competitive sports develop.

Let us broaden the application of Industrial Recreation so that *all* the millions of young men and women who work in our great industrial plants may have access to organized sports and games that will keep *them* healthy and vigorous.

Let there be more golf clubs, more tennis and badminton courts, more play fields and gymnasiums, and organized participation in them by more business executives and office workers.

Let there be more help for that part of the youth of America whose only playgrounds are the sand lots of our cities and towns.

As a vital factor in our Postwar planning let us establish new and higher physical standards *for all of America.*

Let us resolve that not only our industrial and economic machinery, but our millions of Human Machines shall be physically equal to the challenge of our job as leaders in world restoration and progress after the war.

Let us now, therefore, dedicate this great, democratic nation of ours to the proposition that all men everywhere are entitled to Freedom from Fear, Freedom from Want, Freedom of Speech and Freedom of Worship. *But* let us also be *a Nation of athletes*—ever ready, if need be, to sustain our rights by the might of millions of physically fit sports-trained, freedom-loving Americans.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., *and* Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc.
Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

Wilson
SPORTS EQUIPMENT

IT'S WILSON TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

FROM THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA

ROMA
BOTTLED AT OUR WINERY IN CALIFORNIA
Vintner's Select
CALIFORNIA
SAUTERNES
CHILLED
Naturally fermented grape wine
MADE AND BOTTLED BY
ROMA WINE COMPANY, FRESNO, CAL.

WINES true to type . . faithful in flavor . . sound of character . . reasonable in cost . . . America's largest-*selling* wines.

Roma offers
a wide choice of

APPETIZER WINES
TABLE WINES
DESSERT WINES

•

Before you buy wine
—buy War Bonds

ROMA WINES

TUNE IN to the Roma Wine Show. On your local Columbia Station—every Thursday night. Thirty minutes of fun and music by stars of the stage, screen, and radio. See your local paper for station and time.

Roma Wine Company . . . Fresno . . Lodi . . Healdsburg, California

With Eisenhower in Sicily

Continued from page 11

the prodigious display of warships steaming past. One German said, "I don't believe it. It can't be true." He had swallowed whole the Nazi propaganda that the British Mediterranean Fleet had been sunk.

Next morning we were called at five. By the time I got to the bridge about 5:30, Eisenhower and Butcher were already there and Sicily was in sight. Its purple shore was outlined against a rosy dawn streaked with fast-moving light clouds. Aircraft were overhead, and someone remarked jovially, "Hope you don't shoot down our own by mistake."

Then we approached our first destination and transferred from the destroyer to a small squat boat. The swell was high and glossy, and we landlubbers tumbled awkwardly down the rope, bouncing into the new craft.

We slithered across rollers, reached General Patton's headquarters ship and climbed aboard.

Then suddenly the urgency and dramatic quality of this mission became manifest. We were invading the continent of Europe. For the first time we were about to set foot on Axis territory, Europe itself. The first landings had taken place only forty-eight hours before, others were still going on. We had little information as to the progress of the fighting. And soon it became very clear that the war was very close.

An American cruiser was about a mile offshore. It began to bark. First a flash, then a crack, then a whish of shell, finally the echo plunging back from the drear Sicilian hills. We watched the floating cloud of smoke, first white, then gray, then yellowish at its edges.

A naval officer said dryly, "When it makes yellow smoke it's called smokeless. I don't know why."

The rate of firing increased, and another officer, American, said, "They must be on target now."

We saw fires quite near. I asked an officer when the Luftwaffe had been over this harbor. He replied, "Constantly."

There were 180 Nazi sorties yesterday and they did some damage. I walked up to an officer in khaki with three stars but I didn't notice he wore a black tie, showing he was Navy, not Army. I said, "Good morning, General."

He replied, "Hell, I'm an admiral." Indeed he was—he was Vice-Admiral Henry K. Hewitt, Commander of U. S. Naval Forces in the Mediterranean.

A Heroic Exhaustion

Another officer came up, leaned over to light a cigarette, fumbled and put his mouth over the match instead of the cigarette. He said, "I am captain of this ship. I haven't had any sleep and, God, I'm tired." Finally he got the match to the cigarette and added, "Guess I can't see straight yet."

The harbor was jammed with shipping. Every kind of craft was busy rushing to shore, unloading, returning, reloading. I counted more than a hundred ships. Our cruiser continued to bark angrily, but there was no sign of the Luftwaffe.

The admiral said, "The devils sneak in from those hills. Their spotters squirt information to them by radio, and they skip low through ravines before our boys can spot them, then dash away before our craft can get here. The lads on the beach who have been machine-gunned a lot have nervous triggers by this time. Sometimes they let go at our own planes. It's hard to tell ours from Messerschmitts at ten thousand feet."

Another admiral said, "We felt kind of helpless last night. The Luftwaffe came, dropped flares, bombed us to hell and left undisturbed. We haven't any night fighters yet."

Meantime, Eisenhower was having breakfast with Patton. Soon we took leave. The steel-helmeted Patton stood at the edge of the rope ladder looking like a Roman emperor carved in brown stone. He waved goodby. We bounced back to our destroyer and started to coast along the beach—if coast is the proper word to describe a speed of almost forty miles an hour. Eisenhower talked with the captain on the bridge. Butcher sat in a wooden chair, high above, and the rest of us clustered around.

The Villages Were Deserted

At about nine we approached an American squadron, and Eisenhower ordered a message sent to all ships, "Best wishes and good luck." By this time we were becoming aware how spectacularly successful our landings had been all along the shore. Cunningham said the American admiral's work was as good as any seamanship he'd ever seen. Blinkers flashed, conveying a message over smooth water. All of us, meantime, were closely watching the Sicilian beaches. Most of the villages, as far as we could tell through our glasses, seemed deserted. We passed a lighthouse roughly at the point marking the American right flank. The country seemed deserted. Eisenhower walked to and fro on the deck.

At 9:45 I was standing with the general and a sharp call came suddenly: "Action stations." The crews jumped up and manned our big gun aft. They stood in line, rough towels or rags on their heads, making them look like pirates, and began to feed long sharp shells forward. But another gun pointed in a different direction. We heard the snort of gunfire and saw splashes. We were being fired on by a German battery hidden in the groves behind the beach. I felt a tremendous thril of excitement at this and wondered wha would happen next.

Someone told Eisenhower to take cover. Eisenhower instead passed around cotton for our ears. Our guns now trained on the hidden enemy. We awaited the order to fire.

Someone rushed out with a couple of steel helmets and asked Eisenhower to put one on. He tried to do so but the strap came just under his nose. He laughed and said, "If I use this I'll need two men to hold it on."

Eventually we walked forward and took shelter. Eisenhower bantered, "It seems I'm the bird in the gilded cage." Then he added, "The last time I was shelled near Pantelleria the shots fell three hundred yards away, but now they're missing by four hundred. I guess we're doing better."

Eisenhower wanted to visit Sicily as soon as possible after the invasion, for several reasons: to confer with Hewitt, Patton and his other officers, to see for himself how things were going, and particularly to salute the Canadians who were associated with the British and Americans in a big-scale operation for the first time. He stood on the deck and watched the shore flow along beside us and in conversation he constantly stressed the Allied nature of this tremendous operation, expressing his appreciation in the warmest terms of the "exquisite" co-ordination achieved by all. He talked about how Cunningham, Alexander and Tedder, each working perfectly in his own sphere, assembled the whole machine into action with consummate efficiency while he was only "Chairman of the Board."

Before this, I'd met Eisenhower two or three times, attended several of his press conferences, and been extremely impressed by this officer (only a lieutenant colonel a couple of years ago) who was now in supreme charge of one of the greatest, most complex operations in military history.

He is a solidly built man of medium height, with sandy hair, big forehead and freckled face. He has one of the widest, most mobile grins imaginable. His manner is direct, simple, friendly.

You get the sense from him that he's very sure of himself and knows his own worth. But his informality and his modesty are intensely genuine. He's the least stuffed-shirted general I ever met. All his colleagues admire his enormous tact. He had never had concrete battle experience in the field till last November, yet found himself appointed superior to veterans like Alexander and Montgomery.

But he quickly proved himself a real strategist with the final victory in Tunisia. Now he has won not only the respect of his subordinates but their affection. Though he likes to call himself chairman of the board, he is much more than that. He is a perfect co-ordinator, capable of vigorous, decisive action. He is very shrewd, as anyone can tell on listening to his conversation, despite his tremendous modesty. He tries to keep in the background as much as possible, always stresses his responsibility to Washington and London, and even refuses to let correspondents date-line anything as from "General Eisenhower's Headquarters." He insists they use the term "Allied Headquarters."

He is Master of the Colloquial

At one press conference, he listened to a highly technical discussion about communications routes, etc. It was quite refreshing to hear the generalissimo say, "Maybe I'm dumb but I didn't get that. Repeat it, please." He will listen to anyone who knows his stuff. I have heard a young American captain argue with him stubbornly.

At his desk, Eisenhower likes to sit back in his chair and rock. He says to newspapermen, "Now, listen. I want to co-operate with you fellows and I want you to co-operate with me." He can certainly be severe if necessary, but most of the time, his informality, his use of homely language is disarming.

On the first day of operations, I heard him say, "By golly, we've done it again! By golly, I wouldn't have believed it!" Meaning the surprise of landing really turned out to be a surprise. And he added, "This is the period when you fellows want to know everything, but military folks are scared to death just now. Darn it, I can't tell you anything! After all, I'm the man responsible." But he never loses a nice healthy dignity. And don't think he lacks force.

As we rounded the bend of the Sicilian shore, Eisenhower watched with aware attention and talked cheerfully, casually, between glances. He said any military man, any general, had to believe in his own luck in the game of war, otherwise the awful strain would get him down. He added, grinning, "Of course anybody can draw a bad card sometimes." When he is tired and he wants to slump after a hard day, he knows his friend Butcher will cheer him up.

They Called Him "Alarmist Ike"

Eisenhower went to the Philippines with MacArthur in February, 1935. He returned to the United States in January, 1940. He was certain war was coming, but thought it would strike us from Europe first. Friends kidded him, called him "Alarmist Ike." He went to work in the Third Army at San Antonio. He said he had never been so busy in all his life as during that period. On Pearl Harbor day, worn out, he took a nap and left word that no one should disturb him under any circumstances.

Then an aide got news of the Jap attack, consulted other aides who said, "He'll murder us if we don't wake him." And they did.

Eisenhower said, "Well, boys, it's come." A few days later Major General W. B. Smith, then secretary to the Chief of Staff, phoned him and said, "Ike, the Chief says hop a plane and come to Washington." Smith is now Eisenhower's own Chief of Staff.

Eisenhower has enormous respect and admiration for General Marshall. The night before the attack on Sicily, he watched our aircraft go overhead. A sudden wind came up and grew in violence. Eisenhower, who is a plainsman Westerner, knows how to gauge weather. He saw near-by windmills whirring and he knew the wind had reached forty miles an hour or more, which might be ruinous to some phases of the operation. When he returned to Headquarters, he found a message from Marshall in Washington. It said, "Is it (meaning the operation) on

TEANECK P
Menu

"You go ahead and order, dear; anything you can get is okay with me!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

Serve this low point TRADE MARK meal tonight!

SERVES 4

SKINLESS FRANKFURTERS WITH STUFFED TOMATOES

Cut a thin slice from stem end of 4 medium size tomatoes. Scoop out center, flute top edge of tomatoes with scissors. Sprinkle inside with salt and pepper. Mix together 2 cups cooked corn, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper and 2 tablespoons melted butter. Fill tomatoes, place in greased baking pan. Bake in moderate oven, 375 degrees F., about 15 minutes or until tomatoes are tender.

Arrange SKINLESS frankfurters in center of platter. Place stuffed tomatoes and cooked potatoes, sprinkled with butter and parsley, around edge of platter.

Serve 4 hungry people with 1 pound of Skinless TRADE MARK

HERE'S A SURE WAY to have a tempting, delicious dinner for very, very few ration points! Serve SKINLESS to your family and see for yourself how amply one pound serves a family of four.

AND THAT'S NOT ALL! SKINLESS frankfurters pack a peck of nourishment . . . rich juices, healthful vitamins that *stay* in because there are no skins to split open . . . no skins to peel and waste!

POINT FOR POINT, pound for pound, penny for penny—SKINLESS are one of today's best buys. A meal built around this tasty main dish is a foregone success. So next time you order frankfurters or wieners—make sure they're SKINLESS!

THE VISKING CORPORATION
6733 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois
"VISKING" is the reg. trade mark of The Visking Corporation
★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

DON'T WASTE FOOD

Skinless TRADE MARK
FRANKFURTERS & WIENERS

THE NO-WASTE FOOD!

Overheard in the Bathroom

A dirty, dingy toilet brings whispered comments. It's inexcusable these days. Sani-Flush keeps toilet bowls glistening and sanitary without messy work. It quickly removes stains and incrustations where toilet germs lodge. Cleans away a cause of toilet odors. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. *Cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is safe in toilet connections when used as directed on the can.* Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

THIS MAN wants to share his shaving discovery with other men

"Have had great difficulty finding a satisfactory blade because of a tough beard and tender skin. Thank you for your Pal Blades."
Nathaniel Evans
LOS ANGELES

PAL BLADE FLEXIBLE in razor
USUAL BLADE RIGID in razor

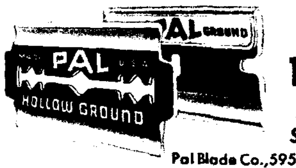
PAL BLADES ARE HOLLOW GROUND
They're flexible in razor—no need to "bear down"; kind to tender skins.

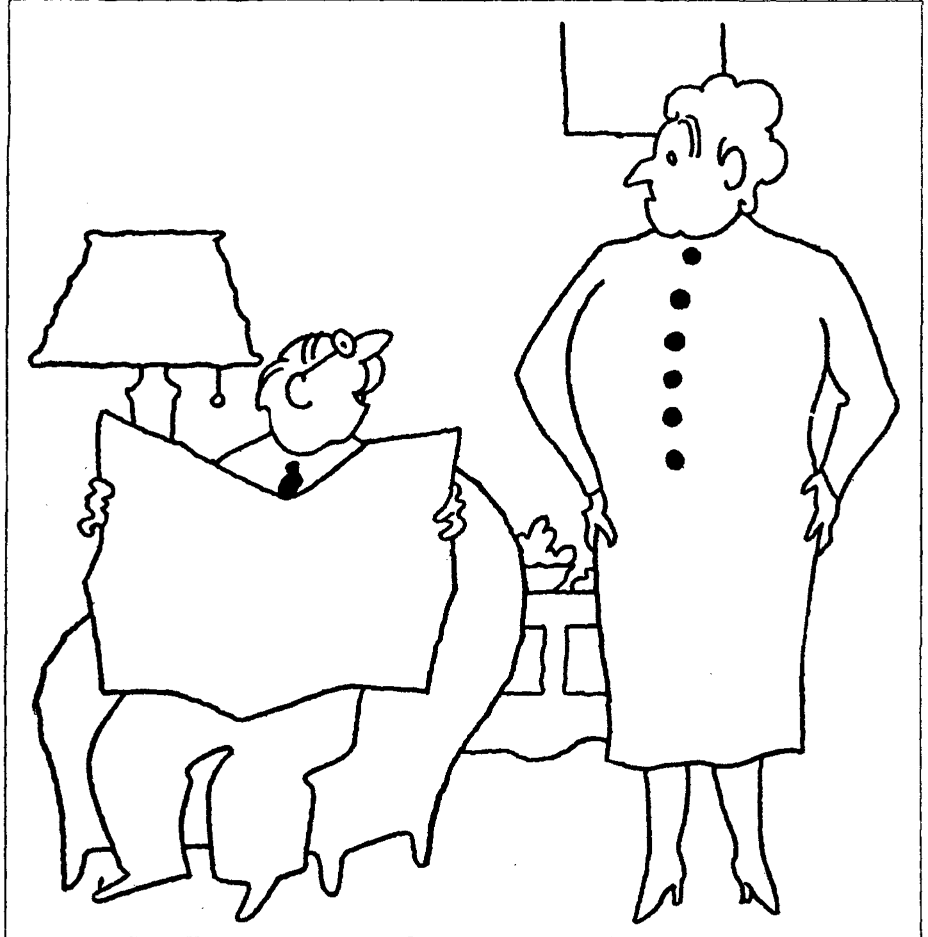
PAL "hollow-ground" RAZOR BLADES

4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢
Double or Single Edge

Pal Blade Co., 595 Madison Ave., N.Y.

SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades—They Last Longer





"By all means join an auxiliary if you insist, dear. I shouldn't be surprised if you'd be able to release two men for the front"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

or off and what do you think?" Marshall asked for an answer within four hours. Eisenhower had fifteen minutes wherein to reply. He answered, "It's on. There's a high wind, but I think we're going to be able to report success in the morning."

Eisenhower is as sound as can be on the essential strategy of war and speaks from experience of the comparative danger from the Germans and the Japanese. He knows we must beat Germany first for the most elemental reasons, and he is absolutely firm for Anglo-American solidarity. He has worked wonders impressing everybody in his command that it is truly an Allied show.

Just after ten, we approached the beach near Correnti. Again the bustle of shipping in the crowded harbor, again the pulsating beat of our aircraft overhead. We slid down the ladder and this time boarded a strange-looking craft, a remarkable amphibious creature known as a duck, a water wagon that looks like a truck and navigates on land as well as water. I did not realize the duck was a duck and, to my utter astonishment, suddenly we found ourselves well up on the beach, dry-shod. Eisenhower leaped out, and then came the colloquy with the officer, which I have described.

Greeting the Canadians

Eisenhower carried no flag or identification. He said, "I want to talk to the senior Canadian officer of this beachhead."

The reply came, "This is a Canadian beachhead, sir, but Headquarters is some distance inland."

Eisenhower went on, "I don't care if it's a second lieutenant, I want to talk to some Canadian officer."

All around us, troops were busy. Some swimming in the creamy surf, some unloading ducks and barges, some laying down roads, some cooking, erecting green pup tents, building signal boxes, watchtowers. Eisenhower determined to go inland to find the Canadians.

He explained, "I want to welcome Canada to the Allied Command." He borrowed a jeep and we followed in our duck.

I tried to take pictures as we bounced forward. That duck may have had a rough passage in some waters, but it never could have been rougher than it was up and down those narrow, twisting, dusty Sicilian lanes. We bumped along, tried to keep up with the general's jeep, got stalled in other traffic, and lost it. We ground through tall reeds and prodded into thickets. We heard snipers had been busy in this vicinity before. But the first Sicilian I actually laid eyes on was a kid about fourteen riding a bicycle. He smiled, waved and asked us to take his picture.

We went back to the beach. Eisenhower and the jeep returned a bit later. He had found a junior Canadian officer, Captain J. E. Moore, of Vancouver, and his mission was accomplished.

Our return was, as they say, uneventful. Eisenhower pointed to the duck and said, "Is the flagship ready?" "Aye, aye, sir, if you are prepared." "Set sail," replied the general, and we mounted the weird thing and were off. Two minutes later we slipped from land into water and rode smoothly to the headquarters ship of the British admiral.

We'd just sat down to drinks when the captain, whom I had known in New York, said, "As I'm captain of this ship and that's the red signal, I'm afraid I'll have to leave you." A red signal meant an air-raid alert, and before we had finished our drinks there was another. But nothing happened.

Then we discovered Eisenhower had already left the headquarters ship for our destroyer. Great commotion as Butcher and I thought—not very seriously—we might be left behind. The admiral, who is known as a tiger man who fought fiercely at Narvik and got more convoys through the Mediterranean than any other officer, said in one of the most vigorous tones of command I have ever heard, "My barge. Superspeed." So the barge drew up and in a miraculously short interval we were aboard our destroyer once again. Then began the trip back to the home port. The American generalissimo of the Allied Armies of Liberation had set foot on occupied Europe for the first time.

THE END

PROPER FILLING MAKES PENS WILLING

No smudge and no dirt, no sand and no grime. Ideas flow fast into words every time. Your Ink-O-Graph races, when properly filled. Hard work becomes play, and everyone's thrilled! If Ink-O-Graph filling's a mystery to you, read the offer below and learn what to do. So you, too, can enjoy a wonderful time, with no smudge and no dirt, no sand and no grime!

ONLY ONE PERSON IN 5,000 KNOWS HOW TO FILL ANY FOUNTAIN PEN PROPERLY!

An Ink-O-Graph Pen will give perfect satisfaction for many years—equal to that you expect from the highest-priced fountain pen—*provided you fill it properly.* If you haven't received one of our instruction sheets from your dealer, send us a 3c stamped, self-addressed envelope and we will mail you a copy.

Beware of imitations—Only by getting the genuine can you enjoy *all the advantages* offered by Ink-O-Graph. Look for the name Ink-O-Graph on every pen.

DeLuxe Model INK-O-GRAPH $2
Inkograph Co., Inc., 204 Hudson St., N. Y. C.

FALSE TEETH
KLUTCH holds them tighter
KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.
KLUTCH CO., Box 3007-J, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Enjoy PEP and SPARKLE!

Now—feel great! Be wide-awake internally! It's easy. Try crisp, *good-tasting* Eno in a glass of water, as directed, whenever you "overdo"—eat, drink, smoke, unwisely. Helps overcome ordinary sluggishness, acid indigestion! Try 30¢ size today—at all druggists.

Enjoy life with ENO ... THE REALLY PLEASANT SALINE

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING • WHEN NEEDED

Eve Curie

Continued from page 24

heart and soul. And a chance, for once, to work without feeling embarrassed about trading on the family name. She would help the public to comprehend the grandeur of Madame Curie.

For almost two years she did careful research, examining documents and letters in Paris and in her mother's native Poland. "That part was easy. I have an orderly mind. I would make a good secretary. But the writing! I don't know when I'd have finished if it hadn't been for Vincent Sheean. He was to translate the book into English, and he and his wife stayed in Paris, prodding me to get the next chapter done, and the next."

The book made publishing history, with translations in 24 languages, and best-seller records in many countries.

Miss Curie's lecturing career grew out of the book. She was invited to the San Francisco World's Fair, spoke about her mother. Then she nervously embarked on a formal lecture tour. She used to write her speeches out in French, translate and memorize them. Reading from a manuscript was against her principles, besides being forbidden in her contract.

Formula for Success

She developed into one of America's most popular lecturers. "It is not so important that your hearers be interested in you," she says, "but it is essential for you to be interested in them. And you cannot bluff. If they are convinced that you are honest, that you are not lying to yourself or to them, they will listen sympathetically even when they disagree."

The character of her lectures changed after Germany attacked France. Appointed head of the women's section of the French Information Commissariat, she no longer spoke on Madame Curie, but on Frenchwomen and the War.

The French capitulation was a stunning blow to Miss Curie, who had proudly proclaimed that the France she loved was "prepared for a long, stubborn, patient, boring, devastating war" in defense of a way of living her people believed in.

From Paris, on the day of the armistice, she sent a dispatch to the New York Herald Tribune, condemning the armistice and its perpetrators. She quickly left the country to go to England as a liaison worker with the Free French. She made broadcasts to the people back home, "not fine speeches, just simple factual reports to prove to them that they were not abandoned, that Free Frenchmen were fighting still."

She continued working in London through the blitz of 1940-41, then returned to America for more lectures. This time it was harder to speak. "I no longer had the backing of my mother, or of the French government. I was on my own, a saddened representative of a humiliated people speaking to a country not yet at war."

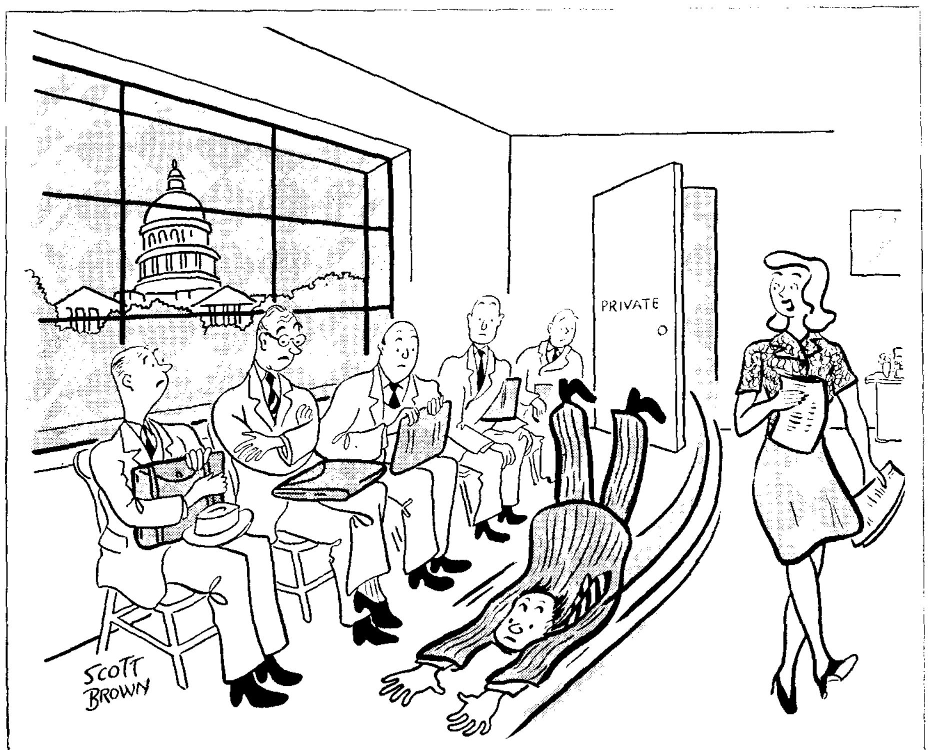
Americans liked her, as always—she's a habit with the people of Omaha, Houston, Louisville, Palo Alto, Kalamazoo—but Vichy did not. The puppet government deprived her of citizenship.

On November 10, 1941, she set out by clipper on her 40,000-mile tour of the fighting fronts, sending news stories along the way and piling up notes for her second important book. Wendell Willkie, whose One World undoubtedly cut into her sales somewhat, sent an unsolicited blurb to her publishers: "It is a report of social change and political movements throughout the world, with which every American should be familiar. . . ."

In all of her projects, Miss Curie is sustained by the remembrance of her indomitable mother. She was cold in Russia, hot in Libya, had no water for washing in China, yearned for a change of clothing in Iran. She slept on an unpadded bunk of bare boards in Rangoon. Still she did not complain. How could she when her mother had pursued her studies in unheated attics and laboratories for years and years, and had felt well clothed indeed when she had an extra dress hanging in her closet.

When Miss Curie heard bombs falling during the London blitz, she remained calmly in bed. "I thought it was better to get normal sleep. My mother had us stay in bed when bombs fell on Paris during the last war. She would have been shocked if we had asked to leave."

Miss Curie can go fearlessly anywhere, alone, at night, in strange country. "My mother did not want us to be overcareful. She let us work for farmers to help



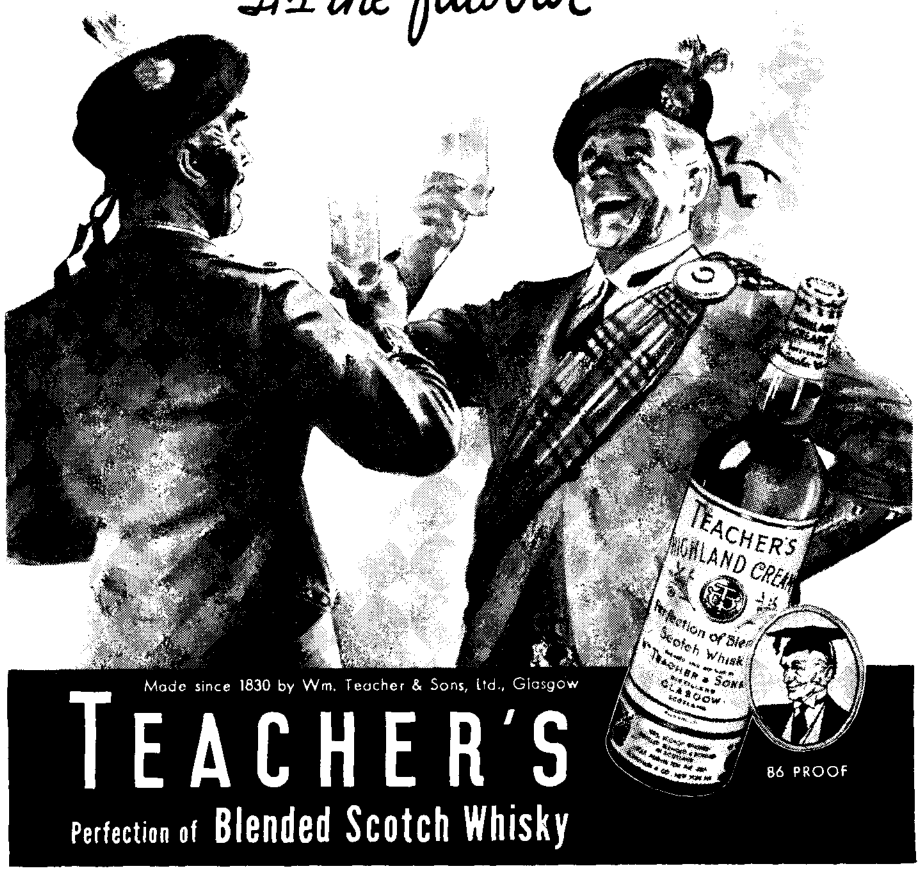
"This is the man you've been waiting to see. Now you have another wait ahead of you while they appoint his successor"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

"'Tis nae secret!"

Everyone knows the reason for Teacher's excellence. 'Tis expressed in just three short words...

'It's the flavour'



Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

86 PROOF

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Which . . .

DO YOU CHOOSE?

LOVELY GLAMOR-GOWNS

or

DRESSES TO CONCEAL—

PSORIASIS

Women who take special pride in their personal appearance might easily find the solution to this perplexing problem by investigating immediately the merits of *SIROIL*. The use of *SIROIL* has altered the dressing habits of thousands of others affected by psoriasis and might help you. So why not try *SIROIL* at once? *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linen, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write today for interesting booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Dept. C-27, Detroit 26, Mich.
Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488. Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________ STATE______

7 things you should do to keep prices down!

If prices soar, this war will last longer, and we could all go broke when it's over. Uncle Sam is fighting hard to keep prices *down.* But he can't do it alone. It's up to *you* to battle against any and every rising price! To help win the war and keep it from being a hollow victory afterward—you must *keep prices down.* And here's how you can do it:

1. BUY ONLY WHAT YOU NEED

Don't buy *a thing* unless you *cannot* get along without it. Spending can't create more goods. It makes them scarce and prices go up. So make everything you own last longer. "Use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without."

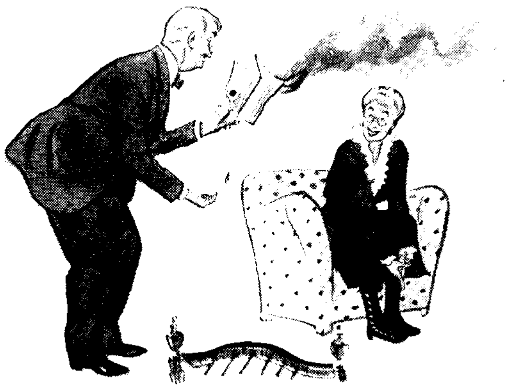
2. PAY NO MORE THAN CEILING PRICES

If you do pay more, you're party to a black market that boosts prices. And if prices go up through the ceiling, your money will be worth less. Buy rationed goods only with stamps.

WE WANT HIGHER TAXES

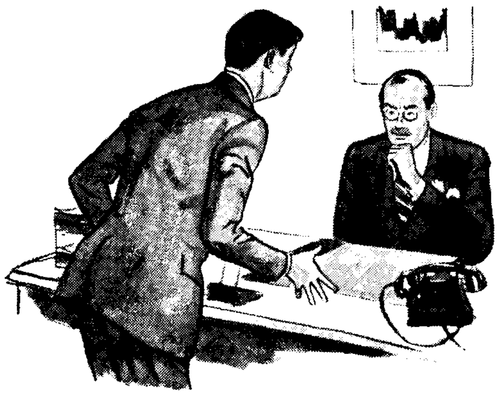
3. SUPPORT HIGHER TAXES

It's easier and cheaper to pay for the war as you go. And it's better to pay big taxes *now*—while you have the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to bid for scarce goods and boost prices.



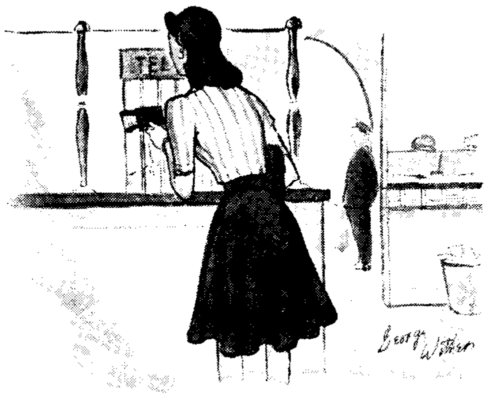
4. PAY OFF OLD DEBTS

Paid-off debts make you independent now . . . and make your position a whale of a lot safer against the day you may be earning less. So pay off every cent you owe—and avoid making new debts as you'd avoid heiling Hitler!



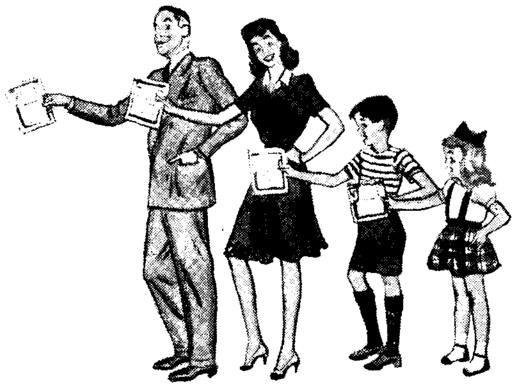
5. DON'T ASK MORE MONEY

in wages for yourself, or in prices for goods you have to sell. That puts prices up for the things all of us buy. We're *all in this war together*—business men, farmers and workers. Increases come out of everybody's pocket—including *yours.*



6. SAVE FOR THE FUTURE

Money in the savings bank will come in handy for emergencies. And money in life insurance protects your family, protects you in old age. See that you're ready to meet any situation.



7. BUY WAR BONDS

and hang on to them. Buy as many as you can afford. Then cut corners to buy more. Bonds put money to work fighting the war instead of allowing it to shove up prices. They mean safety for you tomorrow. And they'll help keep prices down today.

KEEP PRICES DOWN...

Use it up . . . Wear it out . . .

Make it do . . . Or do without.

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

harvest crops during the last war. I was only thirteen then."

Miss Curie contracted malaria in Egypt, and sometimes suffers a touch of it now. She brushes it off lightly. Did not her mother go on working in her damp shed of a laboratory with the earthen floor, when she had tuberculosis, and yet in some mysterious way get better?

It is unlikely that as a Voluntaire in this war, Miss Curie will encounter harder work than her mother did in the last one. Madame Curie equipped mobile X-ray units, and drove one herself to first-aid stations near the front, as needed.

In misfortune Miss Curie does not turn to religion. Her mother brought her up without religion, "but understand, she was not antireligious. Nor am I. It is for each person to decide."

This mother of hers was thrifty, of necessity, and Eve can be thrifty, too. Certainly she is a good businesswoman. Both Malcolm Johnson, of Doubleday Doran, her publishers, and W. Colston Leigh, her lecture agent, say she makes a careful contract. Leigh tells that when they were drawing up the contract for some postwar lectures she asked, "But what if inflation comes? How am I protected against that?" A sensible question which no other client had thought to ask.

But remember how Madame Curie turned down an enormous fortune for herself and her daughters when she refused to take out a patent on radium? Remember how she said the discovery was the rightful property of all mankind?

Eve can flip money away for the sake of principle, too. When at the end of her tour it seemed to her that the war had got ahead of her, so that perhaps her book would not be wanted, she offered to return to Doubleday and to the Herald Tribune the money they had advanced. Like her mother, she is always giving, generously, quietly, to friends and causes.

"I am not so good as my mother," she says. "I am more of a spender. But I do not want jewels or burdensome possessions. I like to work. I like to make a good living. I do not think I could live at peace without earning."

Miss Curie has never been married, though, as her friends always add, it could not be for lack of opportunity. Possibly even there she remembers her mother's words: "I . . . think it is a source of disappointment to make all the interest of one's life depend upon sentiments as stormy as love. . . ."

Also, Miss Curie says, "It is hard for me to live with anyone else after living with her. She never played a part. Because of her, I cannot bear any affectation. The tiniest bit of it hurts my ear."

The fall of France eclipsed the last glimmer of Eve Curie's frivolity. The gregarious Eve, who enjoyed giving small dinner parties in her pleasant apartment on New York's Central Park South, disappeared entirely—for the duration. So did the grand hostess Eve, whose large-scale party at the apartment of Condé Nast in 1939 was the talk of society for its perfection.

Farewell to the Haut Monde

She gave up her apartment, moved to a modest two rooms sparsely furnished with hotel trappings. She stopped seeing the members of café society altogether—"They are more isolationist than any people I know. The people I met in Sioux City have more idea of what's going on in the world."

Her enlistment with the Voluntaires was necessary to her peace of mind. "When victory comes, no one must say that the French were not there, too, fighting."

But in spite of her sadness for France, for Poland, for all the peoples saddened by war, Miss Curie has achieved a personal victory the hard way, the Marie Curie way.

She is at last a person in her own right.

The other day someone again asked her the old question: Was it not hard to be the daughter of such a mother? She cried out with vehemence, "It is im-pos-sible!"

Not quite impossible, Miss Curie.

"Well, it is better now," she said. "I spent ten years of acute self-consciousness, suffering with shame each time I measured myself against her. I do not feel so any more. I was maybe conceited to be troubled in this way. Of course I could not measure up, not in goodness or in achievement. She was great. I am not. Everybody knows it, and it is all right. If I can just do normal work and be of some use in the world, I am satisfied."

THE END

Fire!

Continued from page 17

land! We hold the world's record for disastrous fires in modern times.

The point of the present frightening wave of fires is that if the factories making planes, tanks and guns are destroyed, the equipment doesn't get to the Armed Forces. The sad part is that the things that cause fires are very simple, are easily corrected. The most important principle in avoiding fires is: Don't put all your eggs in one basket. It wasn't necessary to have all that rubber at Fall River. It wasn't necessary to have 10,000 tons of cork lost in one fire in Baltimore because the cork was all in one place. In most cases the industrial process can be carried on just as efficiently in small units as in one large unit.

There must be intelligent inspection in factories, and the fact must be drilled into employees that it is fatal to delay putting in a general alarm when a fire starts. Most of our big fires have got out of control because the employees thought they could put it out without calling the city department. Naturally, fire-fighting equipment is needed in a plant and it is essential that groups of employees be organized into fire-fighting units.

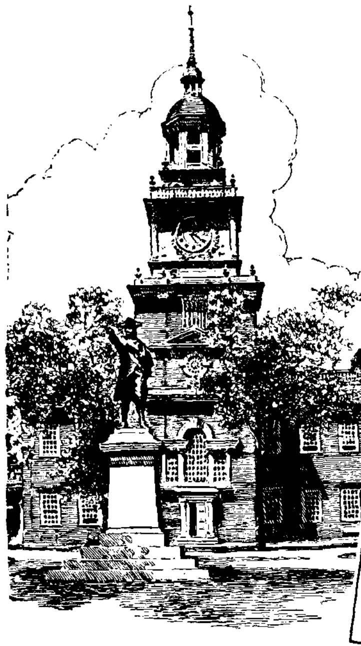
The trouble with us is that we have no idea how widespread the fire hazard can be. If there is a fire in our neighborhood we assume that there has never been another fire that important. We don't see the entire picture because we can't see it. The British learned their lesson through bitter experience. It is estimated that 85 per cent of all air-raid damage done in England has come from fires. The Russians were prepared to the hilt for incendiary bombs, and the fire watchers and wardens of Leningrad and Moscow gave a lesson to the world in how the fight should be carried on. Our problem is simpler but our awareness is far less keen.

The instinct of an American to go galloping after the hook-and-ladder wagon was obviously founded on the principle of excitement and adventure. Since there is now a surfeit of adventure in the world, it will pay us all to look upon fires as we would look upon an enemy agent.

When we leap out of bed in our pajamas at the sound of a siren, the conflagration may be just as beautiful and the men in the helmets may do just as excellent a job in quelling the blaze without loss of life, but the spectacle will now be something less than a pleasure—if it ever was. Fires are a serious menace. We may as well wake up to the fact.

THE END

Rare Treat in Philadelphia



BOOKBINDER'S
SNAPPER TURTLE SOUP
Makes Two Quarts

Cover snapper with water, add one small onion, one-half stalk of celery, boil for two hours.

Mix together one-half pound of melted butter, quarter pound of flour, two teaspoons of flavor-glow.

Add stock from snapper to melted butter and flour, season to taste. Chop two hard-boiled eggs and add to soup with three ounces of sherry wine.

Bookbinder's is at 125 Walnut Street in Philadelphia

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

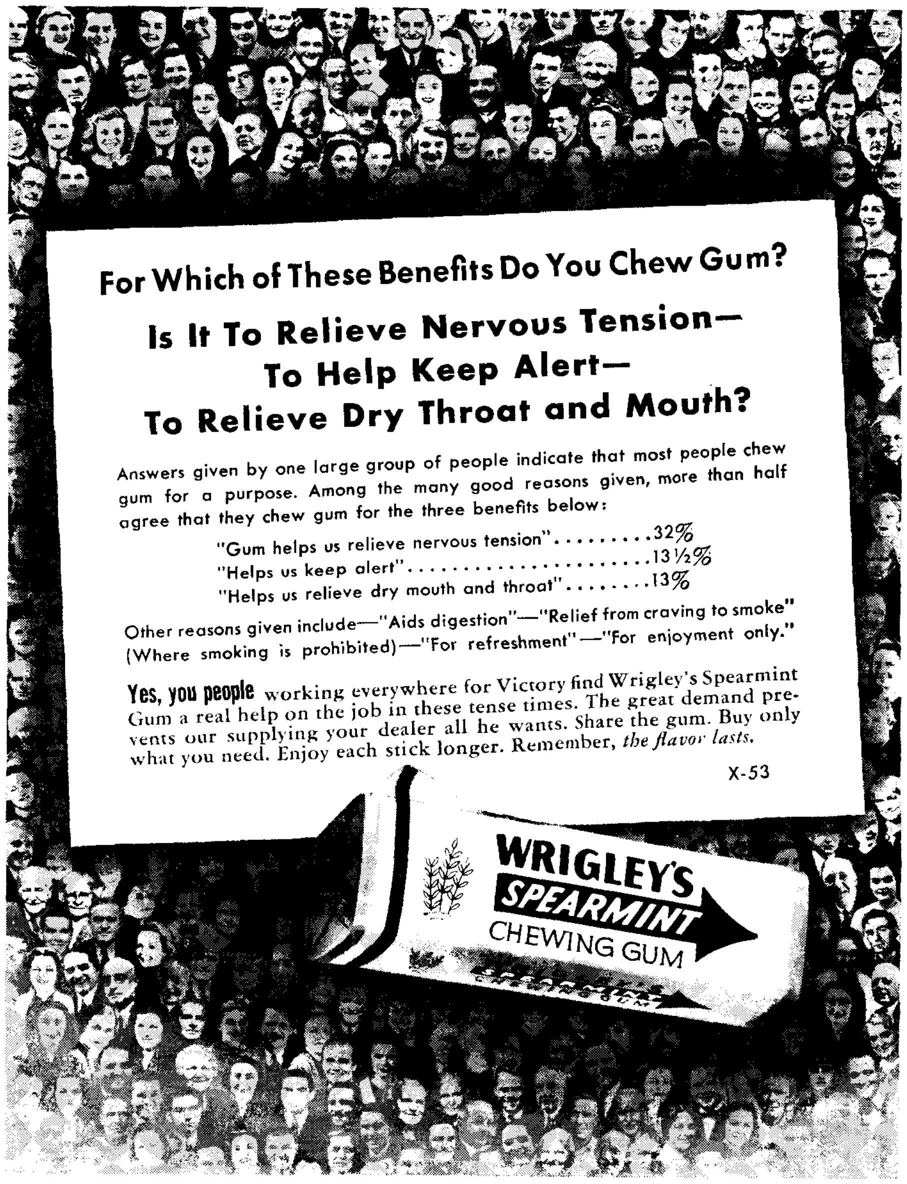
GOEBEL BEER

GOEBEL BREWING CO. DETROIT MICH.

Located on the site of William Penn's home, Bookbinder's is a landmark for fine food of good taste. To be in Philadelphia and miss Bookbinder's is to pass up one of the high points of the trip. And not to know Goebel Beer is missing a high point right at home; for Goebel is known from Canada to Florida for good taste. Would you like to enjoy that nationally famous good taste? Order Goebel Beer.

GOEBEL BEER

RIGHT FROM THE CYPRESS CASKS OF GOEBEL



For Which of These Benefits Do You Chew Gum?

Is It To Relieve Nervous Tension—
To Help Keep Alert—
To Relieve Dry Throat and Mouth?

Answers given by one large group of people indicate that most people chew gum for a purpose. Among the many good reasons given, more than half agree that they chew gum for the three benefits below:

"Gum helps us relieve nervous tension"........32%
"Helps us keep alert".......................13½%
"Helps us relieve dry mouth and throat"........13%

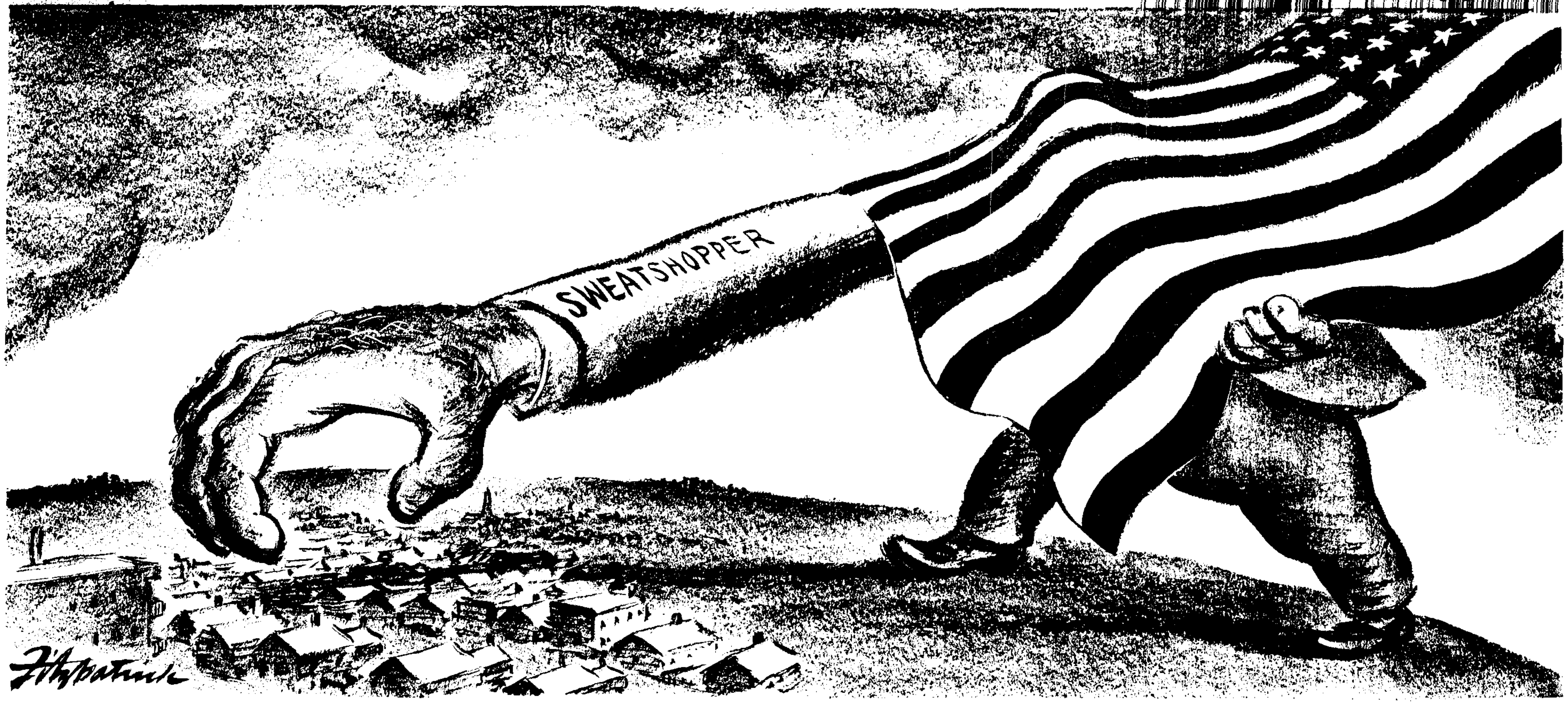
Other reasons given include—"Aids digestion"—"Relief from craving to smoke" (Where smoking is prohibited)—"For refreshment"—"For enjoyment only."

Yes, you people working everywhere for Victory find Wrigley's Spearmint Gum a real help on the job in these tense times. The great demand prevents our supplying your dealer all he wants. Share the gum. Buy only what you need. Enjoy each stick longer. Remember, *the flavor lasts.*

X-53

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

Collier's
WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor
JEROME ELLISON
Managing Editor



WHY WARTIME SWEATSHOPS?

WE HAD occasion some time ago to pay our disrespects to chiselers in numerous states who are trying to break down laws against child labor on allegedly patriotic grounds. The usual plea is that children of twelve and up ought to be permitted to "help the war effort" by tackling farm, laundry and other machinery with which they are unfamiliar and which therefore can easily kill or maim them.

We will now file similar objections to moves being made here and there to break down, under similar "patriotic" pretexts, assorted federal and state laws restricting the letting out of piecework to homeworkers.

Properly handled and paid for, this kind of work is all right. But when not carefully controlled by *law, it is particularly vulnerable to sweatshop practices.* There is wide opportunity for unscrupulous, natural-born exploiters of labor to cheat homeworkers in an unpoliced market—to underpay them, dock them for fictitious spoilage and fancied defects in the work, and so on.

The homeworkers, usually poor and unorganized, can't often fight back. They are frequently tempted, too, to dragoon their children into the candlewicking, buttonmaking, beadstringing, or whatever the homework may be, thereby violating the spirit if not the letter of child-labor laws.

The patriotic plea blows up completely when you reflect that experience shows workers to be *generally much more efficient as producers when* working in factories than when working at home.

Altogether, the existing stringent federal regulations governing homework, and similar regulations in some states seem as desirable in wartime as in peacetime. When any proposal is made to relax any of them on a plea of war necessity, the presumption is that the plea is made in bad faith and from anything but the professed patriotic motives. Therefore, all such proposals should be closely scrutinized from every angle, and our estimate is that some 99.44 per cent of them should be turned down cold.

Postwar Tax Refunds

THE government and all sensible citizens continue to struggle against the wartime inflation which, for all our best effort to date, still inches up on us.

We're all for the various anti-inflation measures which everybody is urged to take, and persistently: Buy War Bonds; cut your goods purchases to the minimum; pay your debts; be cautious and conservative in buying Christmas presents this year; stay away from black markets.

Nevertheless, there remains the gigantic problem of somehow sidetracking an estimated $40,000,000,000 in purchasing power this year; of preventing that enormous and explosive force from blowing the tops off the prices of our shrinking supplies of civilian consumer goods and thereby blasting us all into a truly disastrous inflation.

There are ways in which the problem can be met. Heavier taxation of incomes is one way. Compulsory savings is another. Greatly expanded voluntary civilian buying of War Bonds is another.

It may be that we'll save ourselves from a bad inflation by our purchases of War Bonds, which up to now have been phenomenal, plus our present heavy taxes, plus universal self-restraint in the matter of spending our wartime boom money.

But if further anti-inflation steps become necessary, what would be the most desirable one from all points of view?

We'd suggest to Economic Stabilization Director Fred M. Vinson and to Congress that the proposals for wartime income taxes to be refundable in part after the war look pretty promising.

Such taxes would tap the excess war earnings of people who didn't earn nearly as much before the war boom. People on more or less fixed incomes—teachers, government employees, many white-collar workers—would not be seriously affected; because, as Senator George of Georgia shrewdly observes, these people are paying about all the taxes they can pay already without being wiped out as an economic group.

Those who are making big wages because of the war would be taxed steeply on those increased earnings, but with the promise that a substantial part of these tax payments would be returned to them after the war. Thus they would be unable to contribute toward inflation during the war, and they would have money coming to them after the war, when many war-plant jobs can be expected to fold up.

It looks like a way to kill two birds with one stone, and to do it with the least possible irritation to a lot of voters. We think official Washington would do well to give the idea some serious consideration.

The "Fifth" Freedom

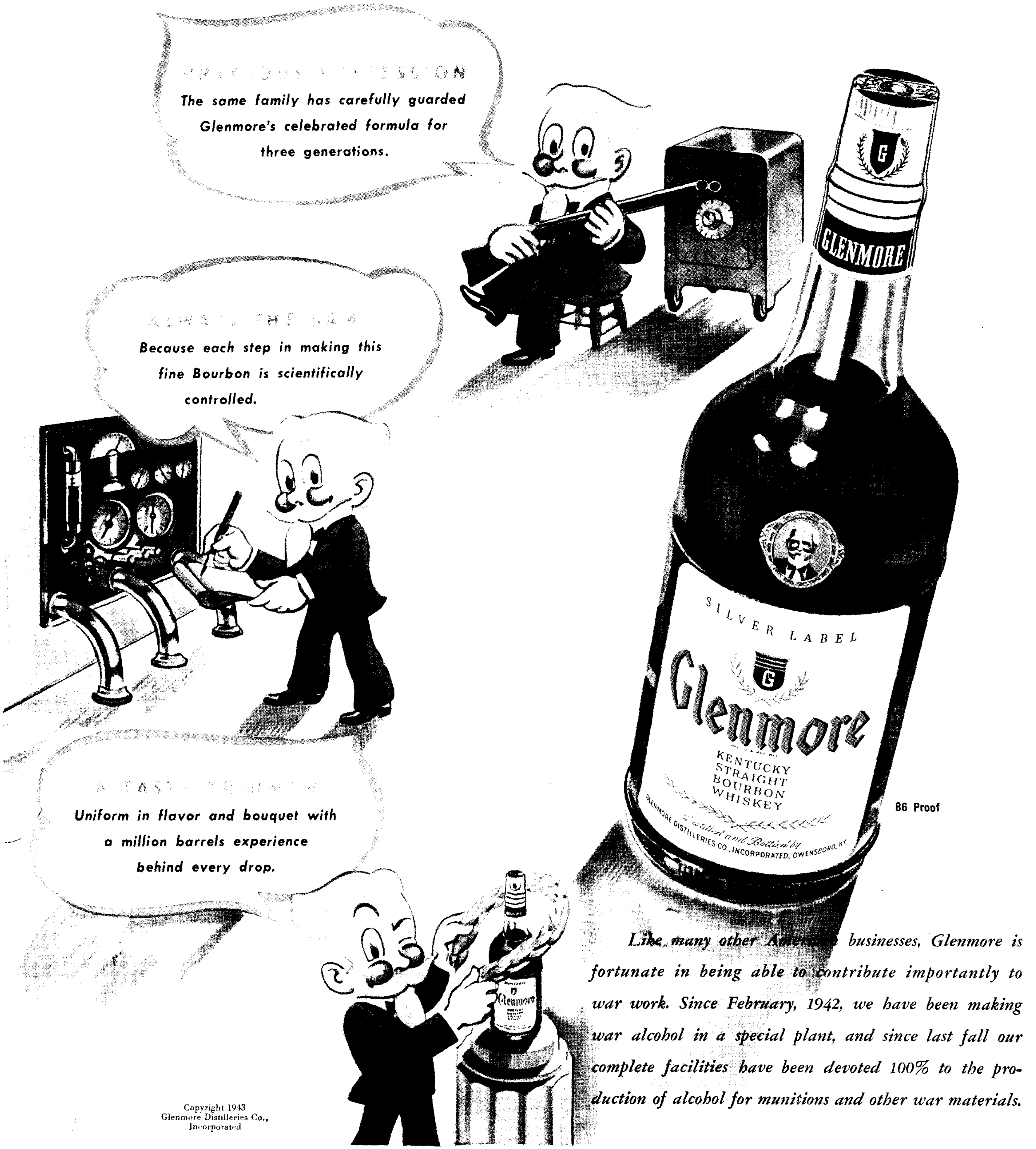
THE United States Junior Chamber of Commerce at its recent meeting in Chicago adopted the following statement:

> We believe that in addition to the Four Freedoms we have a Fifth Freedom—the Opportunity of Enterprise—by which America has grown great and through which we can insure her future greatness.
>
> We believe this Freedom requires the right to an unfettered start in the race of life, with no artificial handicaps; the right to work as hard as we like and enjoy the fruits of that work as our own; the right to go as far as we can, developing according to our capacities as individual American men and women.
>
> We recognize that the Fifth Freedom is limited by the similar right of others, and that there is an obligation to extend these opportunities to all people who are willing and able to work.

This is an excellent statement, we think, and it has our endorsement.

We'd amend it only in one particular; namely, by calling Opportunity of Enterprise the first American freedom instead of the fifth. Without this freedom, what chance would the others (freedom of religion and expression, freedom from want and fear) have in this country?

GLENMORE'S *famous formula...*
he secret of GLENMORE'S *famous flavor*

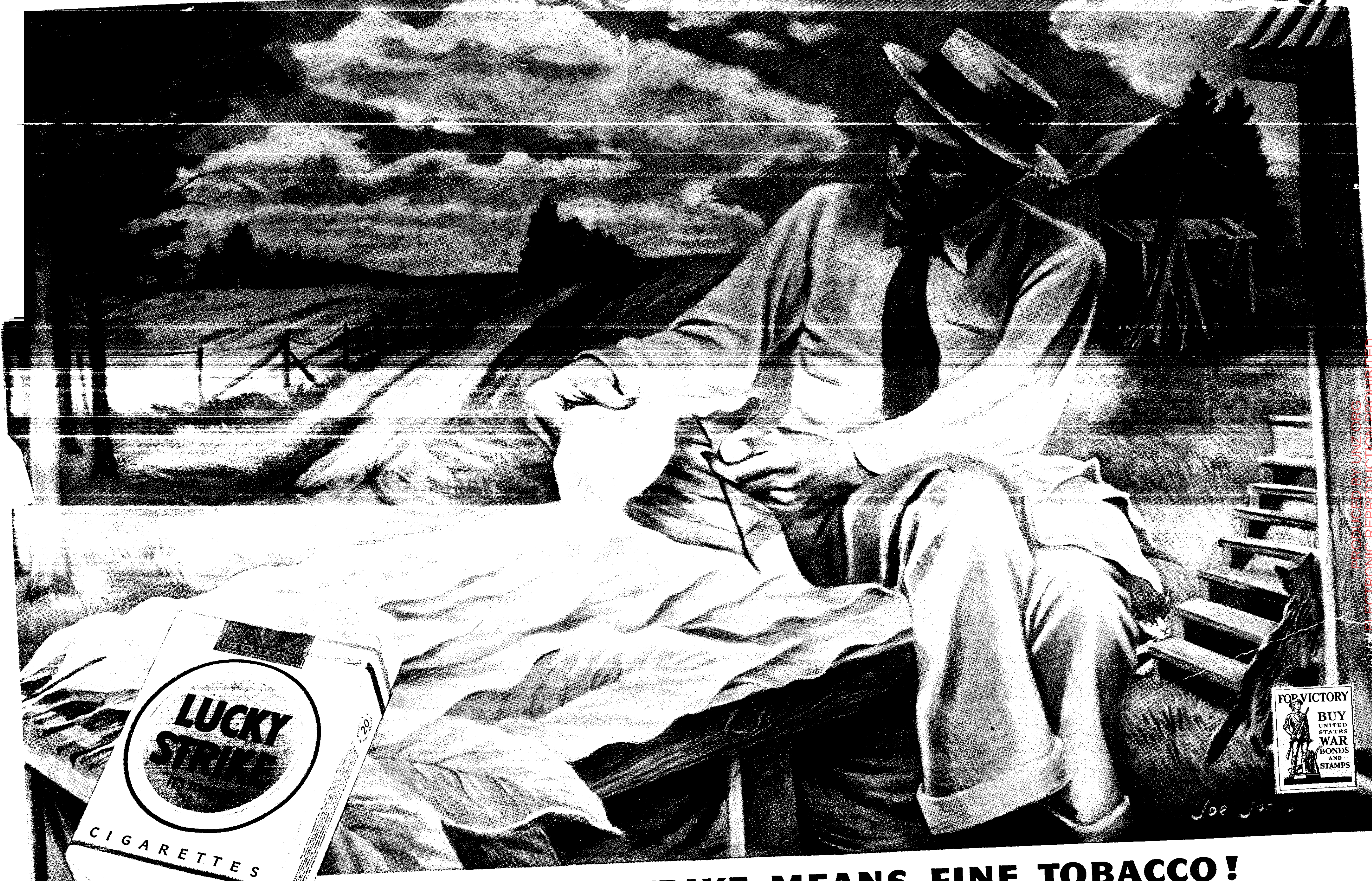

PRECIOUS POSSESSION
The same family has carefully guarded Glenmore's celebrated formula for three generations.
ALWAYS THE SAME
Because each step in making this fine Bourbon is scientifically controlled.
A TASTE TRIUMPH
Uniform in flavor and bouquet with a million barrels experience behind every drop.
GLENMORE
SILVER LABEL
Glenmore
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, OWENSBORO, KY.
86 Proof

Like many other American businesses, Glenmore is fortunate in being able to contribute importantly to war work. Since February, 1942, we have been making war alcohol in a special plant, and since last fall our complete facilities have been devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for munitions and other war materials.

Copyright 1943
Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
Incorporated

UY WAR BONDS . . . It's fun to smack a Hun!

"Tobacco Expert." Painted from real life in the tobacco country by Joe Jones


LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
Joe Jones

...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw

Copyright 1943, The American Tobacco Company